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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY

OF THE MOUNT,

LION KING AT ARMS, UNDER JAMES V.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR;

PREFATORY DISSERTATIONS;

AND

AN APPROPRIATE GLOSSARY.

BY GEORGE CHALMERS, F.R.S. S.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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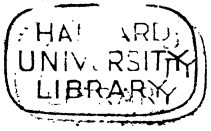

IN COURT, THAT TYME, WAS GUDE SCHIR DAVID LYNDSAY;
IN VULGARE TOUNG, HE BURE THE BELL THAT DAY,
TO MAK METER, RIGHT CUNNING, AND EXPERT.

ROLLAND.

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THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE attention of this intelligent, and polished kingdom has been drawn very much, during late times, to the simple, and rude, but natural lays of its antient poets. Meantime, the critics of Edinburgh called for a more accurate edition of the poems of sir David Lyndsay, than the public enjoys, after the corruptions of two centuries and a half. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that till the text of an antient author be settled, the critic speculates, in vain, on his language, or versification, on his powers of performance, or happiness of execution: And, it will be found, that some of the best expositors of the old English poetry are the Scotish poets; as they have transmitted many words, and idioms, which the English editors have neglected, from ignorance, or forgotten, from inattention.

I obeyed this call, with the more alacrity, as I had recently traced, with a different view, the history of the Scoto-Saxon language, and had cast a curious eye on the life, and labours of LYNDSAY, the LANGELANDE of Scotland. The notions of Lyndsay, indeed, are very different

from mine, both as a politician, and a poet: But, I perceived, that the republication of his poetry might be made the commodious vehicle of my own sentiments, with regard to the origin, the nature, and the introduction of the Teutonic tongue into Gaelic Scotland. In performing the task, which I had thus imposed on myself, I now lay before the reader a new edition of the Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay, corrected; and enlarged with the *Historie of Squyer Meldrum*, and the *Satyre of the Three Estaitis*. By troubling several friends, and making many searches, I have been enabled to give some new notices of our satirist, who, to use Dryden's phrase, may be said to have *lashed vice into reformation*. I have endeavoured to adjust the chronology of Lyndsay's several poems, which had never been before essayed. I have given an historical view of the Scotish speech, previous to his age, with observations on his language. I have settled the text of our vernacular poet, from a diligent collation of the oldest editions of his poems. And, I have subjoined an appropriate *Glossary*, which incidentally demonstrates, that the common source of the Scotish speech is the Anglo-Saxon dialect of the Northumbrian

kingdom. From Stephan Wythers, I will simply add:

Sith no man's doings can avoyde
Reproch at Momus hand;
I judge it nedeles to crave ayde,
The same for to gainestand:
Wherefore, I will contented be,
The same to overronne,
With silence, and simplicitie,
As many moe have donne:
Trusting, that such, as be of skill,
Hereat will not disdayne;
But, it in gre, they accept will,
To recompence my payne.

I was in hopes, from what I had heard, to have been able to have prefixed a likeness of Lyndsay, from a portrait, which was said to be at Strawberry-hill: But, when the politeness of the Hon. Mrs. Damer permitted me to inspect that splendid mansion, I found neither picture, nor print, of our poet. The figures, which were prefixed to the editions of his poetry, in 1558, and 1634, were merely the wooden ornaments of the several printers. I now offer to the reader, what I trust will be more acceptable to the curious eye, Doctor Bulleyn's striking delineation of the antient knight, *breaking the cross keys of Rome.* The arms of Lyndsay, as blazoned by

himself, are prefixed to his Life; and the arms of his family are hereunto subjoined, as set out by the heraldic Nisbet. A *fac simile* of Lyndsay's *subscription*, and *writing*, is given from his Antwerp letter, in the British Museum. And an engraving of the sculptured stone, which once ornamented his family-house, at the Mount, is now submitted to the reader's sight. Such are the only embellishments, which could be easily introduced into such a work, as Lyndsay's Poetry.

Nisbet informs us, that Lyndsay of the Mount, who was lion king at arms, carried: Gules a fess chequé argent and azure, between three stars in chief; and a man's heart in base, argent.

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

THE curiosity, which is naturally excited by the recollection of those persons, who have distinguished themselves by their virtues or vices, by their talents or their writings, has not been yet gratified, in respect to that original and eminent

poet, who long pleased, and often instructed his countrymen.

Sir David Lyndsay was, indeed, early noticed by those English biographers Bale, and Leland: yet, was his life first compiled, by doctor George Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, and published in 1722, with his usual disregard of dates, and contempt of truth *. The life of Lyndsay has been essayed by other biographers of poets, who have only copied his mistakes, and propagated his fictions. In order to gratify that reasonable curiosity about our reformer and poet, I have tried, by troubling many friends, and by searching the records in Scotland, to obtain new notices, which will enable me to detect old errors, and to establish forgotten truths.

The progenitors of sir David Lyndsay of the Mount were undoubtedly descended from the family of lord Lyndsay of Byres, in Hadingtonshire. The first cadet was probably William Lyndsay, who, being the second son, obtained Garmylton, in that county, for his appanage †.

* In his *Lives* of *the Scots Writers*, vol. ii. The writer of those lives was not sir George Mackenzie, as the late lord Orford mistakingly supposed.

† Douglas's Peerage, p. 160, says, that sir David Lyndsay of the Mount was the son of William Lyndsay of Garmylton, without quoting his authority: but, I have dis-

William left a son David, who appears to have acquired the Mount, in Fifeshire, from Pitblado of that ilk; as we know from the public archives.

David Lyndsay, the poet, was probably born about the year 1490, though I know not by what mother. He received his earliest education, as we may easily suppose, at the neighbouring school of Coupar. After receiving at this seminary such instruction as it could then supply, our young lion was sent to the university of St. An-

covered from the MS. Collections of Macfarlan, in the advocates' library, that Douglas copied literally, however uncritically, his whole account of Lyndsay of Byres from that collection. We might suppose from Douglas's intimations, that sir David was the grandson of lord Lyndsay: yet, have I found, from charters, that our poet was the grandson, and not the son of William Lyndsay. The genealogy of sir David, the poet, may be stated, from record, in the following manner: William, lord Lyndsay, died about the year 1425; leaving three sons; (1) John, his successor; (2) William, who obtained Garmylton, as his appanage; (3) Alexander. William Lyndsay of Garmylton, before mentioned, had a son David, who was designed of the Mount, in Fife: and he died about the year 1507, leaving five sons; (1) David, the lyon king; (2) John; (3) Alexander, who succeeded sir David; (4) Patrick; (5) David. Macfarlan's MS. Collections; and the earl of Wemyss's Title Deeds.

drew's, in 1505, the year of Knox's birth*. He lost his father in 1507 †. From the defect of the

* Mackenzie says, "that our poet had his education at "the university of St. Andrew's." The late biographer of Lyndsay professes his ignorance how Mackenzie knew, where the poet was educated. But, it is more easy to cavil, than to inquire. Sir Robert Sibbald was, perhaps, the first, who said, in his history of Fife, 1712, that sir David was one of the learned men, who were educated at St. Andrew's. Some years ago, I requested the late Mr. professor Baron to search the registers of that university, for some information about Lyndsay: and, he informed me that, "in 1508, it appeared David Lyndsay is in the "list of *Incorporati*, who, as students of three years stand-"ing, had a right to vote." By coupling the tradition with the register, we obtain sufficient evidence of the truth. We thus also perceive, that Lyndsay must have entered the university in 1505: and, if he were eighteen in 1508, when he voted as one of the *Incorporati*, he must have been born in 1490.

† Among the earl of Wemyss's Title Deeds, there is a charter by Patrick lord Lyndsay to David Lyndsay, the son and heir to *umquhile* (the late) David Lyndsay of the Mount, of Garmylton-Alexander, dated the 19th of October, 1507. This was followed by an instrument of sasine, dated the 6th of April, 1508. In this manner, did our David Lyndsay *make up his title* to his estate of Garmylton, after his father's death, as the Scottish lawyers say.

registers, it cannot now be ascertained, who were the actual masters of Lyndsay, at this university: but, it is certain, that the reverend David Spens, the parson of Comech, which is now the parish of Kemback, was annually chosen rector of this university, from the year 1504 to 1509, being the whole period of Lyndsay's studies; and to him young Lyndsay made his *sponsio*, or solemn promise of obedience, and attachment to his *alma mater* *. He left the university in 1509, probably, when he was nineteen. At this age, Mackenzie sent the object of his admiration to travel all over Europe; as it was the fashion, in his own time, to send boys abroad, to learn the vices of every other country, before they knew the virtues of their own. But, we know the truth from Lyndsay himself, though his biographers cannot see it, while the fact flashes on their intellectual

* I owe this information, from the university register, to the obliging search of the reverend doctor George Hill, the principal of St. Mary's college. While Lyndsay studied at St. Andrew's, there existed only the old college of St. Salvadores. St. Leonard's college was founded in 1512; and St. Mary's college was established in 1552.—Sibbald's Fife, 135.

eyes. When the poet is making his *Complaynt* to the king, he says,

" Or if I be predestinate
" In court to be infortunate;
" Quhilk hes, *so lang, in service bene,*
" Continuallie with king, and qene,
" And enterit to thy majestie,
" The day of thy nativitie."

We are thus told, then, that he had been in the service of the king, and queen, before the birth of James V., on the 12th of April 1512; and that he entered, on that day, into attendance on the new-born prince, as a page of honour, no doubt *. We now perceive, that young Lyndsay was better employed at home, than in questing follies abroad †.

* We are told by Pitscottie, a contemporary historian, and by Buchanan, who trod upon Pitscottie's heels, that our poet, and lion king, was present with James IV., when the ghost appeared to the king, within the church of Linlithgow, in 1513, before he marched to the fatal field of Floddon.

† We see, in the record, that Lyndsay's father left five sons, and perhaps a young widow: for, it is not likely, that he would call two of his sons David, by the same mother: and, from these facts we may infer, that he was

But the education of the prince was not intrusted to Lyndsay. It was Gawyn Dunbar, an ecclesiastic of merit and learning, who was the king's preceptor, and rose, by his services, to great eminence in the church, and the highest station in the state. Our youthful poet was merely intrusted with the king's amusement. Lyndsay himself, in *his Complaynt*, after telling that "he lay nichtlie by the king's cheik," goes on to relate pleasingly:

"How as ane chapman beris his pack,
"I bure thy grace upon my back;
"And sumtymes stridlingis on my neck
"Dansand with mony bend, and beck;
"The first syllabis, that thou did mute,
"Was pa—da—lyn, upon the lute;
"Then playit I twenty springs, perqueir,
"Quhilk was great plesour for to heir;
"Fra play, thou leit me never rest,
"But, gynkertoun, thou luffit ay best;
"And ay quhen thou come from the scule,
"Then I behuffit to play the fule."

Such, then, were Lyndsay's playful occupations, with the boyish prince, whereof he delighted to

not in circumstances to send his eldest son on travels abroad.

tell *. In this attendance, Lyndsay continued till 1524, when the court was reformed by the intriguing spirit of the queen-mother †. Lyndsay remarks, in his *Complaynt* :—

" They tuke the young prince fra the sculis,
" Quhare he, under obedience,
" Was leirnand vertew, and science;
" And haistely pat in his hand,
" The governance of all Scotland."

Thus was the king deprived of the servants of

* He rehearses the same services to the king more fully, in the *Epistle*, which is prefixed to his *Dreme*; and which is addressed to "the king's grace."

† On the 16th of November, 1524, the parliament enacted, "that our soverane lord shall use and exerciss his " awin autoritie and haif the full reule and governance of " his realme, liegis, and subditis, in time to cum, be aviss " of his said deirest mother the queinis grace and lordis of " his counsale." On the 25th of February, it was, that the earl of Angus was admitted into the secret counsale. Keith ap. p. 9. But, the earl of Angus immediately engrossed the whole power of the state, with the person of the king, at the age of *twelve*. Lyndsay says, indeed, " The king was bot *twelve* yeiris of age." On the 25th of Feburary, 1524-5, the earl of Angus came to Edinburgh with his armed followers; and seizing the government, removed the king from the castle to the abbey of Holyrood house. Parl. Rec. 547.

his infancy; of Bellenden, Lyndsay, and others, for whom he seems always to have entertained a just regard. Lyndsay was dismissed with a pension, the payment of which, the king was studious to enforce, while his means were few, and his power was little. I searched the records, in vain, for the pension which Lyndsay honestly admits was punctually paid him *. Such, then, was the revolution of 1524, which separated our poet from his beneficent master, when James was twelve, and Lyndsay was thirty-four: yet Mackenzie, and his copiers, even down to the latest life of the poet, speak of Lyndsay as having been deprived of his places in 1533, on account of his attachment to the reformers, who were then scarcely known †.

* While he acknowledges the kindness of the king, the poet complains that the courtiers maligned him:

" The quhilkis aganis me did maling,
" Contrair the plesour of the king;
" For weil I knew his Graces mynd
" Was ever to mę trew, and kynd;
" And contrair thair intentioun,
" *Gart pay me weil my pensioun.*"

† Mackenzie was probably misled by the edition of Lyndsay's Works, 1634, which does make the king twenty, instead of twelve; and which would bring down

From the revolution of 1524 to the still greater change of 1528, the disappointed eyes of Lyndsay saw every species of misrule. He cries out:

" I pray God let me never see ring,
" Into this realm sa young ane king!"

Several of the earliest pieces of Lyndsay's poetry take their colour from the oppressions of this period, arising from the domination of the Douglases over both the prince and his people. From that odious thraldom, the king, at the age of sixteen, made his escape, by his own address and vigour, in July 1528, after every other exertion had failed. Those public oppressors were now obliged to flee, were accused of treason, and were banished from an unhappy land. Lyndsay had now been long idle, from a well founded apprehension of " the infatuate heads insolent,"— " who only looked to their singular profit." The freedom of the king made his subjects free. And, the first use, which Lyndsay made of his liberty, after his *spreits* had been *dulled* by tyranny, was to

the epoch of that revolution to the year 1532, in opposition to history and record. In 1533, Mackenzie dismisses Lyndsay from the several places of steward of the household, purse-master, treasurer, usher, gentleman of the bed-chamber. Beyond such conceits folly cannot go!

produce his *Dreme*, towards the end of the year 1528.

Throughout the year 1529, James V., who was now seventeen, acted as king indeed, by doing many signal acts of justice, for the redress of wrong, and the establishment of right. Towards the end of this year, Lyndsay laid before the king, who was now busy in doing general justice, *his Complaynt:* from a knowledge that, in *the court, men gat nathing without opportune asking:* he again laid his many services before the king; and confidently hoped, that his majestie would reward him before he died;

" And rub the roust of his ingyne
" Quhilk bene, for langour, lyke to tyne."

It is pleasant to relate, that this *Complaynt* of our poet was not made, in vain, to a beneficent prince, who was not too old to forget how often he had laughed at Lyndsay's *tricks*. In the subsequent year, our early reformer, at the age of forty, was inaugurated lion king of arms, and incidentally became a knight *.

* Lyndsay's letter from Handwarp is dated the 23d of August, 1531, wherein he calls himself " harauld to our " soweran lord:" he was, therefore, lion king, before he set out for Flanders, in April 1531. When he wrote his

This appointment, as we may easily suppose, brightened up Lyndsay's *ingyne*; as he foretold it would, in his *Complaynt*. In all Scotland, he had left nothing unreformed, in his last production, except "the *spirituality*:" and, in December 1530, by publishing *The Complaynt of the Papingo*, he brought the king's parrot upon the stage, to reform "the spiritual folks," by ridicule, without any strong proof, that he was merely in jest.

The origin of heraldry, and heralds, in Scotland, is involved, like other objects of greater conse-

Dreme, in 1528, and his *Complaynt*, in 1529, he calls himself merely the king's "familiar servitour," and complains of the want of some such appointment. I know not why the latest biographer of Lyndsay should wish to postpone his appointment, at least his inauguration, till 1542, when this writer had seen so many facts, and Lyndsay's own acknowledgment of his being *lion harald*, a dozen years before. Mr. Irving says, "He was installed in the year 1542;" and quotes the MS. of Lyndsay's Blazonings, for his proof: but having desired a friend, who is perfectly acquainted with the advocates' library, to search that manuscript, for this information, he answered me, "I do not observe, in "sir David Lyndsay's MS. Heraldry, a word, or emblem, "of his being installed in 1542." I have searched the records, in Scotland, for Lyndsay's appointment as lion herald, without success, owing to their manifold defects.

quence, in a most *darksome cloud.* We see nothing of heraldic officers, at the coronation of Alexander III., in 1249, when their skilful aid would have been extremely useful *. The first authentic information, which I have discovered of a lion king was at the coronation of Robert II. in 1371 †. Who was Lyndsay's predecessor, it is not easy to discover, though his successor is sufficiently known to every one, except his biographers. From the records, however, it is certain, that lands, and the produce of lands, were

* When Alexander III. performed his feudal services to Edward I. at Westminster, in 1278, he was attended by bards, and musicians; but not by a lion king, or heralds.

† In a MS. account of Coronations of the Scottish Kings, in my library, it is said, speaking of that coronation, "Then the lion king of arms was called in by the "lord-mareschal, who was attended on by the heralds, "that came in their coats: the lion sat down at the king's "feet, and the heralds went to their stage, prepared for "them; and then, the mareschal, by the mouth of the "bishop of St Andrew's, did swear the lion, who being "sworn, then did put on his crown ordained him to wear "for the solemnity." During the fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, the lion king was much employed, in carrying on the intercourse of the Scottish sovereigns with England; as we know from Rymer's Fœdera.

assigned to Lyndsay, and his successors, for their salaries *.

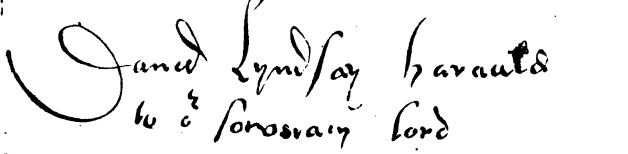
Sir David was soon employed, in discharging the proper functions of lion herald. In April 1531, he was sent with Campbel, and Panter, to Antwerp, for the useful purpose of renewing the antient treaty of commerce with the Netherlands. They were so well received by the emperor Charles V., as to insure the success of their mission. And Lyndsay, during the vigour of his observation, had the finest opportunity of seeing the splendour of the emperour's court, and viewing the emporium of the commercial world †.

* James V. assigned to sir David out of the lands of Luthrie, four chalders and nine bolls of victual, as his *ordinary fee*.—MS. A. 2. 18. in the advocates' library. In 1542, James V. gave to sir David for life "twa chalderis of aittis to his hors corn, to be takin up yeirlie of his hienes kane aittis of his lands of Over Dynmure.—Rec. B. 16. fol. 61.

† Pink. Hist. vol. ii. p. 312—18. And see sir David's Letter, giving an account of his mission, to the Scottish secretary of state.—Cotton Lib. cal. i. fol. 298; printed in Mr. Pinkerton's Scots Poems, xviii. In this curious epistle, Lyndsay informs the secretary of state:—"It war to "langsome to writ to your L. the triumphis that I haiff

Lyndsay now returned from Flanders to Scotland, in the end of the year 1531, instructed by his embassage, and prompted, perhaps, to desire the quiet, and the comforts of domestic life. Our moralist not long after married. His ambition led him to the family of Douglas for a wife; but, of which of the cadets of this mighty house, that was then over-shadowed by many clouds, I am unable to ascertain. It seems to be certain, however, that this marriage was not very fruitful, nor very happy: sir David left no issue;

" sein sen my cumin to the court imperial; that is to say, " the triumph and justynis the terrible turnements the " feychten on fut in barras the namis of lords and knychts " that war hurt the day of the gret tournament; quhais " circumstans I haiff writtin at length in articles to " schaw the kyng's grace at my haym cuming."—There is here subjoined a *fac simile* of Lyndsay's writing, and signature to the above letter.



We may thus perceive, that it was Lyndsay's frequent embassies to foreign countries, which enabled him to see the

and he every where speaks with a sort of Turkish contempt of women *.

Lyndsay was now occupied upon a poem, which displays much of that sentiment; and which he exhibited, in 1535; being a Drama of a very singular kind, that he called what he intended it to be, *a Satyre of the Three Estatis*. Some of his biographers have affected to consider sir David, as the first dramatist of his country. But *moralities* existed in Scotland, before he was born; and were very common, during his age †.

manners of other nations, and not his travel, when a youth.

* Whether Lyndsay was a married man has hitherto been unknown. But, among the earl of Wemyss's title-deeds for Garmylton, there is a charter of resignation of John lord Lyndsay "to the said David Lyndsay of the "Mount, and Janet Douglas, his spouse, and to the longest "liver of them, dated 19 January 1533," which was followed by an instrument of sasine, dated the 16th of February 1533. These deeds seem to me, to have been made, soon after their marriage, by way of settlement.

† Knox, and Spottiswoode, both speak, under 1537, of a black-frier, called frier Killor, who set forth the history of Christ's passion, *in form of a play*, which he preached, and practised openly in Stirling, the king himself being present upon a good Friday in the morning.—Hist. Reformation, 23. Frier Killor spoke so plainly against the

In 1536, our poet, probably, produced his *Answer to the King's Flyting*, and his *Complaynt of Basche*, which show his temperament, to have been ever gloomy, never gay.

In the meantime, Lyndsay, as lion king, with sir John Campbel of Laudon, was sent, in 1535, to the emperor, to demand in marriage some of the princesses of his house. They were well entertained, and greatly rewarded, as the errand, indeed, demanded. They were shown the emperor's nieces, who were fair, and agreeable: but, though these ambassadors presented their pictures to the king, their persons seem not to have pleased; or perhaps the king was attracted by a more useful connection with France *.

In pursuance of his purpose, the king sent a fresh embassy, attended by Lyndsay, as lion king, in 1536, to France, to demand in marriage a daughter of the house of Vendome. But, they had no authority to conclude, without the king's presence. This circumstance detained Lyndsay

bishops, and men called religious, saith Knox, that he was burnt, in 1538, upon the Castle-hill of Stirling. In 1540, the queen rode to Aberdeen, which received her with pageants, verses, playes.—Hollinshed, p. 320.

* Pitscottie, p. 153. — Dr. Anderson's MS. History, vol. i. p. 393.

at the court of France, till the subsequent year, when the king arrived, to choose a consort for himself. The daughters of Vendome were now disappointed. Magdalene of France was the fond, but sickly object of the king's choice. The heraldic eyes of Lyndsay were now witnesses, at the solemnization of their marriage, of such triumphs, as had never been seen in France, in one day, since the time of king *Charles the main* : — "For," saith Pitscottie, "there was such just- "ing and tournament both on horse and foot, in "burgh and land, and also upon the sea with "ships; and so much artillery shot in all parts of "France, that no man might hear for the reard "thereof: and also the riotous banqueting, deli- "cate and costlie clothings, triumphant plays, "and feasts, with pleasand sounds of instru- "ments of all kinds: and also cunning carvers, "having the art of necromancy, to cause things "appear what were not; as flying-dragons in the "air, shots of fire at others heads, great rivers "of water running through the town, and ships "fighting thereupon, as it had been in bullering "streams of the sea, shooting of guns like cracks "of thunder: and thir wonders were seen by "the nobility and common people. All this was "made by men of *ingyne*, for outsetting of the

" tryumph to do the king of Scotland, and the " queen of France, their masters pleasure."— Thus far Pitscottie, who, as he acknowledges to have derived much of his history, from sir David Lyndsay, may have obtained this account of those solemnities from the lion herald himself *.

The king and queen arrived at the palace of Holyrood-house, on the 28th of May, 1537. All Scotland began to prepare for the triumph of her *entress*. But their joy was soon altered to sadness, adds Pitscottie: " For the queen de- " parted that same day forty days that she landed, " being the 5th of July: and thereupon all their " great blythness was turned into great mourn- " ing; and all the play, that should haue been " made, was all turned to soul masses, and diri- " gies." Our poet now published his *Deploratioun* of the Deith of Quene Magdalene; wherein he introduces, as Warton remarks, by a striking,

* Lyndsay does give an account, in his *Deploratioun of the Deith of Q. Magdalene*, of this *solempnizatioun*, the like whereof " was never seen before, sen Christ was " borne:"

" Bot, lyke ane storme, efter ane plesand morrow,
" Sone was our solace changit into sorrow!"

and lively *prosopopœia*, an expostulation with *Death:*

" O crewell deith! to gret is thy puissance,
" Devorer of all erthly leving thingis.
" Adam, we may the wyte * of this mischance
" In thy defalt this cruell tyrane ringis †,
" And spairis nother empriour nor kingis:
" And now allace! hes reft furth of this land
" The flour of France and confort of Scotland."

James V. had now to sustain a double grief; to lament the death of his queen, and to mourn the decease of the daughter of Vendome, who took such *displeasure* at the marriage of the Scottish king that, within a short while, she died of melancholy. Yet was he not deterred from demanding another wife in France. Lord Erskine, and cardinal Beaton, without the lion king, were sent on this agreeable errand. The ambassadors soon affianced Mary, the dutchess of Longville, the duke of Guise's daughter. The queen landed at Fifeness, on the 10th June, 1538, whence she proceeded to St. Andrew's, when the king carried her to the *New Palace, within the Abbey;* and where he entertained her, " with great ho-" nours and *playes* made for her:" and first, says

* Blame. † Reigns.

Pitscottie, "she was received at the New Abbey-"gate; upon the east side thereof there was made "to her a triumphant arch by sir David Lyndsay, "lyon herauld, which caused a great cloud to come "out of the heavens, above the gate, and open "instantly; and there appeared a fair lady, most "like an angel; having the keys of Scotland in her "hands, and delivered them to the queen, in sign "that all the hearts of Scotland were open to re-"ceive her grace; with certain orations, and ex-"hortations, made by the said sir David Lyndsay "to the queen; instructing her to serve God, "and obey her husband, according to God's "commandments*."

"Here the king and queen remained forty "days, with great merriness," continues Pits-

* Much of Lyndsay's device, and sentiments, was adopted, in 1561, when Mary Stuart, the daughter of the king and queen, returned to Edinburgh. "At the day "appointed, the queen was received in the castle; whereat "preparations were made for her entry into the town, in "farces, in masking, and other prodigalities: *fain would "our fools have counterfeited France*: whatsoever might "set forth her glory, that she heard, and gladly beheld. "*The keyes were delivered unto her, by a pretty boy, de-"scending, as it were, from a cloud.*"—See David Buchanan's edition of Knox's History, 316.

cottie; "as justing, running at the lists, archery, "hunting, hawking; with singing and dancing "in maskery, and playing, and all other princely "game, according to a king and queen."

On this occasion it was, that our poet produced his "Justing betwix James Watson and "Jhone Barbour:"—

"In Sanct Androis, on Whitsounmonunday,
"Twa campionis, thair manheid did assay,
"Past to the barres, enarmit heid and handis,
"Was never sene sic justing, in na landis,
"In presence of the kingis grace and quene,
"Quhare mony lustie lady micht be sene;
"Mony ane knicht, barroun, and banrent,
"Came for to se that awfull tornament."

Similar scenes were now acted in various other towns, which show, at once, the attachment of the people, and the manners of the times. Lyndsay, as lion king, partook of those *gests;* and, as a poet, was studious to emblazon the *triumphs*, the *farses*, and the *plays*, in honour of the queen's grace. When these triumphs were past, which occupied much of the year 1538, the queen's grace, when her teeming time was also past, gave Lyndsay, as lion king, more employment, and pastime: having blessed her husband with a fair

son, in 1539, and another, in 1540, they were both honourably baptized, saith Pitscottie, "with "great triumph and merriness, as was the use of "the country, at that time*." I know not whether, in the midst of this *merriness*, and that *triumph*, Lyndsay, who seldom forgets, that he was a satyrist, and a reformer, did not produce his *Supplication against syde-tails*, an object of female attire, that did not escape the reprehension of his reforming predecessors, in verse, and prose.

The day was now come, when Lyndsay was to contribute to the *merriness* of the country, and the amusements of the court, by an exhibition of a somewhat different sort. At Epiphany 1539, there was acted, at Linlithgow, by the royal command, Lyndsay's PLAY before the king and queen, with the ladies of the court, and the women of the country, to their great divertisement, no doubt, though to the mortification of the clergy †.

Lyndsay was soon more appropriately occupied,

* P. 162.

† Sir William Eure's letter to the Lord Privy Seal of England, dated 26 January 1539-40. This *Satyre on the three Estatis* was again acted in 1554, before the queen regent, at Edinburgh. How James V. and how the queen regent should permit the exhibition of such a satyre against the constituted authorities is quite wonderful.

in his official character. In February 1539-40, arrived at Edinburgh sir Ralph Sadler, as ambassador from Henry VIII. to James V.; for the purpose of disgracing cardinal Beaton, and of corrupting the king himself. Among other persons, who were sent by the Scottish king, to do honour to the English ambassador, and to conduct him to the court, was "David Lyndsay, chief herald to the "king of Scots*." On the following day, Lyndsay had the honour to be the instrument of communication between the queen and Sadler†. Sir David appears to have acted a conspicuous part, from the nature of his office, throughout the whole of this intriguing scene‡. When the same intriguer returned to Edinburgh, in 1543, for the odious purpose of more dangerous designs; the seizing of the regent, or carrying off the queen, our lion king appeared not on the corrupted stage.

As the *youth-hood* of Lyndsay was now *overblown*; as his hopes of issue were now evanished;

* Sadler's printed Letters, Edin. 1722, p. 23. On the 12th and 17th of October 1540, sir David Lyndsay, with his servant Jhone Douglace, are mentioned, as witnesses to a formal proceeding, in Robertson's Parliamentary Record, p. 669—672.

† Ib. 28. ‡ Ib. 52.

he sat down, meantime, in 1541, at the age of fifty-one, to settle his estates. He entailed Garmylton-Alexander, the Mount, and his other lands, on himself, and Janet Douglas, his wife, in *conjunct fee,* with remainder to his heirs male whatsoever*. Yet, dissatisfied with this settlement, he made a new entail, in 1542; and introduced, severally, his three brothers, John, Alexander, Patrick, and his youngest brother, David, as his heirs of entail†.

Lyndsay at length obtained some addition to his usual salary; which was the more agreeable, as it showed him the king's kindness, for his oldest servant. In October 1542, there was settled on the lion king, "during *all the days of his life,* "two chalders of oats, for horse corn, out of the "king's lands of Dynmure, in Fife‡." It is ap-

* This charter, which is in the Pub. Rec. lib. 29. no. 2. is dated at Stirling, the 24th of April 1541.

† Charter, dated 1st January 1541-2, in the Pub. Rec. We may herein see some of his father's history; he had a large family by two venters: his youngest son, David, must have been by a second wife; as it is not very likely that he would baptize two sons, by the same wife, of the same name.

‡ As this charter is not very long, and is a sort of curiosity, I will here subjoin it, from the Pub. Rec. b. 16. fol. 61:

parent, then, that the established emoluments of the office of lion king, arose from payments in victual, and not in money, which was then probably scarce.

Soon after receiving this distinguished mark of the royal beneficence, which was then deemed fit for the king to grant, and the lion to receive, Lyndsay was doomed to witness the sad sight of the king's

" Ane letter maid to David Lyndsay of the Mont " knycht alias lioun king of armes off the gift of twa " chalderis of *aittis* to his hors corne to be takin up yerlie " of his hienes *kane aittis* of his lands of Over Dynmure " now being in the hands of Walter Patersoun fewar of " the samyn with the pertenentis liand in the lordschip " of Fiffe and within the shrefdome of the samyn in aug- " mentatioun of his said fee to be halden and to be had " the said twa chalderis of aittis yerlie to be taken up of " the foresaidis landis to the said David for all the dayis " of his life in augmentation of his fee as said is in " maner above writtin frelie quietlie &c. but [without] " any revocatioun and that the said letter be extendit in " the best forme with all clauses neidfull and with com- " mand in the samyn to our soverane lordis comptrollar " and chamberlane of Fiffe now present and to cum to " caus the said David to be thankfullie answerit obeyet " and payit of the forsaid twa chalderis of kane aittis: " at Edinburgh the third day of October, the yeir of " God 1542."

decease, on the 14th of December 1542, at his palace of Falkland *. As lion king, Lyndsay must have directed the mournful ceremony of the funereal rights, which placed James V. by the side of his first wife in the chapel of Holyrood-house. And now closed our poet's connection with the king, at the end of one-and-thirty years; having been his servitor from the day of his birth. Lyndsay must, on that afflictive ceremony, have left Falkland, with a grievous recollection of what he had feignedly said a dozen years before:

" Fareweill, Faulkland, the forteress of Fyfe,
" Thy polite park, under the Lowmond law,

* Pitscottie, fol. 177, who mistakingly states that demise to have happened on the 20th of December, which was probably the date of the royal interment. This writer, who is very minute as to what passed, and who were present, at the king's death, from the information of Lyndsay, no doubt, says, that the lyon-herauld was one of the few who witnessed that king's departing. Cardinal Beaton, we may suppose, was, with Lyndsay, a principal character at "the silent obsequy and funeral " train " of James V. From the cardinal's *Household book*, we know what he spent on that sad occasion: for a *manual* at the king's funeral, 10*s*. for a *mitre* of white damask, 42*s*. for four mourning garments, 3*l*. 18*s*. 10*d*.

" Sum tyme in the I led ane lustie lyfe,
" The fallow deer to se thame raik on raw*."

This unlooked-for demise of the king, who left a-daughter, his heir, only a week old, produced immediate intrigue, and various events, wherein our lion king had his full share. In a struggle for preeminence, between the earl of Arran, a prince of the blood, and Beaton, the cardinal archbishop of Saint Andrew's, the former prevailed. The earl was proclaimed the regent. And, a parliament was immediately called, which met at Edinburgh, on the 13th of March 1542-3, and declared "James earl " of Arrane secund persoun of this realme and " narrest to succede to the crone falzing of our " souirane lady, and governour of this realme†."

* Walk in a row.

† Robertson's Parl. Rec. p. 647. In this parliament, our lion king represented the borough of Coupar, the county town, within a mile of sir David's residence at the Mount: I was, at first sight, disposed to suspect the "Da- " vid Lyndsay of the record" to have been the youngest brother of our sir David: But, upon inspecting the Parliamentary Record, I see, that the representative of Coupar is called sometimes David Lyndsay *of the Mount*, and at other times David Lyndsay of *the Mont, knight*. Robertson's Parl. Rec. p. 679—688. These descriptions, then,

There is some reason to believe, that Lyndsay "had travelled with other men of counsel to "promote the governor, and to give him faithful "counsel*." In the mean time, arrived from France "John Hamilton, the abbot of Paisley, "bastard brother to the governor," who soon acquired, from his superior talents and firmness, a complete ascendency over the feeble regent. One of the first effects of the abbot's presence was the union, in the same interests, and pursuits, of the queen-mother, the regent, and the cardinal. From that moment, those subordinate characters, among whom Lyndsay was included, as one of "the *honest* "and *godly men*, were banished from court†."

leave no room to doubt about the identity of this representative of Coupar.

* Knox's Hist. 39-40. He enumerates Kirkaldy of Grange, Henry Balnaves, Thomas Ballenden, and sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, as the men, by whose labours the governor had been promoted to honour. And see Spottiswood's Hist. 79.

† Ibid. 40-1. Such is the story, which induced Mackenzie, and his followers, to romance about Lyndsay, as if he had not only lost his influence at court, but his office: "After that period, says his late biographer, he "appears to have lived in *a state of dignified retirement.*" Irving's Lives, vol. ii. p. 84. But, a person who bustles in the world can scarcely be said to live in *retirement.*

Yet, we shall immediately perceive, that Lyndsay did not remain longer, *in dignified retirement*, than till his services were wanted. In March 1543–4, sir David, as lion king, was sent by the regent to the emperor Charles V. for the honourable purpose of re-delivering *the order* of *the golden fleece*, with the statutes of the same order, which had been conferred by that great sovereign on the Scottish king*. With whatever success Lyndsay may have executed his mission, he had an excellent opportunity, that he probably did not neglect, in the *Low Countries*, through which he passed, for knowing the state of parties on the continent, for listening to the controversies of religion, and thereby confirming his faith, and finally strengthening his purpose. He returned to Scotland, in the autumn, to his usual pursuits. He was prompted, perhaps, by what he had heard, and seen, in the Low Countries, to publish at this time, *Kitteis Confession*, with the obvious purpose of bringing *auricular confession* into popular contempt. He was urged by his zeal to appear in the parliaments, which met at Edinburgh in November 1544, at Lin-

* See his commission, from the regent, which speaks of the lion king's *faith*, and probity. Royal Letters, p. 196. 199-200.

lithgow in October 1545, and at Edinburgh in August 1546*, as representative for Coupar.

In the mean time, Lyndsay had the gratification of seeing the influence of his own efforts. The people were gradually converted to his opinions. But, he at the same time saw his country distracted by factions, and ruled by force, rather than by law. Owing to the incitements of one faction, and the feebleness of the other, cardinal Beaton was assassinated, in his own castle of Saint Andrew's, on the 28th of May 1546, by Norman Leslie, and other conspirators. The assassins, as they had been previously in negotiation with Henry VIII., were immediately pensioned by his son; and retained the castle, for the government of England, against their own†. On the 29th of

* Robertson's Parl. Rec. p. 676-9; 683-8; 712-17-18.

† Keith has left it somewhat doubtful, whether Henry VIII. had any previous knowledge of the assassination of Beaton. Hist. p. 43-4. The books of the privy council, during the reign of Edward VI., of which I have a very fine copy, by the celebrated Gregory King, seem to me to remove that doubt: for, they show, that there was half a year's pension due to the infamous Norman Leslie, the principal assassin, at Michaelmas 1546: Now, this fact carries back the commencement of the pension, for some months before the assassination was committed. The

July 1546, the assassins were attainted of treason. They were soon after besieged, but without success. And, being aided from England, they retained possession till the 30th of July 1547, when they surrendered by capitulation, to Strozzi, the admiral of the French galleys. Meantime, John Knox, who was also corrupted by England, as the books of privy council also evince, entered the castle of Saint Andrew's, at Easter, 1547, to com-

books of privy council, of the date 6th February 1546-7, also prove, that Henry VIII. had entered into articles of agreement with the conspirators, for retaining the castle of Saint Andrew's. On the same day, several pensions were settled on the assassins "in accomplishment of the "promise made by the late king;" not, as bishop Burnet says, in his History of the Reformation, "for *th' amitie* of "the master of Rothes" &c.; but, as the record evinces, "for *th' annitie*" of the several assassins. Those books, moreover, prove, how wide the government of England had spread corruption over Scotland, particularly among the Reformers, in that age. On this head, there is a very curious passage in Sadler's Letters, p. 196, which has not been noticed by the editors of Scottish Poetry: "The "partizans of England were called the *English lords;* and "such *ballads,* and *songs, made of them,* how the English "*angels* had corrupted them, as have not been heard." This letter from Sadler to Henry VIII. is dated the 26th of April 1548.

fort the traitors. Here, was he met by Henry Balnaves, another traitor, who was also a pensioner of England, and by sir David Lyndsay, the lion king, whose duty it was to suppress the rebels. The great object of this meeting obviously was to persuade John Knox to preach*.

Lyndsay was not only zealous for the preaching of others, but was also zealous to preach himself. For this end, he now wrote "*The Tragedie*" *of the late Cardinal.* A finer subject, time, and chance, could not have thrown into the head, and hands, of a willing poet. He perfectly knew the cardinal's lineage, and life: and he only gratified his propensities, when he tried to please the low, by offering insults to the high. Having before him many a *tragedie* of this sort, he was at no loss, either for his fiction, or machinery:

" Nocht lang ago, efter the hour of prime,
" Secreitlie sitting in myne oratorie,
" I tuke ane buke til occupy the time,

* It is an undoubted fact, that sir David Lyndsay joined the rebels, for the fanatical purpose above mentioned; as we know from Calderwood, p. 2; Knox's Hist. p. 75, &c. He is enumerated among those, who, in 1547, counselled the ordination of John Knox, says Mr. Irving, approvingly. Scotish Poets, vol. ii. p. 81.

" Quhare I fand mony *tragedie*, and *storie*,
" Quhilk Jhone Boccace had put in memorie:
" How mony princis, conquerouris, and kingis,
" War dulefullie deposit from thair ringis."

Sitting thus, in his study, with *Boccace's Tragedies* before him, as faithfully paraphrased by John Lydgate, ane *woundit man, aboundantlie bleiding*, with visage paill, suddandlie appeired afore him. The ghost soon revealed himself to Lyndsay: and anon the cardinal himself made supplicatioun, that our poet would indyte some remembrance of his *infortune*; being right sure, that were Jhone Boccace on *lyve*, his tragedie; at length, he *wald descryve*. The poet now makes the cardinal his *own deidis indyte*. It is the remark of Keith, however, that, in doing this, " Lyndsay has raked " together all the worst things, that could be sug- " gested against this prelate*." But, our poet's object was to satirize the dead, for the instruction of the living. As a satirist, he was not very ambitious of truth. And, as a reformer, during a vicious age, among a corrupt people, he was not very vindicative of wrong. Throughout the whole *Tragedie of Beaton*, we look in vain for some burst of indignation at the foulest crime, which ever

* History, 42.

stained a country, except perhaps the similar murder of archbishop Sharpe, within the same shire, in the subsequent century, by similar miscreants*. The reformer is only resolute to deliver into hell-fire every one, who did not concur with him, in his notions, and his measures. When he brought his *Tragedie* of Beaton to a close, he cries out, at last:

" Quharefore, I counsall everilk christiane king,
" Within his realme, mak reformatioun;
" And suffer no mo rebaldis for to ring

* In the 8vo edition of Knox's History, the assassination of Beaton is called the *godly fact* of James Melvin: but, in the subsequent editions, the word *godly* was suppressed. Keith, 43. Pitscottie relates that odious event, without a single note of reprobation. In Dr. Anderson's History of Scotland, a MS. in my library, there is the following marginal note: "The Cardinal stickit, in Saint " Androes: *Praised be God!*" Hume, the historian, breaks out into indignation, on that occasion: " It is very hor- " rid, says he, but at the same time somewhat amusing, " to consider the joy, and alacrity, which John Knox " discovers in his narrative of this assassination." Hist. Eng. iv. p. 298. Doctor Anderson relates in his MS. History, p. 502, that, after the cardinal's slaughter, " ane " called Guthrie pished in the cardinal's mouth; that the " people might see, and remember George Wisheart's " prophecy."

" Abufe Christis trew congregatioun *;
" Failzeing thareof, I mak narratioun,
" That the pryncis, and prelatis, all at anis,
" Sall bureit be, in hell, saule, blude, and banis."

Such were the doctrines of our poetical reformer! We ought not to be greatly surprised, if such a reformer, and such a herald, were not much employed†. Yet, in the year after he had colleagued with the assassins, who, for the wages of corruption, held the castle against their sovereign, and country, he was employed by a feeble government, whatever Mackenzie, and his followers, may say.

Sir David, as lion herald, was dispatched, in 1548, to Christian, king of Denmark; to solicit ships, for protecting the Scottish coasts against the English; and to negotiate a free trade, for the Scottish merchants, particularly in grain‡. The

* It is curious to remark that, the associated reformers, in their bond, dated the 3d December 1557, call themselves *the congregation of the Lord*, in contradistinction to the established church, which they denominated the *congregation of Satan*. Keith, 69.

† See Mackenzie's Life.

‡ MS. Letters, which had been collected by Lesley, the famous bishop of Ross; and which were communicated

ships were not granted: but, the free trade, as it was convenient to both parties, was more easily yielded to the persuasive instances of our lion king. At Copenhagen, Lyndsay became acquainted with his countryman Dr. Macabæus, and the other literati of reformed Denmark.

Lyndsay at length returned to his usual occupations; and was probably no more employed, in such distant embassies. About this time, he published the most pleasing of all his poems, *The Historie and Testament of Squire Meldrum.* He, on this occasion, tries to amuse as well as to reform: but, he shows his own coarseness, by addressing his "trifling jests and fulsom ribaldry" to "companies unlettered, rude, and shallow." In 1553, our poet finished his last, and greatest work, *The Monarchie,* which, from its elaboration, and extent, could not have been the labour of a week, a month, or a year. When he put his last hand to this employment of years, Lyndsay cried out:

"Ga hence pure buke, quhilk I have done indyte,
"In rural ryme, in manner of dispyte,
"Contrair the warldis variation:

to me, by the late bishop Geddes, who cannot be enough praised for his ingenuity, and his friendliness.

" Of Rethorick heir I proclaime the quyte
" Idolatouris, I feir, sall with the flyte
" Because of thame thou makis narration,
" Bot cure thow nocht the indignation
" Of hypocritis and fals Pharisience
" Howbeit on the thay cry ane lowd vengence."

It is apparent, that Lyndsay, during times of some difficulty, and great danger, was not afraid of *hypocritis*, and *pharisience*. His name, and titles, were prefixed to the first edition of the work, while much artifice was used to protect the printer, from the severe penalties of a recent act of parliament.

In the midst of all those labours, Lyndsay was not neglectful of his duties, as the chief of the heralds. Some time after the year, wherein Mackenzie, and his followers, suppose him to have died, he acted with great precision, and dignity, as lion king. On the 16th of January, 1554-5, he held a chaptour of heralds, *chaptourly* convened, in the abbey of Halyrood-house, for the trial and punishment of William Crawar, a messenger, for abuse of his office *.

* We know so little of the heraldic business of Scotland, owing to the loss of the records of this department, notwithstanding the labours of sir George Mackenzie, and

At the age of sixty-five, Lyndsay saw his great work of reformation gradually advance. He per-

Mr. Alexander Nisbet, that I will here lay before the reader a copy of the proceedings before sir David Lyndsay, on that occasion; taken from a MS. Col. in the Advocates' library, Ja. V. 7. 12.

" Att the abbay of Halyroodhouse in the chaptour
" theirof, the 16th day of January 1554.

" The whilk day sir David Lyndsay of the Mount " knight, lyon king of armes, accompanied with Arch- " bald earle of Angus, George earle of Arroll constable, " and his brothers heraulds chaptourly conveened for the " tyme: Having consideration of the manyfold oppressions " extortions and complaints committed be William Crawar " messenger; and in speciall upon the tenants and work- " men of the abbay of Couper and country adjacent " thereto, as was notourly proven before the said king of " armes, his assessors and brothers heraulds; and ane " part of the saids extortions and oppressions confessed in " their presence be the said William: Therfor the said king " of armes with advice of the said noble and mighty " lords assessors and his brothers heraulds decernes and " ordains our soveraign ladies armes to be taken off the " said Williams breast: And hath deprived and deprives " him of the said office of messengry; and his persone to " be delivered in my lord constables hands to be punish'd " at the queens highness pleasure in example of others. " Extracted by me Adam M'Culloch Bute, pursevant " clerk of the office of armes, under my sign and subscrip- " tion manual."

ceived the queen-mother procure the pardon of the assassins of Beaton; to gratify even a more influential passion than revenge. Her ambition wished to supersede the regent; and her intrigues acquired this desire of her heart, on the 12th of April 1554. On this occasion, Lyndsay witnessed, if he did not manage, the acting of his *Satyre on the Three Estaitis*, on the Play-field at Edinburgh, before the queen, the court, and the commons*. Lyndsay had seen acts of parliament passed for reforming abuses, throughout the

* In the record of the city of Edinburgh, under the 12th of October 1554, there is the following entry:—"The "provest, baillies, and counsale, ordains the thesaurer "Robert Grahame to content and pay to Walter Byn- "ning, the sowme of £.v, for the making of the play- "ground, and painting of the handsenze and the play- "eris's facis, quhill beand payit providand always, that "the said Walter mak the play geir underwrittin furth "cumand to the towne, quhen thai haif ado therewith, "quhilkis he has now ressavit; viz. viii playhattis, an "kingis crown, ane myter, and fulis hude, ane foxis, ane "pair angell wingis, twa angel hair, ane chaplet of try- "umphe."—Dalzel's Scotish Poems, 16th century, p. 32. I know not if this preparation were for Lyndsay's Play: but, this entry shows, that the apparatus for a play, which had now become common, was not very splendid, or expensive.

reign of James V. He now saw ecclesiastical councils assemble, for reforming ecclesiastical persons, and things *. But, under an infant queen, and a female regent, temperate reform was not to be expected, amidst a rude and corrupt people. Sir David saw John Knox return to Scotland, in 1555, and preach without apprehension. He beheld the assassins of Beaton return, in safety, during the subsequent year. He observed, in 1557, several persons of great consideration, "who were ready to jeopard lives, "and goods, for the setting forward of the work "of reformation." But, it is remarkable, considering the temperament of Lyndsay, that he never appeared personally, at any meeting of

* For this end, there was a council of bishops convened at Edinburgh, in January 1545. A provincial council was held at Linlithgow, in 1549, wherein sat James Stuart, the prior of St. Andrew's, at the age of nineteen, who rose to be regent Murray; and appeared, by proxy, John Major, the historian, in the extremity of age: for the correcting of abuses, no fewer than fifty-seven canons were enacted. It was remarked of them, by the late lord Hailes, that *when a house is in flames*, it is in vain to draw up regulations for the sweeping of chimneys. Another council was assembled at Edinburgh, in 1551, which confirmed the canons of 1549, and added some new ones.—Lord Hailes' Provincial Councils.

the early reformers, when they began to avow their purpose, and to defy the established power. Whether he were alive, on the 3d of December 1557, when *the Congregation* took a formal shape, by the signature of a bond of association, is uncertain. I believe, that he died, about that time; though there are some, who say that he lived till 1567 *. With all his celebrity, our

* All my endeavours to ascertain the exact period of the protracted life of sir David Lyndsay have failed; owing to the many defects of the public records. John Bale, who had his correspondences among the Scottish reformers, writing in 1558, knew not whether he were dead or alive: " *Et an adhuc vivat nescio.*" Henry Charteris, the bookseller of Edinburgh, who published Lyndsay's Works in 1568, says, that " *Shortly after the death* " of sir David, they burnt auld Walter Mill." Now, this event certainly happened in April 1558.—Spottiswoode's Hist. p. 95; Keith's Hist. 68. Sir David Lyndsay died, then, some short while *before* April 1558: and this carries back the event to the end of the year 1557. We may see, indeed, his successor acting, in October 1559.—Knox's Hist. 197. Yet, says Mr. Irving, " He appears to have " survived till the year 1567. On the 22d of February, " 1567, sir William Stuart was inaugurated, in the office " of lyon king of arms; and Lyndsay seems to have re- " tained the situation till the time of his decease. Stuart " was *undoubtedly the immediate* successor of Lyndsay."—Lives, vol. ii. p. 85. This writer, we see, disregards the

poet and reformer died obscurely. Nor is there any tradition when, or where he was buried; though a very intelligent husbandman of the age of eighty-three, who farmed *the Mount* for forty years, says, he has always heard, "that sir David "was a great poet, and preacher, a warrior, and "scholar; and that he was killed, either at "Flodden-field [1513], or Pinkie [1548], or in "some other battle with the English." Such is tradition! We know, however, that sir David was alive in 1555; and that a man of his years, and character, must have died quietly in his bed. He must of course have been inhumed among his fathers, in the family vault, within the church of

pointed information of the contemporary Charteris, who knew the fact. This biographer does not admit sir Robert Foreman ever to have been lyon king, though he saw him at the head of Lyndsay's successors, in sir James Balfour's MS. List, in the Advocates' library. He might have seen Foreman acting as lyon king, in Knox, and Spottiswoode's Histories. He might have found in the Public Record, b. 30, fol. 42, "a commission by Marie quene of Scottis to "our lovitt schir Robert Forman of Luthrie, lyoun king "of arms," dated 16 April 1561. This was a special commission, not the original appointment. Why so many bars were leaped over, to prolong the life of Lyndsay to 1567, I cannot divine! "*Strong conceit*, like a new prin-"ciple, carries all easily with it," according to LOCKE.

Ceres. Yet, as I am assured by my active and intelligent friend the reverend J. Macdonald, who made inquiries on the spot, "the family vault, at "Ceres, has not a single inscription, nor is there "any legible tombstone, in this churchyard, old-"er than 1669." Such is the fate of sublunary things! The dwelling of sir David is down; and his family is mingled with the undistinguishable mass.

Little of Lyndsay's personal character can now be known, but what is to be gleaned from his writings. He entered with great and persevering zeal into the religious disputes, which began with his youth, and did not end with his death. From those disputes, he imbibed, no doubt, his peculiar tenets. He is continually talking about *preordinate*, and *predestinate:* and, we might suppose, from the frequency, and the manner of his mention of these topics, that he had adopted the absurd doctrine of a God infinitely good, *preordaining* one half of mankind to perdition. But, I have been told, by a clergyman of the church of England, who perused his works, at my desire, that his notions may be understood in a *qualified sense*. He was plainly a *Lutheran*, in his principles, and in his perseverance: he appears to have borrowed nothing from John Knox, who was

born in 1505, nor from Calvin, who was born in 1509; and who were of course younger reformers than himself. Where he would have stopped, as a reformer, it is not easy to tell: perhaps he would not have gone the length of Knox, of overturning *the temporalitie,* for reforming *the spiritualitie.* While he flourished, he saw, or he might have seen, a vast and a continued reformation in the *Statute Book,* and in the *Scotican Councils:* but, like other reformers, he was not much struck with what was done, either by the church, or state; as it was not done according to his model. He seems to have gone before Knox, in doubting the lawfulness of *the regiment* of *women:* and, he preceded Buchanan, as to some of his opinions, in his *De jure regni apud Scotos;* for we may hear our satirist cry out in his play:

"Quhat is ane king? Nocht but an officiar,
"To cause his leigis live in equitie."

Sir David died issueless; which may partly account for his contempt of women. He was succeeded by his next brother, Alexander, who enjoyed his lands of Garmylton, and the Mount, as heir of entail, under the settlement of 1542. Alexander was succeeded by his son David, who became lion king in 1591, and died in 1621. He

left two daughters: Katharine married George Airth of Foxton; the other became the wife of sir Jerome Lyndsay, who succeeded his father-in-law as lion king, in 1621. In 1586, sir David Lyndsay, the second, lost, by legal adjudication, for debts, the family estate of Garmylton, or Garleton, in Hadingtonshire, which, by various transmissions, has become the property of the earl of Wemyss, who now enjoys it*. The *Mount*, lying in the parish of Monimail, in Fifeshire, which gave our poet one of his distinguished titles, remained in his family, when Sibbald published his History of Fife, in 1710. It afterwards passed into the house of Hopeton; and general Hope has now

* In that neighbourhood there are three Garmyltons: but Garmylton-Alexander, or Mid-Garmylton, is that which once belonged to our poetical knight. There lately died, in this vicinity, an old woman, who, with a most retentive memory, was a great genealogist: she constantly talked of the Lyndsays of Byres, and sir David Lyndsay: she used to describe the knight's figure, and dress: she could repeat many of his poems; and she said, He composed them all on the top of the highest of the [Garmylton] Garleton hills. All the old people, who pretended to recollect any thing of sir David, speak of his having composed his poems *on the tops of hills:* This seems to imply, that they thought him a *Merlin*, or Thomas the Rymer, or some such prophetical minstrel.

the honour to possess this antient seat of our earliest reformer. Mr. Pitcairn, a very intelligent old man of eighty-three, solemnly informed my inquisitive friend, the reverend J. Macdonald, the learned minister of Anstruther, that he has lived at the Mount, or in its immediate vicinity, for seventy years; that he has always heard various traditions of sir David Lyndsay; that he knows the spot, on the summit of the Mount-hill, where, it is said, sir David composed his poems, and used to preach; which spot was about forty years ago called *Sir David's walk*, but is now covered with trees: That he remembers a large portion of the south front wall of the old castle, which stood in a ruinous state sixty years ago, and now constitutes a part of the back wall of the old farm-house: That two free stones, one of them bearing date 1650, were taken out of the old wall, and put into the new; the other stone had a coat of arms upon it, which he does not recollect: That three old trees still stand near the site of the castle, which he remembers to have looked as old as they do now, when he was a boy; and that he requested general Hope, the present proprietor, to spare *sir David's trees*, when the woods of the Mount were cutting, in 1801. Thus far the venerable Pitcairn, who has the merit of having prompted the liberal spirit of general Hope to

spare the trees, which may have sheltered our antient knight, while he dreamed *Dremes*, and wrote *Complaynts*; while he inculcated the lessons of experience, and delivered the policy of reform,

" ——— in such apt and gracious words,
" That aged ears play'd truant at his tales."

The reverend Dr. Martin, the intelligent minister of Monimail, says, in his letter to the reverend J. Macdonald, dated 5th April 1804: " In the " churchyard [of Monimail] is no vestige of the " family [of sir David Lyndsay]. In the old " church of Monimail, which was taken down " in 1796, the *seat*, belonging to the farm [of " the Mount], was marked by these lines:

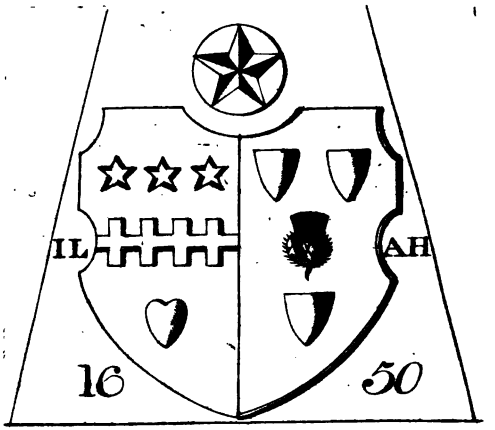
' Thy hart prepair thy God in Christ t' adore;
' Mount up by grace, and then thou's come to
' glore.'

" I preserved them as somewhat quaint and cu- " rious: they are in my possession. The dwell- " ing house of the Mount family stood nearly on " the site of the present farm-house; in build- " ing which, a few years ago, vestiges of the " family seat were discovered. When it was " taken down, it appears, that two stones at least " were preserved, and were built into the front " wall of the old farm-house: a free stone, about

" two or three feet square, is built near the east end " of the farm-house, in the front, and marked thus:

S
D L
D
G *

" Doubtless sir David Lyndsay; Dame G——; " but, the initial of the lady's surname is broken " off. Near the middle of the front wall is an- " other free stone: within a triangle, is a coat " of arms, which adepts in heraldry may make " something of, in tracing the families. I shall " give you," continues Dr. Martin, " some idea " of it, though I do not pretend to skill in the " heraldic art." It is apparent, that the dexter quartering contains the arms of Lyndsay of the



Mount; while the sinister quartering comprehends the armorial bearings of the family of Lyndsay's wife, which cannot be so easily developed.

A reasonable curiosity may desire to know something of the successors of our lion king, about whom, as we have seen, writers are not exactly agreed. The death of Lyndsay was undoubtedly followed by the appointment of sir Robert Foreman, who enjoyed the office till he saw the reform of the antient establishment, and the expulsion of the lawful sovereign*. On the 22d of February, 1567-8, sir Robert Stewart was inaugurated in the room of Foreman†. On the 22d of August, 1568, he was sent a prisoner to the castle of Dumbarton; being accused of witchcraft, necromancy, and plotting against the regent, saith Birrel‡. He was executed at St. Andrew's, with Paris, one of the supposed devisers of Darnley's death§: They both fell under the *tyrannick power* of the regent Murray. On Sunday

* The prejudice of Mr. Irving must not be allowed to push aside sir Robert Foreman, and with him, both history and record. In the MS. A. 2. 18., in the Advocates' library, giving an account of the office of heralds, it is said, p. 38: "Queine Mairy allowed *sir Robert Forman*, "her lyon king of armes, his fee out of the lands of "Rathellet, which the lyon king ever since has possessed; "being the king's propertie within the stewartry of Fyffe."

† Birrel's Diary, p. 14. ‡ Diary, 17.

§ The old history of king James, lately published, p. 66.

the 22d of August, 1568, sir David Lyndsay of Rathellet was, with great solemnity, inaugurated lion king of arms; most of the nobility being present at the ceremony, with my lord regent*. On the 25th of December, 1591, a commission issued, appointing sir David Lyndsay of the Mount to the same office†: Sunday, the 2d of May 1592, he was inaugurated‡. When sir David was enthroned, "he was crowned, by king James, with the "ancient crown of Scotland, which was used, "before the Scottish kings assumed a close "crown." On the day of his coronation, he dined at the same table with king James, having the crown on his head§. On the 31st of March 1603, being Thursday, the nobility, and the secretary of state, sir James Elphinstone, read the proclamation of king James, as king of England; whereupon sir David Lyndsay proclaimed him||. On Sunday the 27th of June 1621, sir Jerome Lyndsay of Annatland, the son of the bishop of Ross, who died in 1613, aged 82, and the son-in-law of sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, was cre-

* Birrel's Diary, 17. † Great Seal Rec. Book, 37.

‡ MS. List, Adv. library.

§ Sir William Segar informed sir William Le Neve, that when lion king was here, at the coronation of king James, he told Segar, the garter king, the above anecdote, which I owe to the kindness of Mr. Townsend, the Windsor herald.

|| Birrel's Diary, 68.

ated lion king of arms: and in 1630, sir Jerome resigned his office to sir James Balfour of Denmiln*. On Sunday the 15th of June 1630, about seven o'clock in the morning, sir James was crowned lion king by George earl of Kinnoul, the chancellor of Scotland, as the royal commissioner for this ceremonial, attended by the great officers of state, privy counsellors, and a great number of the nobility. Sir James Balfour executed this office with abundant sufficiency, till he resigned his office, on the usurpation of Cromwell: sir James died in February 1657†. On the 21st of August 1660, Mr. Gilbert Stewart was appointed lion king‡. He appears to have been soon superseded by sir Alexander Durham of Largo, who was followed by sir Charles Erskine of Cambo, in 1669; and he was succeeded by sir Alexander Erskine of Cambo, in 1681, who had the honour to be lord lion at the two memorable epochs of the Revolution, and the Union§.

* Crauford's MS. Col. Keith, 119.

† Crauford's MS. Col. Mr. Professor Mackie's MS. Col. The ceremonial of sir J. Balfour's coronation still remains in the Advocates' library. M. A. 2. 18.

‡ Mercur. Pol. 491.

§ Sibbald's Fife, 114—134. See the *order* observed at the coronation of sir Alexander Areskine, lord lion king of arms, at the palace of Holyrood-house, on the 27th of July 1681. Arnot's Hist. Edin. App. no. x.

§ II.

The CHRONOLOGY of his several POEMS.

FROM the authentic notices of his life, it is pretty apparent, that sir David cannot boast of early productions, at least of any extent, or value. In the various intimations, which he studiously gives, in his *Dreme*, and in his *Complaynt*, he says nothing of his writings. His occupation about an infant prince, from the day of his birth, precluded the employment of serious writing. While the king was young, he bare him in his arms, full tenderlie; in his bed oft *happit* him full warme; and, with lute in hand, then softlye to him sang. We here see, in his own account, Lyndsay discharging the feminine office of a nursery-maid. When the king "begowth to gang," Lyndsay sometimes danced, sometimes played farces, on the floor; sometimes, disguised like a fiend, or the ghost of Guy, he appeared in divers forms, for the amusement of the prince. But, when the king advanced to youth, and was of high ingyne, and right inquisitive of antique tales, and deeds martial, Lyndsay now told him the stories of Hector, of Arthur, of gentle Julius, of Alexander, and worthy Pompeius; of Jason and Medea, of the actions of Hercules, of the strength

of Sampson, and of true lovers amiable; oft-times, he feigned many fables of Troylus, with the sieges of Tyre, Thebes, and Troy: and when he saw the king sad, he used to comfort him with the prophecies of Rymour, Beid, and Merling, and with many other pleasand stories of the *Red Etin* and the *Gyir Carling* *. Lyndsay, then, may be considered as a sort of minstrel, who could sing, and play the lute; who could dance, and play tricks, as a jackpudding; who could tell stories, invent fables, and relate prophecies. Such were the usual employments of Lyndsay, in 1524, when he was separated, at the age of thirty-four, from the king, while his royal master was yet a boy at school. But, in all that enumeration, we do not hear of his writing any thing. And, it was not till his *youth-hood was nearly overblown*, that our poet began to dream dreams, to scribble epistles, and to write complaynts, at the ripe age of thirty-eight.

1. The *Dreme*. 1528.

This is plainly Lyndsay's first production, of which we know any thing. The principal note of time is the obvious intimation, that *his youth-hood was now nearly overblown*. The domination of the Douglasses

* For all those interesting intimations, see the epistle to the poet's *Dreme*.

separated the king from "the companions of his "youth," in 1524, when Lyndsay, "the chemist, "fidler, statesman, and buffoon," was reformed, on a pension. During the payment of this pension, and the existence of that domination, Lyndsay would not dare to *dream* what was disagreeable to the dominating powers. It was the king's happy escape from the odious power of the Douglasses, in July 1528, which unbent the writer's genius, and unbound our poet's pen, to "tell ane mervellous vision." He intimates, indeed, that he had been long idle; and that idleness, the *ground* of *iniquitie*, had so dulled his spreits, he wist not at what end to begin. While investigating the cause of Scotland's poverty, under the sage direction of experience, he attributes that evil to the want of justice, policy, and peace; and that want he assigns "to the *infatuate heads insolent*," who had small eye to the commonweal, and only looked "to "their singular profit." This, then, is a pretty plain description of the sad misrule of the Douglasses, which ended with the king's acquirement of power, in July 1528. The *Dreme*, of course, must have been written after the terror of their domination had disappeared. The poet makes *Jhone the Commonweill* describe the state of the southern borders, where nothing could be seen but *reif*, *theft*, and *mischief*. This description was true, before the king caused severe justice to be inflicted on the principal thieves, and

reclaimed the borders, in 1529, after the expulsion of the Douglasses. The whole context of *the Dreme* evinces, then, that it was written towards the end of the year 1528. But, it was not printed for many years. About that time Chapman, one of the earliest printers in Scotland, died, as Myllar, his copartner, had died before him. The Dreme was first printed, as far as appears, in the edition of Lyndsay's works, 1558. It was again printed, in 1559, with *the Complaynt* of Lyndsay, at St. Andrew's, by John Skott, who cries out against the Paris edition, 1558, as full of errors, and omissions; and as "nocht worthe ane "placke*." Such was the tradesman's cant! The *Dreme* kept its place, in all the subsequent editions; being one of the most ingenious of his works; as, indeed, Warton intimates.

2. The *Complaynt.* 1529.

As the preceding *Dreme* is quoted in the *Complaynt*, this must necessarily have been written subsequent to *the Dreme*, the first of his labours. As his object was, to bring to the king's recollection how he was doomed, by his evil destiny, "in court, to be un-"fortunate," he again tells the king, how long, and how well, he had served his excellence, from the day of his nativity. He trusts, however, to the king's goodness, that he shall be rewarded or he die; and

* This rare book I have inspected in the Lambeth library.

shall rub the rust off his ingyne, which bene for languor like to tyne. He blames not the king, that he had so long wanted recompense: had he solicited, like the others, his reward had not been to crave. The poet now lays before the king some general maxims, which, as they were true then, continue still to be true, and, indeed, have been long proverbial:

> "Ane dum man yet wan never land:
> "And, in the court, men gettis nathing,
> "Withouten opportune asking."

The poet forgets to state distinctly, that the king till now was not his own master. He admits, however, that his young prince had caused his pension to be punctually paid. And, we know, what is pleasant to recollect that, in consequence of this *Complaynt*, Lyndsay was made lion herald about the year 1530, when the king was only eighteen. Mr. Sibbald, indeed, supposes, that Lyndsay's Complaynt aludes to events in 1533, and 1534: but, he plainly mistakes the session mentioned, for the court of session, which was established in 1532: and, the appointment to the dignified office of principal herald, a circumstance, which brought knighthood with it, before his embassage to the emperor, in April 1531, would have made the whole *Complaynt* ridiculous, if it had been written, after the reward had made it groundless. The poet mentions the battle of Linlith-

gow*, of Melros†, and of Edinburgh‡. The poet rejoices at the king's escape from the thraldrom of the Douglasses, in July 1528: he thereupon cries out:

" I thank the haly Trinitie,
" That I have levit to see this day,
" That all that warld is went away,
" And thow to na man art subjectit,
" Nor to sic counsalouris coactit."

He triumphs over the Douglasses, who alone had the guiding; yet could not keep their feet from sliding:

" Bot, of their lyffis thay had sic dreid,
" That thay war fane till trot over Tweid§."

The poet now praises James V., for his justice, which, in this realm, had made such ordour, both threw the highland and the bordour, that oppression and all his fellows were hanged high upon the gallows. The allusion here is to the king's expedition to Ewisdale in June 1529, when Armstrong, the chief of the freebooters, and many others, were

* On the 17th of January 1526.

† On the 25th of July 1526.

‡ On the 4th of September 1526.

§ The Douglasses were attainted at the parliament, which assembled, at Edinburgh, on the 3d of September 1528: and, after a vigorous resistance, that potent family were obliged to seek for shelter, in England, three months afterwards.

hanged, at the same time, that the border chieftains were imprisoned. Such was the order, which was established, after a long anarchy that, according to Lyndsay, the *rash bush only kept the cow.* The whole context of *the Complaynt* thus fixes the writing of it to the last six months of 1529. The Complaynt of Lyndsay was not published, in the edition of his works, in 1558: but it was included in the publication of Skott, during the subsequent year. And it has been retained, in every subsequent edition of Lyndsay's works.

3. The *Complaynt* of the *King's Papingo.* 1530.

In the conclusion of his *Complaynt,* however querulous, Lyndsay left nothing without good order, in this land, "except the *spiritualitie.*" He now, by an easy fiction, introduced the King's Parrot, to ridicule, if not reform, "the spiritual folks." And he finished this singular, but ingenious production, as the colophon informs us, on the 14th of December 1530, a year barren of events. The Complaint of the Papingo was printed at London, by Byde, in 1538 *. It was reprinted in the edition of 1558. And it was printed, as a distinct tract, by John Skott, at St. Andrew's, in 1559 †.

* This rare edition is in his majesty's library, and is also in the marquis of Strafford's curious collection.

† This edition is in the Lambeth library; where I saw it.

4. The *Play*; or *Satyre* on the *Three Estates*. 1535.

This remarkable drama of a rude age was undoubtedly presented, at Epiphany 1539-40, before the king and queen, the court, and country, on the Playfield, near Linlithgow*. It must necessarily have been written some years before. The king is every where spoken of, as still unmarried: but, he changed his unmarried state, in 1537; so that this play must have been written before that year both of joy, and of sorrow. Among the many fools, whom Lyndsay satirizes, he ranks the insatiable merchantmen:

" Quhen God has send them abundance
" Ar nocht content with sufficiance:
" Bot, sailis into the stormy blastis
" In *winter*, to get greater castis
" In mony terribill great torment
" *Against the acts of parliament* †."

* Sir William Eure's letter, dated the 26th Jan. 1539-40, to the lord privy seal of England, from Berwick. Brit. Mus. MS. Reg. 7. C. xvi.; and printed in Pink. Hist. vol. ii. p. 494. This letter is so particular, as not to leave the least doubt of the fact. It was first intimated to the public, by the late Mr. Ritson.

† At the parliament, which met at Edinburgh on the 7th of June 1535, there was an act passed, No. 25 of Glendoiks Acts, " That na schip saill with stapill gudis fra Simonis-day and " Judes quhill Candelmes." This is ch. 28 of the Black Acts,

The satirist alludes both generally, and specially, to the noble acts of parliament; to the acts honorabill made by our prince in *the last* parliament; because they are baith gude and profitabill *. The whole context of this singular drama evinces, then, that it was originally written, or at least finished, in 1535. It was first acted, on the Playfield, at Coupar in Fife, during the year 1535; and indeed much of the scene is laid in Fife, where several men, and things, are mentioned, which must have been very familiar to the people of that shire. It was acted, at Linlithgow, by the express command of the king, on the day of Epiphany 1539-40. And, it was a third time presented, *beside* Edinburgh, in presence of the queen regent, a great part of the nobility, and an exceeding great number of people, "fra ix hours afore none till "vi hours at even;" as we learn from Henry Charteris, the bookseller, who was present, no doubt †.

It confirms the statute made by Ja. II. to the same effect: so that Lyndsay was correct, in saying that, his *insatiable merchantmen* acted against the *acts* of parliament.

* With Lyndsay's Notices of the Acts of the last Parliament, in p. 128-29 of the printed play, 1602, compare the Black Acts of the session, which commenced on the 7th of June 1535; and not a doubt will remain, but that the poet alluded, plainly, to this, as the *last parliament.*

† Pref. to ed. 1568. It is to be remarked that, the duke of Chatelherault resigned the regency of Scotland to the queen mother, on the 10th of April 1554: so that the play was

It is to be remarked, however, that the *Satyre on the Three Estates*, like *the Rehearsal*, when acted by Garrick, and Cibber, admitted of recent retrospection, and temporary allusions. An accurate eye, adverting to the dates, may trace Lyndsay's interpolations, for the purpose of alluding to late events, in order to *elevate and surprise* the unpractised auditors.

This *Satyre* appears to have been very early garbled, and abridged; as we may learn from Bannatyne's manuscript, in the Advocates' library; containing a series of eight *Interludes*, which were mostly extracted from Lyndsay's satirical drama. Ramsay, when he was at the height of his celebrity, both as a poet, and an editor, made preparations for publishing those *Interludes*. But, they remained in MS. till the year 1792. They were then printed, in a castrated form, by Mr. Pinkerton: but, before he could publish them, he obtained the use of Mr. Caley's copy of this Satyre, which was printed, by R. Charteris, the second time, in 1604. By the collation of this copy, which Mr. Caley had the kindness to lend me, with the edition of 1602, which is in my library, it is apparent, from the many differences between them, that these are different editions. Mr. Pinkerton now added to the *Interludes* sixty pages from *the Play*. He is po-

acted, *beside* Edinburgh, on some subsequent day, during the life of Lyndsay, who was present, as director, according to Charteris's report.

sitive, that the first interlude formed a part of the play, as appears, he says, from the prologue: but, this prologue evinces, that this interlude was represented at a quite different day, from the *Play*, which is mentioned in it. Again: much is said repeatedly, in this interlude, of the battle of *Pinkey-Cleugh*, which was fought, undoubtedly, on the 10th of September 1547. Now, Lyndsay's play had been acted, at Coupar, in 1535, and at Linlithgow in 1540. Here, then, is a fatal *anachronism*, which demonstrates, that Lyndsay's satirical play had been acted many years, before *this interlude* was written by whatever hand *. It is obvious, that this play, as it was printed in 1602, is a *complete whole*, without the necessity of any *preceding interlude*, or any occasion for subsequent appendage. It was first printed, in 1602, as the well known play of sir David Lyndsay, in a perfect form: it was again published in 1604; but the second edition is not so good as the first †. Mr. Sibbald, when he repub-

* Mr. Pinkerton, indeed, says, in the face of this anachronism, that "the interlude was acted, on the first repre-"sentation of the play, at Coupar in Fife, but, was omitted "on the more solemn representation, at Edinburgh [in "1554]." We thus see how easy it is to write when facts are pushed aside. "The play, he admits, presents one continued "succession of action, undivided by interludes." This admission contradicts what is said above of this interlude having once formed a part of this play.

† Of *this play*, there are only two leaves remaining in the

lished some part of this play, in *his Chronicle*, talked wildly about what he supposed to be *the original piece*, and acted fraudulently, in what he gave to the public, saying that "he had not omitted a single "line in the body of the play, as printed in the first "edition of 1602." Yet, by comparing this edition with what he has published, it appears that, he has omitted a series of forty-six pages, from page 3 to page 49, and eleven pages, from page 143 to 154, exclusive of verses, and passages. Here, then, is this play, which is acknowledged to be a singular curiosity, garbled of no fewer than fifty-seven pages of very curious matter. I have now republished this play, from the first edition of 1602, which has been collated with the second edition of 1604 *. I do not

Lambeth library; and these are employed, as *fenders*, for more orthodox matter.

* That there were two editions, though the original printers, and subsequent editors, have confounded them, is demonstrable. Thus, the edition of 1602 is wrong sometimes, when the edition of 1604 is right:

Ed. 1602.	*Ed.* 1604.	
Knw -	knaw - -	p. 126
Except -	expert - -	130
By - -	But - -	87
And - -	Am - -	39
Thair -	Your -	39

think, that there were ever any *appendages* belonging to it: the *Droichs* were not written by Lyndsay, whatever Sibbald may suppose: nor do I admit, that the first interlude, above mentioned, was written by Lyndsay, though he be closely copied, whatever confidence may think upon the point, or dictation may say. This play has never been admitted, till now, into any of the numerous editions of Lyndsay's works.

5. The Answer to the King's Flyting. 1536.

Lyndsay now shows, by his answer to the king's *ragment* *, which was handed about among the *lustie ladies*, that he was an experienced courtier. The

The edition of 1604 is wrong, when the ed. 1602 is right:

Ed. 1604.		*Ed.* 1602.
da - - p. 97	-	do.
Trael - 122	-	Travel
Habbie - 122	-	Heavie

It is only in an instance or two, that the expression is changed; as "being like to die," in ed. 1602; "lykand to die," in the ed. 1604, at p. 94. After so decisive a collation, scepticism cannot doubt, whether there were one, or two editions of Lyndsay's *Play*.

* Ragment, as we are told by Ruddiman, signifies a discourse, a rhapsody: it means, here, a satire, or, as Lyndsay might say, a *lampoon*, being aimed at a particular person.

king had persuaded *the lustie ladies* of *Venus court*, that our poet was unable to please them, and only fit "to beir cumpanie to the cukis *." Upon the royal pen, which had thus tried to make him *abhominable*, in the eyes of the fair, Lyndsay "cries an loud ven-"gence:" Yet, recollecting that *he was not ane poet*, that the king was *the very prince of poetry*; he finds it convenient, at least courtly, "to fle fast frome his "flyting." He acknowledges the king's powers of love, and song: he admits his own defects, as a poet, and his own inability, for *Venus werkis*. Yet, Lyndsay discloses an adventure of the king's, which must have raised a general titter in *Venus court*, among the lustie ladies. Our poet now delivers the royal counsellors to the feynd of hell, that did not of ane princess him provyde: yet, he recollects, that it was said by some, that there comes a buckler out of France, which will endure his dints, though thay be dour †. The foregoing intimations fix the epoch of *the Flyting* to 1536; when the king was twenty-four, and Lyndsay was forty-six. The poet, feeling his

* From this intimation, as well as others, it is apparent that *the cukis* were then all female.

† The king's design to visit France, to ask a wife from Francis I., was known on the 26th of July 1536: on the 29th of October, thereafter, it was already determined, that James V. should marry Magdalene, the daughter of Francis.

inferiority, in one sense, and feigning it, in another, at length cries out:

" Now, schir, fareweill! because I can nocht flyte,
" And thocht I could, I war nocht till avance
" Aganis your *ornate* meter to indyte.
" Fareweill! of flowand rhethorik the flour."

Lyndsay's *Answer* to the *King's Flyting* does not appear in any of the editions preceding that of 1568, wherein it is said to have been " never befoir im-" prentit." It has retained its place in the subsequent editions.

6. The Complaynt of Basche, the King's Hound. 1536.

There are very few notes of time, in this *Complaynt*, whereby to ascertain the epoch of its authorship. This hound was bred by John Gordon of Pittarie; and was presented to the king by George, the fourth earl of Huntly, who is often mentioned in this instructive poem. He was the son of Margaret, a natural daughter of James IV., and John, master of Huntly: and he was of course the king's nephew, by a spurious sister, who was born of a daughter of John, lord Drummond *. George, earl of Huntly, succeeded his father in 1523; and from the king's

* Crawf. Hist. Stuarts, p. 33.

kindness, he obtained many grants of land, in the period from 1530 to 1540. When the king went to France in 1536, the earl was made one of the regency *. While Basche, the gift of this great earl, was a favourite,

" He of na creature tuke cure;
" Bot, lap upon the kingis bed,
" With claith of gold, thoch it were spred."

Had the king been a married man, such a freedom could not have been used, even by a favourite, without chastisement. The demerits of Basche drove him into banishment, and he was succeeded by Bawtie, " the king's best beloved dog;"——

" Who now lyis on *the king's night gown.*"

If the king had been married, it is impossible, that Bawtie could have been thus indulged to sleep upon the king's night gown. The whole context seems to evince, that the Complaynt of Basche was written by

* The commission, dated the 29th of August 1536, is in Crawf. Offices of State, 83. On the king's return, Huntly was made lieutenant of the north. He commanded at the battle of Pinkie, where he was taken prisoner. The earl was made chancellor after the assassination of Beaton. He fell at the battle of Corrichie, on the 28th of October 1562, fighting against the personal hatred of the bastard Murray.

Lyndsay, for the king's amusement, before he sailed for France, in 1536. Our poet forgets not to praise

" ——— *Lanceman,* Lyndsay's dog,
" Quhilk ay has keepit his lawtie
" And nevir wirryit lamb, nor hog."

The Complaynt of Basche seems to have been first printed in the edition of 1566; and appears to have retained its place in the subsequent editions of Lyndsay's works.

7. The Deploratioun for Quene Magdalene. 1537.

James V. was betrothed, on the 26th of November 1536, to Magdalene of France, who seems to have been captivated by his person, at the blooming age of twenty-four, that had captivated so many elegant women before. Their marriage, contrary to the opinion of the physicians, was consummated on the 1st January 1537. The king, and queen, arrived, in Scotland, on the 29th of May. And Magdalene died at the age of seventeen, on the 10th of July, while every one was preparing to celebrate her reception. Lyndsay, who was whetting his pen to rehearse " the " myrthis musical" of that triumph, was obliged to cry out;

" Oh! thou tyrane, in quhome is found na grace,
" Our *alleluya* has turnit in *allace!*"

The events, thus, evince, that the *Deploratioun* was written in 1537. And, it was printed, in the French edition of 1558, and reprinted, in the English edition, 1566, as well as in the subsequent editions.

8. The *Justing* of Watson and Barbour.

The mourning for Magdalene did not prevent James V. from sending ambassadors to France, to demand, in marriage, Mary of Loraine. The king, and the widow of Longville, were married by proxy, on the 28th of May 1538. She arrived at Crail, in Fife, on the 10th of the subsequent June. And the marriage was immediately solemnized at St. Andrew's, which is said to have been then a beautiful city. On that joyous occasion, was exhibited the celebrated *justing* " betwix James Watsoun and " Jhone Barbour :"

" The ane of thame was gentil James Watsoun,
" And Johne Barbour, the uther campioun;
" Unto the king thay war familiaris,
" And of his chalmer baith cubicularis;
" James was ane man of greit intelligence,
" Ane medicinar full of experience,
" And Johne Barbour, he was ane nobil leche,
" Crukit carlingis he wald gar thame get speche."

Lyndsay, we have seen, acted a conspicuous part, at the solemnization of the royal espousals. And, he

now *compylit* this ludicrous account of the *womanlie* justing of the king's *twa medicinars*, for the entertainment of the kingis grace, and quene. This compilation was originally printed in the edition 1568, and has kept its ground in the subsequent editions.

9. The Supplication against Syde Taillis. 1538.

There are few notes of time in this *Supplication*, which Lyndsay made to the king, *in contempt of Syde taillis*; and which had often been made before, and continued to be made, in after times. The poet speaks, however, of the propriety of dress, and politeness of behaviour, which distinguished the French ladies. This praise seems to intimate, that Lyndsay had now returned from France, where he had been to witness the king's marriage. The poet speaks, in several places, of *the queen*, of the *queen's majesty*. This intimation points to the presence of the queen; and both those circumstances, which are not contradicted by any opposing fact, are sufficient to fix the writing of this Supplication to the year 1538. It was first published in the edition of Lyndsay's works 1568, though it was, no doubt, handed about before. It was comprehended in the subsequent editions. And, strange to tell, it was printed, singly, on two folio pages, in 1690.

10. Kitteis Confession. 1541.

In this ridicule of auricular confession, there is scarcely any note of time. By making captious inquiries about *Inglis bukis*, the confessor plainly alludes to the English translation of the Scriptures*. By adverting to the dates of that translation, and the circumstances of the times, it seems to be apparent, that *Kitteis Confession* must have been written, in the in-

* The same sentiment is more fully opened in Lyndsay's *Play*. Tyndal's translation of the New Testament was made, at Antwerp, in 1526. In 1527, there was a Dutch edition of the same translation, which was smuggled into Britain. In 1528, 1529, and 1530, there were several other editions from the Dutch printers. Tyndal republished his translation, in 1534, and in 1536. A translation of the Old and New Testament was published, in England; and, in 1536, was ordered by Henry VIII. to be placed in all churches, for every one to read. See Lewis's Hist. of the Transl. of the Bible. I have a copy of the New Testament, which was printed by Redman, in Fleet Street, 1538, both in English and in the Latin of Erasmus. In Scotland, they tried pretty early, in their Reformation, to obtain the Scriptures in the *vulgar toung*. On the 15th of March 1542-3, being the first parliament, after the demise of James V., lord Maxwell proposed an act, which passed, notwithstanding the protest of the prelates, "that it "sall be leful to all the lieges to haif the holy writ, to wit the "New Testament and the Auld, in the vulgar tung, in Inglis, "or Scottis, of an good and true translation." Keith's Hist. p. 36-7. The first Bible, which was printed, however, in Scotland, was the *Geneva* translation, by Bassandyne, in 1576.

termediate period, from 1536 to 1543. There would have been no fitness, in those questions, after it was made lawful, by lord Maxwell's act, to have the holy writ in the vulgar tongue, without offence; and after the regent Arran had caused that act to be published, on the 19th of March 1541-2.* It is to be recollected also, that our sir David Lyndsay sat in that parliament. This confession was, therefore, written, we may suppose, in 1541. It was printed in the edition of 1568; being compylit (as is belevit) by schir David Lyndsay of the Mount. Such is the intimation of Henry Charteris, the publisher of that edition, who appears to have been well acquainted with Lyndsay, and his labours.

11. The Tragedie of the Cardinal Archbishop of St. Androis, David Beaton. 1546.

The odious assassination of this great, but obnoxious prelate, was achieved, by a band of ruffians, who were in the pay of Henry VIII., on the 28th of May 1546. Lyndsay, immediately, sat down to gratify his prejudice, by satirizing the memory of Beaton, and incidentally protecting the lives of the assassins. This *tragedie* was printed, at London, in 1546†. It

* Robertson's Parl. Records, p. 645—50.

† Tanner in vo. Lyndsay. This edition was in the Harleian Library. Cat. v. i. no. 83751.

was reprinted in the French edition, 1558: and, it was again printed by Jhone Skott, at St. Andrew's, in the subsequent year*. This *Tragedie* has been retained in the subsequent editions of Lyndsay's works.

12. The Historie of Squyer Meldrum. 1550.

This *historie* was founded on the extraordinary adventures of a well known person, in Fifeshire, William Meldrum, the laird of Cleish and Binns†. He was born probably about the year 1493, at the house of Cleish, in the parish of Cleish, which lies within Kinross-shire, rather than in Fife. By his poetical biographer, are we told:

"He was bot twentie yeiris of age,
"Quhen he began his vassalage."

His first service, or *vassalage*, or adventure, was on board the Scotish fleet, which, under the command of the earl of Arran, burnt Carrickfergus on

* This edition of 1559 is in the Lambeth library.

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the *Ireland coist*, in 1513. From Carrickfergus, Arran sailed to Calais, where, as the poet tells,

" Hary, the aucht, king of England,
" That tyme, at Caleis, was lyand."

From history, we know, that Henry VIII. lay at Calais in July 1513. Meldrum remained in France during the war. Peace between England and France, which included Scotland, was made on the 13th of September 1514. After performing many feats of arms, our squyer visited Paris, where he was admired by the ladies; and repaired to Ambiance, in Picardie, where Louis was lying, and where our squyer was esteemed by the captains*. Squyer Meldrum, as we are told by his biographer,

" ——— did remane in France,
" Ane certane tyme, for his plesour,
" Weil estemit, in greit honour."

He was now courted by the ladies, and invited by the lords, to remain in France:

" Bot, *youth* made him sa *insolent*,
" That he, in France, wald not remane."

The *squyer*, at length, returned to Scotland, in 1515, at the age of twenty-two. Such was his fame that, wherever he went, he was well received by the men,

* Louis XII. died 1st January 1514-15.

for his spirit, and by the women, for his gallantry. Scotland, existing under an anarchical minority, furnished such a *squyer* many a field, both for the conflicts of war, and the dalliances of love. His concluding adventure, in both, happened on the road from Edinburgh to Leith, in August 1517, when jealousy, and hatred, in the person of Stirling of Kier, marched out with fifty men, to cut off his retreat to Fife: On that occasion, Meldrum defended himself with unconquerable bravery, till he was nearly cut in pieces. De la Bastie, a French knight, who then ruled Scotland, as *locum tenens* for the duke of Albany, did himself immortal honour, by the spirit and enterprise, with which he pursued and took the assassins*. Yet, by the skill and care of the surgeons of Edinburgh, the squyer was enabled to survive many years, though he must have existed in a very crippled state†. After a while, he was invited by the aged

* This singular adventure is very minutely told by Pitscottie, p. 129. De la Bastie was himself assassinated by Home of Wedderburn, on the 17th of September 1517. It was an age of lawlessness, and crimes.

† Pitscottie says Meldrum lived *fifty* years, after this adventure, in August 1517. Id. But, such a length of life would carry his existence several years beyond that of his poetical biographer. If he lived forty years, he must have died in 1557, when sir David had ceased to write. But, from the poet's declaration, we know, what is in itself probable, that squyer Meldrum, who was not a person to be handled roughly

Patrick lord Lyndsay of Byres, to act both as deputy sheriff of Fife, and as marschal of his household*. The same connection continued with John lord Lyndsay. That he lived many years, and died, in his old age, at the Struther, lord Lyndsay's seat, in Fife, is certain†. Yet, he first made his *Testament*, and appointed his executors:

" First, Daid erle of Crawfuird, wise, and wicht‡;
" And, Johne lord Lyndsay, my maister special;

by any satirist, was dead, when Lyndsay undertook to *compyle* his *Historie*. When invoking his muse, the poet says,

" With help of CLIO I intend,
" Sa MINERVE wuld me sapience send,
" Ane nobill squyer to discryfe,
" Quhais douchtines, *during his lyfe*,
" I know myself, thareof I wryte,
" And all his deidis I dare indyte."

* Sib. Fife, p. 100: " Lord Lyndsay is sheriff; 1524—1530: " *Esquire Meldrum is his depute.*" He continued sheriff depute, during the life of this lord, who died in 1526. William Meldrum was a witness to a charter, from John lord Lyndsay of Byres, to William Lyndsay, dated the 31st of March 1529. William Meldrum of Binns was a witness to another charter of lord Lyndsay, dated the 15th of May 1532. Pub. Rec. This is the latest authentic notice of William Meldrum.

† Sir David Lyndsay, who knew lord Lyndsay's family, and the affairs of squyer Meldrum, states both those facts, explicitly.

‡ The first died in 1542; the second in 1563; and the third in 1598.

" The third sall be sir Walter Lyndsay, ane noble
" knicht."

From all those intimations, it is probable, that the *Historie* and *Testament* of Meldrum were some of the last of our poet's labours; and were perhaps written about the year 1550. This is said to have been first printed in the edition of Lyndsay's works, in 1592: but, the fact is, that it was only annexed to that edition, after it was printed, separately, in 1594*. I doubt, whether there was any edition of the *Historie of Meldrum*, in 1602; as such edition no where appears, but in loose assertion. In 1610, when Finlayson printed his edition of Lyndsay's Works, the Historie of Squyere Meldrum was appended to it, with a different titlepage, without any paging, and without being mentioned in the table of contents†. The Historie of Squyer Meldrum was left out of the subsequent editions of our poet's works; owing to whatever cause, of design, or accident. The late edition of Mr. Pinkerton pretends to be copied from the edition of 1594. Yet, it differs much

* In the table of contents, indeed, of the edition of 1592, the *Historie* of Meldrum is mentioned: yet, its colophon declares it to have been printed in 1594: and the series of the pages is different from the paging of the edition of 1592.

† This edition of Squyer Meldrum, which was printed by Lawson, was in the duke of Roxburgh's library; and is in the curious library of Mr. Maule of Panmure.

from the Museum copy of 1594, with which his copy has been collated: it differs even in the sense, and it has been *manufactured*, by forming it into books, by changing the orthography, and by *italicizing* the expressions. Mr. Sibbald, in his more recent edition, has servilely copied the very mistakes of the preceding edition.

13. Ane Dialog of the miserabill Estait of this Warld betwix Experience and ane Courteour. 1553.

This historical work, as it is the largest, is certainly the last of the labours of Lyndsay. How long he was compyling *the Monarchie*, it is impossible to tell, as he has left nothing, which can enable us to judge of the quickness of his composition, or of the time, that this poetical history required. He has, however, given us a chronological calculation, in his fourth book, which clearly evinces, that the work was finished at the end of 1553*. In his *Epistle Nuncupatorie*, the author tells his *lytil quair* to

* Lyndsay refers to maister Carion, for the prophetical intimation of *Elie*, that the world shall stand 6000 years; and he accounts for the fulfilment of this long term, in the following manner:

From Adam to Abraham	-	2000 years,
From Abraham to Christ	-	2000
From Christ to the world's end		2000
		6000 years.

" Ga first till James, our prince, and protectour,
" And his brother, our spiritual governour."

But, James, earl of Arran, and duke of Chatelherault, relinquished the regency of Scotland to the queen-mother, on the 10th of April 1554: so that the work must have been finished, before this great event took place, by a formal act. The first edition of this elaborate work is said in the titlepage to have been " Imprintit at the command and expensis off Doctor " Machabæus. In Capmanhouin. Quod Lyndsay, " 1552*." This titlepage is universally acknowledged to have been feigned, for the purpose of deception. The author, we see, avowed himself: but, the printer skulked behind a deceptious titlepage†.

Of this last period of	- -	2000 years,
There are now *bygone*	- 1553	
And there remain	- - 447	
		2000.

Such is the statement in the standard edition of Lyndsay! Most of the editions have put *fyve* thousand for *ane* thousand: but, this genuine statement evinces, that Lyndsay thought the year 1553 as *bygone*, when he was finishing his last, and greatest work of *the Monarchie.*

* I have had the benefit of the perusal of a very fine copy of this rare edition, by the favour of Mr. Hill.

† The cause we may perceive in an act of the 5th parliament of Mary, cap. xxxv, " Anent prentaris: For as mekill " as thair is divers prentaris in this realm, that dailie and

Such was the shoal, on which the printer was afraid to wreck his all. Yet, is it apparent, that this Dialogue of Lyndsay was not printed either at Copenhagen, or London, or at Rouen: but, at St. Andrew's, by Jhone Skott*. The *Dialogue* was again printed,

" continuellie prentis bukis concerning the faith, *baliattis*, " *sangis*, blasphematiounis, *rymes*, alsweill of kirkmen, as tem- " poral, and utheris, *tragedies*, alsweill in *Latine*, as in *Inglis* " toung, not sene and considerit be the superiouris, as ap- " pertenis; to the defamatioun of the lieges:" It, therefore, prohibited such printing of such things, either in the *Latine*, or *Inglis* toung, without license; under the pain of confiscation of the " prentaris gudis," and banishment from the realm. This act says nothing, we see, of the *Scotish toung*.

* (1) We know that, in fact, Jhone Skott, a printer, did then reside at St. Andrew's; and did print archbishop Hamilton's *Catechism* in 1552. Herbert, Typ. Antiq. vol. iii. p. 1483-4. Cocburn's *Meditatio* was printed at St. Andrew's, by Jhone Scot, in 1555. He calls himself Johannis Scot, in the titlepage, and Johannes Scott, in the colophon. At the end of the third book of the *Dialogue*, there appear, as Herbert remarks, J. S. in large capital letters, which this antiquary, rightly, supposes can only apply to Jhone Scott. Upon comparing the *Dialogue* of Lyndsay, the *Catechism* of Hamilton, and the *Meditatio* of Cocburn, there appear, in all the editions, Scott, the printer,'s marks: (1) Hercules striking a Centaur; (2) the same *figured* letters; and (3) the same paragraph notations: so that there cannot be a doubt, but *the Dialogue*, or *Monarchie*, of Lyndsay, was printed at St. Andrew's, by Jhone Scott, in 1554, though the apparent date be 1552. Neither the name of *Macabæus*, nor the name of *Copmanhoun*, was fictitious, as we may learn from Knox's History, p. 21:

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The *squyer*, at length, returned to Scotland, in 1515, at the age of twenty-two. Such was his fame that, wherever he went, he was well received by the men,

* Louis XII. died 1st January 1514-15.

for his spirit, and by the women, for his gallantry. Scotland, existing under an anarchical minority, furnished such a *squyer* many a field, both for the conflicts of war, and the dalliances of love. His concluding adventure, in both, happened on the road from Edinburgh to Leith, in August 1517, when jealousy, and hatred, in the person of Stirling of Kier, marched out with fifty men, to cut off his retreat to Fife: On that occasion, Meldrum defended himself with unconquerable bravery, till he was nearly cut in pieces. De la Bastie, a French knight, who then ruled Scotland, as *locum tenens* for the duke of Albany, did himself immortal honour, by the spirit and enterprise, with which he pursued and took the assassins*. Yet, by the skill and care of the surgeons of Edinburgh, the squyer was enabled to survive many years, though he must have existed in a very crippled state†. After a while, he was invited by the aged

* This singular adventure is very minutely told by Pitscottie, p. 129. De la Bastie was himself assassinated by Home of Wedderburn, on the 17th of September 1517. It was an age of lawlessness, and crimes.

† Pitscottie says Meldrum lived *fifty* years, after this adventure, in August 1517. Id. But, such a length of life would carry his existence several years beyond that of his poetical biographer. If he lived forty years, he must have died in 1557, when sir David had ceased to write. But, from the poet's declaration, we know, what is in itself probable, that squyer Meldrum, who was not a person to be handled roughly

Patrick lord Lyndsay of Byres, to act both as deputy sheriff of Fife, and as marschal of his household*. The same connection continued with John lord Lyndsay. That he lived many years, and died, in his old age, at the Struther, lord Lyndsay's seat, in Fife, is certain†. Yet, he first made his *Testament*, and appointed his executors:

" First, Daid erle of Crawfuird, wise, and wicht‡;
" And, Johne lord Lyndsay, my maister special;

by any satirist, was dead, when Lyndsay undertook to *compyle* his *Historie*. When invoking his muse, the poet says,

" With help of CLIO I intend,
" Sa MINERVE wuld me sapience send,
" Ane nobill squyer to discryfe,
" Quhais douchtines, *during his lyfe*,
" I know myself, thareof I wryte,
" And all his deidis I dare indyte."

* Sib. Fife, p. 100: " Lord Lyndsay is sheriff; 1524—1530: " *Esquire Meldrum is his depute.*" He continued sheriff depute, during the life of this lord, who died in 1526. William Meldrum was a witness to a charter, from John lord Lyndsay of Byres, to William Lyndsay, dated the 31st of March 1529. William Meldrum of Binns was a witness to another charter of lord Lyndsay, dated the 15th of May 1532. Pub. Rec. This is the latest authentic notice of William Meldrum.

† Sir David Lyndsay, who knew lord Lyndsay's family, and the affairs of squyer Meldrum, states both those facts, explicitly.

‡ The first died in 1542; the second in 1563; and the third in 1598.

" The third sall be sir Walter Lyndsay, ane noble
" knicht."

From all those intimations, it is probable, that the *Historie* and *Testament* of Meldrum were some of the last of our poet's labours; and were perhaps written about the year 1550. This is said to have been first printed in the edition of Lyndsay's works, in 1592: but, the fact is, that it was only annexed to that edition, after it was printed, separately, in 1594*. I doubt, whether there was any edition of the *Historie of Meldrum*, in 1602; as such edition no where appears, but in loose assertion. In 1610, when Finlayson printed his edition of Lyndsay's Works, the Historie of Squyere Meldrum was appended to it, with a different titlepage, without any paging, and without being mentioned in the table of contents†. The Historie of Squyer Meldrum was left out of the subsequent editions of our poet's works; owing to whatever cause, of design, or accident. The late edition of Mr. Pinkerton pretends to be copied from the edition of 1594. Yet, it differs much

* In the table of contents, indeed, of the edition of 1592, the *Historie* of Meldrum is mentioned: yet, its colophon declares it to have been printed in 1594: and the series of the pages is different from the paging of the edition of 1592.

† This edition of Squyer Meldrum, which was printed by Lawson, was in the duke of Roxburgh's library; and is in the curious library of Mr. Maule of Panmure.

from the Museum copy of 1594, with which his copy has been collated: it differs even in the sense, and it has been *manufactured*, by forming it into books, by changing the orthography, and by *italicizing* the expressions. Mr. Sibbald, in his more recent edition, has servilely copied the very mistakes of the preceding edition.

13. Ane Dialog of the miserabill Estait of this Warld betwix Experience and ane Courteour. 1553.

This historical work, as it is the largest, is certainly the last of the labours of Lyndsay. How long he was compyling *the Monarchie*, it is impossible to tell, as he has left nothing, which can enable us to judge of the quickness of his composition, or of the time, that this poetical history required. He has, however, given us a chronological calculation, in his fourth book, which clearly evinces, that the work was finished at the end of 1553*. In his *Epistle Nuncupatorie*, the author tells his *lytil quair* to

* Lyndsay refers to maister Carion, for the prophetical intimation of *Elie*, that the world shall stand 6000 years; and he accounts for the fulfilment of this long term, in the following manner:

From Adam to Abraham -	2000 years,	
From Abraham to Christ -	2000	
From Christ to the world's end	2000	
		6000 years.

" Ga first till James, our prince, and protectour,
" And his brother, our spiritual governour."

But, James, earl of Arran, and duke of Chatelherault, relinquished the regency of Scotland to the queen-mother, on the 10th of April 1554: so that the work must have been finished, before this great event took place, by a formal act. The first edition of this elaborate work is said in the titlepage to have been " Imprintit at the command and expensis off Doctor " Machabæus. In Capmanhouin. Quod Lyndsay, " 1552*." This titlepage is universally acknowledged to have been feigned, for the purpose of deception. The author, we see, avowed himself: but, the printer skulked behind a deceptious titlepage†.

Of this last period of	- -	2000 years,
There are now *bygone*	- 1553	
And there remain	- - 447	
		2000.

Such is the statement in the standard edition of Lyndsay! Most of the editions have put *fyve* thousand for *ane* thousand: but, this genuine statement evinces, that Lyndsay thought the year 1553 as *bygone*, when he was finishing his last, and greatest work of *the Monarchie.*

* I have had the benefit of the perusal of a very fine copy of this rare edition, by the favour of Mr. Hill.

† The cause we may perceive in an act of the 5th parliament of Mary, cap. xxxv, " Anent prentaris: For as mekill " as thair is divers prentaris in this realm, that dailie and

Such was the shoal, on which the printer was afraid to wreck his all. Yet, is it apparent, that this Dialogue of Lyndsay was not printed either at Copenhagen, or London, or at Rouen: but, at St. Andrew's, by Jhone Skott*. The *Dialogue* was again printed,

" continuellie prentis bukis concerning the faith, *baliattis*, " *sangis*, blasphematiounis, *rymes*, alsweill of kirkmen, as tem- " poral, and utheris, *tragedies*, alsweill in *Latine*, as in *Inglis* " toung, not sene and considerit be the superiouris, as ap- " pertenis; to the defamatioun of the lieges:" It, therefore, prohibited such printing of such things, either in the *Latine*, or *Inglis* toung, without license; under the pain of confiscation of the " prentaris gudis," and banishment from the realm. This act says nothing, we see, of the *Scotish toung*.

* (1) We know that, in fact, Jhone Skott, a printer, did then reside at St. Andrew's; and did print archbishop Hamilton's *Catechism* in 1552. Herbert, Typ. Antiq. vol. iii. p. 1483-4. Cocburn's *Meditatio* was printed at St. Andrew's, by Jhone Scot, in 1555. He calls himself Johannis Scot, in the titlepage, and Johannes Scott, in the colophon. At the end of the third book of the *Dialogue*, there appear, as Herbert remarks, J. S. in large capital letters, which this antiquary, rightly, supposes can only apply to Jhone Scott. Upon comparing the *Dialogue* of Lyndsay, the *Catechism* of Hamilton, and the *Meditatio* of Cocburn, there appear, in all the editions, Scott, the printer,'s marks: (1) Hercules striking a Centaur; (2) the same *figured* letters; and (3) the same paragraph notations: so that there cannot be a doubt, but *the Dialogue*, or *Monarchie*, of Lyndsay, was printed at St. Andrew's, by Jhone Scott, in 1554, though the apparent date be 1552. Neither the name of *Macabæus*, nor the name of *Copmanhoun*, was fictitious, as we may learn from Knox's History, p. 21:

in the edition of 1558. It was included as well in the edition of 1568, as in all the subsequent editions, Scotish, English, and Irish. The Copmanhoun edition of the *Monarchie*, thus printed by Skott, at St. Andrew's, within the short distance of eight miles from Lyndsay's residence at the Mount, may be regarded as a faithful copy of what the author wrote, except the *spelling* of some words in the English mode, which was so natural to Skott, an English printer, who had been transplanted from London to St. Andrew's, by archbishop Hamilton*.

" In what honour, credit, and estimation, doctour *Machabæus* " was with Christiern, king of Denmark, *Coupmanhowen*, and " famous men of divers nations, can testify." The *Biblia Danica* was first printed at Copenhagen, 1550; and, one of the translators of it was *Joannes Macabæus*. Maittaire, An. Typ. vol. iii. p. 585. Macabæus was a Scotsman. Cat. MS. in Corp. Christ. Lib. Camb. p. 135. Lyndsay, we may remember, was at Copenhagen, in 1548; and was thereby enabled to furnish the printer, Scot, with the shield, which protected him from the penalties of the act of parliament.

* Take the following examples of the different spellings:

Scots.		*English.*	*Scots.*		*English.*
haly	—	holy	twa	—	two
mair	—	more	abufe	—	above
gif	—	geve	baith	—	boith, bothe
stanis	—	stonis	nane	—	none
banis	—	bonis	fra	—	from:

Now, what are the Scotish spellings, but the Anglo-Saxon forms of the words!

§ III.

An Account of the successive Editions of his Poems.

The first attempt, which was essayed towards a *Collection* of Lyndsay's *Poetical Works*, was made by Jascuy, in 1558. There were now printed two editions, in the same year, at the same place, by the same printer. It was in the subsequent year, that the Scotican church ordained, according to Pitscottie, and his followers, that Lyndsay's *book* should be burnt: yet, I do not see this ordinance mentioned, either in Wilkins's *Concilia*, or in lord Hailes's *Councils*. John Skott attempted, however, a mysterious edition of Lyndsay's Poems, about the year 1559; wherein he complains of the two former editions of Jascuy, which were probably printed at Rouen, though the name of Paris be placed in the titlepage*. These editions of

* The one of Jascuy's editions was in 4to, whereof there is a very fine copy in the king's library; the other was in 12mo, whereof I have a very fine copy. The edition of Scott may be seen in the Lambeth library, where I inspected it. Herbert, in his Typographical Annals, vol. iii. p. 1485, has endeavoured to give an account of this work of Scott's, without seeing it; and of course, without stating it accurately. The Lambeth Collection of Lyndsay's Poetry consists: (1) of The

1558 may be considered, as faithful to the sense, though the spellings are mistaken; as the printer did not understand the language. In the *Monarchie*, it has closely followed the *Copmanhoun* edition. In the smaller pieces, the printer copied from such manuscripts as had been supplied by the author; since there were no prior editions, if we except the *Complaynt of the Papingo*. These editions of 1558 are, particularly, valuable to the critical reader, especially in the *smaller pieces*, which supply the genuine readings, in opposition to the subsequent interpolations †. The

Monarchie, 1552: 2dly, of the Tragedie of Beaton, without the name of the printer, but with Scott's typographical marks; this is a distinct pamphlet: 3dly, of the Complaynt of the Papingo; this is also a distinct pamphlet: 4thly, of the *Dreme;* and of the Complaynt of Lyndsay; in another distinct pamphlet, with the marks of Scott: and it is on the last page of this pamphlet, that the printer complains of the French editions, as not being worth *ane placke;* though I have, by collation, found them to be more accurate, than his prejudice supposed, and worth many more placks, than his avarice conceived. The great mistake of Herbert consisted, in supposing that, the Monarchie of 1552, and all the other pamphlets, composed one volume; whereas they were quite distinct, except the *Dreme*, and the *Complaynt*. Scott's mystery arose from his looking fearfully at the act of parliament against printers.

† In those editions of Jascuy, there were not any marginal notes: the scriptural references were placed on the margins, in

fame of Lyndsay's labours at length reached England; as indeed he had been already known to Bale, and Leland.

In the beginning of the year 1565-6, there was entered on the Stationers' Registers, for William Pekeryng, a book, entitled, "A Dyalogue betwene "Experyence and a Courtier, compyled by Mr. "Davy Lyndsay; bothe in Englesshe and Skot-"tessh*." It is to be lamented, that this edition of Lyndsay's Monarchie was not printed, as proposed by the bookseller, in *Englesshe*, and *Skottesshe;* as the slight differences of the two languages, in that age, would have clearly appeared. Purefoot, in fact, published, in London, during the successive years 1566, 1575, and 1581, with Pekeryng, the Works of Lyndsay, "compiled in the Scottish tung, first turned, "and made perfect Englishe, pleasant and profitable "for all estates†." The doer of the English book-

the subsequent editions: of course they were not so placed, by the author's authority.

* Stationers' Registers. Herbert's MS. copy, in my library, p. 113.

† On my copy of the edition, 1566, there is the following note, in the hand-writing of Herbert, whose copy it had been: "Mr. Joseph Ames, in his Typographical History, mentions "seven editions of this book, viz. five printed in Scotland, "and *three* in England. Those printed in Scotland, are by "Jhone Scott, 1568; by Thomas Bassandine, 1574; by H. C.

sellers not only translated the *Scotish tung* into *perfect Englishe;* but he altered the words, changed the sentiments, and twisted the stanzas: so that the English editions cannot be regarded, as the Works of Lyndsay. They only show how much, and generally, our poet's Works were regarded in England, during that age.—We now return from this slight view of the English editions to the multiplied editions of the Scotish booksellers. The Edinburgh edition of 1568, which is said "to be the first real Scotish edition," was obviously printed by Jhone Scott, for Henrie Charteris, who gives a few facts, in a prefatory discourse of tedious preachment. There were now added to this *first real edition,* Lyndsay's Complaynt to the King, and his Answer to the King's *Fyting,* which were never *imprentit befoir;* and there were left out

"1588; by Henry Charteris, 1592, again, 1597: those printed "in England were by Thomas Purfoote, 1566, 1575 (not "mentioned by Mr. Ames) and 1581." The English edition of 1575, however rare, was in the Catalogue of Mr. Constable, Edinburgh, 1801. In Tanner's list of the editions of Lyndsay's Works, there is sad confusion. The list given of the same Works by Mackenzie is still more fictitious than Tanner's: Mackenzie talks of having *seen* an edition of Lyndsay's Works in 1540; he speaks of Hart's edition, in 1602: and Mackenzie thus scribbles, like an idiot, I will not say like a liar, who is entitled to no belief. Mr. Pinkerton, in giving his list of the editions of Lyndsay's Works, is as fictitious, but more confident, than either of them. Maitl. Poems, vol. i. civ.

of *this first real edition,* the *Historie* and *Testament* of *Squyer Meldrum,* and the *Satyre on the three Estatis,* the best, and most elaborate, of Lyndsay's labours*. In this edition, there is a slight change of the orthography of many words: but, what is of more importance, and is more blameable, Henry Charteris now began that system of interpolation, from a conceited desire of altering the text, subsequent to the author's death, which afterwards completely debased the poet's phraseology. This edition of 1568, to which were added marginal references to the scriptures, is only more valuable than the following editions, as it is less altered, by interpolation, and disgraced by misspelling. There now followed Bassandyne's edition of 1574, which contained the same pieces, as the edition of 1568: the edition of 1574 is also said to have been printed "Cum privilegio Regis." This edition is somewhat inferior to that of 1568, from which it was copied: it has a few more alterations of the sense, and some more changes in the spelling: and, as is it further from the first editions, its bullion weighs in proportion, so much less, in the critical scale; and is yet the last edition of Lyndsay's Works, which may be called good, by a critical judgement. We have next the edition of 1588: then follows, in

* This edition is said to have been printed "Cum privi-" legio regali." Leckprevick was then the king's printer.

the progress of publication, Charteris's edition of 1592, which is foolishly said by Sibbald, and others, who had never seen a better, to be the most correct, and complete of all the old editions, though it contains nothing more than those of 1574, and 1568, with errors, many more than both. Next came the blundering edition of 1597, which did comprehend the *Historie* and *Testament* of *Squyer Meldrum**. This is the last, and most corrupt edition of the labours of Lyndsay, which was edited by Henrie Charteris. The numerous alterations of the spelling are of little consequence, when compared with the numberless changes of the sense, in every page of a very badly printed book. Here may be said to end the climax of incorrectness. From this epoch, the great defect of the successive editions of our poet consisted in their assuming an anglified orthography. The Works of Lyndsay, containing the same pieces as the edition of 1597, were printed at Edinburgh, in 1604, by Robert Charteris, the king's printer; and were to be sold,

* This Historie is said by Mr. Pinkerton, to have been printed, separately, in 1602, which I very much doubt; as we are not told, where it may be seen. Mr. Pinkerton also *believes*, that there was a separate edition of the *Satyre upon the three Estatis*, in 1594; so said Tanner before him: yet, after all my inquiries, I believe, that the edition of 1602 was the first; and that there was a second edition of it, in 1604.

in London, by Nathaniel Butter*. In 1610, there was an edition of Lyndsay's Works printed at Edinburgh, for Thomas Fynlayson, with the king's majestie's license. The Historie of Squyer Meldrum was printed, with license, for Richard Lawson, in 1610, and was appended to this edition, but formed no part of the work†. In 1614, Andrew Hart, who is praised by Watson, the printer, for his well printed Bible, published, at Edinburgh, an edition of Lyndsay's Works, for the pocket‡. From the year 1558, to

* This is the first book, which, I observe, was advertised to be sold in London. In Foulis's Catalogue of the Duke of Argyle's Library, I remark, that there was said to be in it, a copy of the Works of Lyndsay, printed at Edinburgh, 1605, 4to: but, I suspect, that the maker of the Catalogue has mistaken the date of 1605 for 1604, as it is not probable, that there were two different editions, in those successive years.

† Of these editions, the late lamented duke of Roxburgh had fine copies, in one volume. On the 17th of June 1606 the king granted his license to Thomas Fynlayson to print "the haill workis of sir David Lyndsay." The English orthography was now much adopted by Fynlayson, in his works of Lyndsay.

‡ This edition is in the British Museum. This, I suspect, induced Mackenzie to talk blunderingly of an edition of Hart, in 1602. Andrew Hart again printed the Works of Lyndsay, in 1634, with a wooden cut of Lyndsay, in the titlepage. This wooden cut was engraved by Mr. Pinkerton, from my copy. These editions of Hart, and of Fynlayson, are not of any value, critically considered.

1614, including the two Paris, and the three English, editions, there were printed, of Lyndsay's Works, fourteen editions, in fifty-six years. Of the Works of Chaucer, from the edition of 1475, to that of 1602, there were but twelve editions, in a hundred and twenty-seven years. Chaucer was never printed out of England: Lyndsay was printed out of Scotland, in France, and in England, in Holland, and in Ireland*. Yet, far from me be the thought of placing Lyndsay on the same form with Chaucer, the venerable and acknowledged instructer of the Scotish, as well as the English poets, in their art. I only lay this estimate, and those facts, before the reader, in order to show the universal reception of the reforming poet of a reforming age.

The progress of Lyndsay's poetry, in the reformed world, may be recounted, in a few words. During his own age, our poet was read by all within his native land, who could read *Englesshe*, or *Scottesshe*; and who were not, perhaps, the one half of the people; the other half, as they were Celtic, were unable to relish the lore of Lyndsay. Our poet was read, not by the Scotish peasants alone, as we have been lately told, but by every man, woman, and child:

* The reverend J. Brand, the curious, and communicative secretary of the Antiquary Society, has an edition of Lyndsay's Works, which was printed at *Belfast*, in 1714, 12mo, 171 pages.

the facts show, that he was universally perused, by all who could read English, as a reformer, and a moralist. In the century, which elapsed, after the poet's decease, the poetical works of Lyndsay were read by the children, as school books*. During the times, that are recently past, Lyndsay's writings have become rather the curious objects of antiquarian research.

* There is a Scotish proverb: "Out of Davy *Lyndsay* into "*Wallace*." "Two Scotish books, says Kelley, by way of "explanation of his proverb, *that children learn to read by:*" *Wallace* means blind Harrie's acts of that celebrated champion of Scotland's independance. Yet, in Colvil's *Scotch-Hudibras*, which was first published in 1691, and again, in 1710, Lyndsay's Poems are mentioned, as a part of Ralpho's library:

"And, there lyes books, and here lyes ballads,
"As *Davie Lyndsay*, and Gray Steel,
"Squire Meldrum, Bevis, and Adam Bell."

Mr. Douce had the goodness to communicate to me, from his curious library, a copy of the romance of Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and *Sir Gray Steel*, which had been printed at Aberdeen, in 1711.

§ IV.

An INQUIRY, who were the LICENSERS OF THE PRESS, while *his Works* were *successively printed.*

CONNECTED with the editions of Lyndsay's Works are the history of printing, and the licensing of printers, within his country, in his age. The epoch of printing, in Scotland, is 1507, while Lyndsay was a student at St. Andrew's. With the successive deaths of Myllar, and Chepman, the two first printers, the typographic art ceased in Scotland, about the period, when Lyndsay began to write. Printing, which was of such importance to the Reformation, by spreading opinions, was revived, about the year 1540, by Thomas Daviesone, "the prenter to the kingis nobill "grace." Before the year 1551, *the press* became licentious, by the practice of several printers*. In 1568, the assembly of the kirk, observing that, Thomas Bassendyne had printed a lewd song, at the end of the Psalmbook, "made an order, that no book "should be published for the future, till licensed by "commissioners of their appointment†." By the

* Fifth Parl. Mary, ch. 27: "Prentars suld prent nathing, "without license."

† Petrie's History, 369. Biog. Brit. vol. i. p. 177.

king's charter, in 1603, nominating Robert Charteris his majesty's printer, he was empowered to print all such books, as should be allowed and approved by his majesty, or by the presbytery, or session of Edinburgh. By the king's charter to Thomas Fynlayson, in 1606, the licensers appointed were the archbishops of St. Andrew's, and Glasgow. Such, then, were the successive authorities, which had power to allow the printing of Lyndsay's works, and which were answerable to posterity, for the fitness of their publication!

§ V.

What were the WRITINGS of LYNDSAY.

IT is now time to inquire, what were the writings of sir David Lyndsay? We have seen what were the poetical pieces, which have been generally assigned to Lyndsay, and which I do not perceive any strong reason to dispute. In 1792, Mr. Pinkerton published, among his *Scotish Poems, Eight Interludes* by sir David Lyndsay, copied from the Bannatyne MS.* Most of

* Mr. Pinkerton has converted the curious Satyre of Lyndsay into prodigious nonsense. Take the following spe-

these are abstracts of Lyndsay's *Satyre upon the Three Estates,* which seems to have been made by some unlucky hand; and which ought no more to be

cimen, from the original, with Mr. Pinkerton's version below.

The *original.*

" Dissait.] Sir, I ken be zour physnomie,
" Ze sall conqueis, or els I lie,
" *Danskin,* Denmark, and Almane,
" Spittelfeild and the realme of Spane:
" Ze sall have at zour governance
" Ranfrow and all the realme of France;
" *Zea, Rugland,* and the toun of Rome,
" Carstorphine and al Christindome;
" Quhairto, sir, be the Trinitie,
" Ze are ane verie A *per se.*"

Mr. *Pinkerton.*

" Schyr, I ken be your phisnomie
" Ye sall conqueiss, or ellis I lye,
" *Drunkin* Denmark, and all Allmane,
" Spittelfeild, and the realme of Spane,
" Ye sall haif at your governance
" Renfrew, and the realme of France;
" *Ye Engling,* and the town of Rome
" Corstorphine, and all Christendome.
" Quhairto, syr, be the Trinitie,
" Ye ar an very *A. per se.*"

In p. 128, Mr. Pinkerton has *sour handis,* for *sikker* bandis; quhan vacains *follis* for *fallis:* And, in p. 129, quhat thing it is to haif *of* want, instead of *haif, or want.*

deemed the work of Lyndsay, than an abstract of Shakspeare would be admitted, in England, as the genuine poetry of her divine dramatist *. Ramsay intended to have printed, as a supplement to *The Evergreen*, " The *Satyres* and *Interludes* of sir David Lyndsay †." The age of Ramsay, perhaps, did not admit of such a publication. Mr. Sibbald attributes *the Droichs* to Lyndsay, as part of the *Satyre upon the Three Estates:* but, in fact, none of the editions of this drama contain any thing like the *Droichs* ‡.

* Garrick appears to have obtained a copy of all, or of some of those interludes, from the Bannatyne MS. " Here " begins," says Garrick's copy, " the proclamation of the " Play, made by David Lyndsay of the Mount, knight, in " the Playfield, in the month of the year of God " 1555 years." Arnot's Hist. Edinburgh, App. no. 1. This seems to imply, that those interludes were not written by Lyndsay's pen.

† Evergreen, vol. ii. p. 286. In a collection of notes, which the late duke of Roxburgh had gleaned, with great diligence, in respect to the early drama of Scotland, and which his grace had the condescension to communicate to me, it appeared, that Ramsay's son, the late painter, was in possession of the transcript of those interludes, from the Bannatyne MS. As the genuine drama of Lyndsay is now republished, at length, from a collation of the two first editions of it, we need not regret, that Ramsay did not publish those spurious abstracts.

‡ Sib. Chron. vol. i. p. 425-6: Lord Hailes printed the *Droichs* from the MS. Bannatyne.

Mr. Pinkerton gave the comedy of *Philotas*, 1612, to Lyndsay: But, he afterwards retracted his own position, as if it were indefensible. Mr. Leyden, with as little foundation, attributes *The Complaint of Scotland.* to Lyndsay. The writer of this curious book alludes to several events, which happened in 1548. He mentions some circumstances, which must have occurred, in 1549, and in 1550*: and, in this last year, I think, it was written, and printed†. The writer, whoever he were, "begs to present her "noble grace [the queen mother] an tracteit of *the* "*fyrst labir of my pen.*" As we cannot disbelieve this assertion, by the real author, this fact decides the question, with regard to Lyndsay, who had been writing various *tracteits*, during twenty years; and was then writing *the Monarchie* ‡. There are in the

* He mentions Carion's Chronicle, which was published, at London, in 1550.

† Herbert says it was printed in 1549, on the authority of a MS. titlepage: for, no complete copy of this book has yet been found. The Catalogue of the Harleyan printed books says, from a perfect titlepage, that it was written by Vedderburn. Herbert's Typ. Antiq. vol. iii. p. 1477. See the Catalogue, vol. i. p. 481. no. 8371.

‡ This argument is intimated by a writer in the Scots Mag. for January 1802, under the signature of D. H. Mr. Leyden replied to this intimation, by saying, that he had not supposed,

Advocates' library, at Edinburgh, some manuscripts on his profession of heraldry. These have been attributed to sir David Lyndsay, who succeeded as lion king, in 1592. But, the internal evidence, and the blazonings, evince, that these heraldic manuscripts were the real works of our lion king, about the year 1542 *. Mackenzie, with his usual indiscretion, attributes to sir David *a history of Scotland.* But, that uncritical biographer confounded with our poet Lyndsay of Pitscottie, to whom sir David gave some historical informations †. Such are the works of

that the Complaynt was published with Lyndsay's name. But, this reply does not meet the objection. It is *a fact,* which is stated by the writer of the Complaynt, who knew best, that this was *his first tracteit:* Now, it being true, *in fact,* that this writer had never written any thing *before* this *tracteit*; every one is precluded from arguing, that Lyndsay, who had written so much before that time, was the writer, except, indeed, those theorists, who try to outface the fact: in short, it is *a fact,* that Lyndsay did *not* write the *Complaynt of Scotland.* I have never heard of any one, who was convinced by Mr. Leyden's Dissertation, in favour of his peculiar notions, on this subject.

* Some MS. excerpts from the Lyon Records by George Crawford, which are in my library, assign those *heraldic institutions* to the second sir David Lyndsay. But, this antiquary seems to be mistaken.

† Yet, Bale, his first biographer, speaks, as early as 1558, of his having written "Acta sui temporis."

Lyndsay! And such the labours of others, which have been mistakingly attributed to him,

" Who got the start of the poetick world,
" And bore the palm alone!"

§ VI.

An HISTORICAL VIEW of his CHARACTER as a WRITER.

AFTER the departure of Douglas, and Dunbar, Lyndsay was considered by the surviving poets, as the writer of verses, who ought to *bear the bell.* Rolland of Dalkeith breaks out, in his *Court of Venus* *:

" In court, that tyme, was gude sir David Lyndsay,
" In the vulgare toung, he bare the bell, that day.
" To mak meter right cunning, and expert;
" And, master Johne Ballandyne, sooth to say,
" Mak him marrow to David, well we may."

* This poem was written by Rolland, about the year 1540, when he had not seen Lyndsay's *Squyer Meldrum*, and the *Monarchie.*

Lyndsay was first noticed, as a writer, from abroad, with Gawin Douglas, by John Bale, in 1549*. The earliest biographical account of sir David Lyndsay, with his writings, is that, which was written by John Bale, in 1558; and which was printed at Basle, in the subsequent year. It is singular that Bale, though he was intimately acquainted with John Knox, and Alexander Alice, to whom he dedicated his account of the Scotish writers, could not tell, in 1558, whether Lyndsay were dead, or alive†. Doctor Bulleyn, who had visited Scotland, and lived in the north of England, drew a striking picture of Lyndsay, and his writings, in his *Moral Dialogue*, 1564. After describing *wittie Chaucer*, and *lamentyng Lidgate*, Bulleyn paints our poet: "Nexte theim, in a blacke chaire of gette stone, in a coate of armes, satte an anciente knight, in orange tawnie, as one foresaken; bearyng upon

* See the *Regystre of the notable Writers*, at the end of Leland's New-year's-gift, 1549.

† Bale informs us that sir David Lyndsay flourished, in 1540, under James V. He says our poet wrote, in the vulgar tongue, among other works, which he could not remember,

Psittacum loquacem, lib. i.
Acta sui temporis, lib. i.
De Mundi miserijs, lib. i.
Testamentum Cardinalis Betoni, lib. i.

his breast a *white* lion, with a crown of riche golde on his hedde: his name was *sir Davie Linse, uppon the Mounte,* with a hammer of strong steele in his hande, breakyng asonder the countirfeicte crosse kaies of Rome, forged by Antichriste. And this good knight of Scotlande saied to Englande, the elder brother, and Scotlande, the younger:

Habitare fratres in unum,
Is a blesfull thyng,
One God, one faith, one baptisme pure,
One lawe, one lande, and one kyng *."

Lyndsay had the greater honour to be quoted king James, in his *Phœnix*, before the year 1585 :

" Then fra I saw (as I already told)
How men complaind of things quhilk might amend,
How *David Lyndsay* did complene of old
His *Papingo*, her death, and sudden end,
Ane common foule, whose kinde be all is kend :
All these has moved me presently to tell
Ane tragedie, in griefs thir to excell †."

* Owing to the very obliging temper of Mr. Waldron, I have been permitted to see that rare book of doctor Bulleyn, with the second edition of 1569, which is remarkably different from the first, in 1564; particularly, in expunging that extremely curious delineation of Lyndsay, with his *principles*, his *poetry*, and his *practices*. Why Bulleyn considered Lyndsay, *as one forsaken*, I do not comprehend, though the writer may have known some anecdote, which tradition has not transmitted: or, why Bulleyn, who was an ingenious, but a fanciful writer, should have painted on Lyndsay's breast a *white* lion, is still less comprehensible, if it be not a blunder of a *white* lion for a *red* one.

† The Essayes of a Prentise, in the Divine Art of Poesie, Sig. G iiii. King James's *Phœnix*, however, cannot compare with Lyndsay's *Papingo*, in any one of the requisites, which

At the same time, that Lyndsay was thus honoured by the king's notice, himself "the onely royal poet*," our poetical reformer soon became the object of poetical pillage. In the *flyting* of Montgomerie and Polwart, the first exclaims:

"Thy scrows obscure are borrowed fra some buik,
"Fra Lyndsay thou *tuik*, thou'rt Chaucer's cuik."

During many an age, the poets had very freely borrowed from each other: Lyndsay from Chaucer; and Polwart from Lyndsay, who borrowed from himself.

Our poet had at length the additional honour of being placed, by doctor John Johnston, among the *Heroes Scoti*, in 1602:

"Mellifiui cantûs Syren dulcissima, qualem
Scotigenæ Aonides et recinunt et amant;

constitute poetry. King James, after *decifring* the *perfyte poete*, as being endowed with

"Ane rype ingyne, an quik, and walkned witt,
"With som mair reasons, suddenlie applyit;"

at length remarks:

"All thir into the perfyte poëte be;
"Goddis grant I may obtaine the laurell trie!"

* Fowler's sonnet, prefixed to "His majestie's poeticall "exercises at vacant houres." We must recollect, that king James was then but a boy, though with more erudition, than men generally possess.

Deliciæ regum, tituloque ac nomine regis;
Hoc fuerat nato quod fuit antè patri:
Quàm musis carus, quàm diis quoque regibus olim,
Tam verâ placuit religione Deo."

Sir David was not only admired, in his own country, as a writer of supreme excellence, but very early attracted, as we have seen, the particular notice of the neighbour nation. The English booksellers, who gave three several editions of Lyndsay's works, speak of his labours with great commendation: "In our judgment," say they, "those are first to be registered in the book of fame, who, by their watch and labour, have in letters, ornatly and pleasantly penned the state and condition of former time, wherein (as it were in a glass) what end, doings, good or evil, have had, we may clearly behold: therefore, the author of this book meriteth no small praise; who, being a gentleman, born of a worshipful house, had his childhood furnished with good letters, as he that was *playfellow* with the prince: and, now, after that he came unto *crooked old age*, applied himself to write such things, as the court had taught him by experience, for the instruction of others *." It were to be

* The preface to the first and last of the English editions of Lyndsay's works. This preface was followed by some verses, in commendation of the book, which were addressed to

wished, that they had printed Lyndsay's writings more faithfully. This example of Purefoot in London was, however, followed by Charteris of Edinburgh. In 1568, the *warkis* of this worthie knight were again published, but not till they were corrected from former errors, and augmented with unprinted pieces. Henry Charteris now prefixed to his edition of 1568, a discourse rather than a preface; a history of the reformers, rather than a life of Lyndsay: He relinquished the task of writing some account of a favourite poet to

the buyer; and which are here subjoined, for the moral, that Lyndsay inculcated throughout most of his labours, rather than for the merit of the criticism:

Reade, and regard the grateful gain,
Thou shalt receive heereby,
Both to requite thy cost and paine,
Though deare thou do it buy.
Thy pecock's pride, it pulleth downe,
Thy hart to honour bent:
It tels thee how fortune can frowne,
And take that she had lent.
It telles thee how the lowest tree
The wind doth seldome blow,
But those that are grown up on hie,
Doth often overthrow;
Therefore, to Heaven lift up thy hart,
This world is short and vaine;
Then, from it willingly depart,
With God in joyes to raigne.

those, who knew the lion king, "whose memory was but then recent:" and, instead of "declaring the manner of his writing, and the utility of his workes," the editor leaves these points "to be knawin be his awn pen; his plesant and delectable verses; his craftie and ingenious inventions; and his fruteful and commodious historyis." Charteris subjoined to his prefatory discourse what seems to supply a *critique* on his poetry, "Ane adhortatioun of all estatis to the reiding of thir present warkis *." This *adhortation* is now subjoined; as it was thus supposed to contain the motives for his perusal, and the reasons for his approbation †:

Sen that it is maist worthie for to be
Lamentit of everilk wardlie wicht:
To se the warkis of plesand poetrie,
To ly sa hid, and sylit from the sicht
Of those in hart, quha dois rejois aricht,
In vulgar toung, for to behald, and heir,
Vertew, and vyce, disclosit, and brocht to licht,
In thair richt collouris, planelie to appeir:

* It will not be hereafter said, we may suppose, that the reputation of the worthy knight long remained among *the Scotish peasantry.*

† This *adhortation* is now printed from the edition 1568.

Thairfoir, (gude reidar) haif I * travel tane,
Intill ane volume, now breiflie for to bring,
Of David Lyndsay, the haill warkis ilk ane,
Knicht, of the Mont, lyoun of armis king.
Quha, in our dayis, now did laitlie ring;
Quhais pregnant practick, and quhais ornate style,
To be commendit be me, neidis na thing:
Lat warkis beir witnes, quhilkis he hes done compyle.

Thocht Gawine Dowglas, bischop of Dunkell,
In ornate meter, surmount did everilk man;
Thocht Kennedie, and Dunbar, bure the bell,
For the large race of rethorik they ran:
Yet, never poeit of our Scottische clan
Sa cleirlie schew that monstour, with his markis,
The Romane God, in quhome all gyle began,
As dois gude David Lyndesay in his warkis.

Quhairin na stait he sparit, bot stoutlie schew thame,
How thay baith God and man had sore offendit:
With fleschehukis of flatterie he never clew thame,
Of quhat degre sa ever they discendit,
Thair auld misdeid he prayit thame ay to mend it:
Empriour, nor king, duke, erle, prince, nor paip,
Gif thay to quell Christis flock yit still pretendit:
Goddis just jugementis na way suld thay eschaip.

* "*I have*," Ed. 1592.

With prettie problemis, and sentences maist sage,
With plesand proverbis in his warkis all quhair,
With staitlie storyis aggreing to our age,
With similitudis semelie he dois declair,
With weill waillit wordis, wyse, and familiar,
Of queynt convoy this joyous gem jocound,
Intill his bukis to speik he did nocht spair
Aganis all vyce, ay quhair it did abound.

Princes approche, cum rewlaris in ane randoun:
Reid heir ye lordis of the meyner menze
The end of hicht, your pryde lerne to abandoun
Cum schameles schauelingis of sathanis senze.
Rynnand in vyce, ay still with oppin renze,
Of proud prelatis reid heir the suddane fall;
Quha for to stoup yit did neuer denze,
Under the yock of him that creat all.

Cum teynefull tyranis trimmilling with your trayne:
Cum nouchtie newtrallis with your bailfull hand:
Ye haif ane cloik now reddy for the rayne:
For fair wether, ane other ay at hand.
Idolateris draw neir to burgh and land,
Reid heir your lyfe at large, baith mair and min,
With hypocrytes ay slyding as the sand.
As humlock how of wit, and vertew thin.

Oppressouris of the pure, cum in till pairis:—
Flatteraris flok fordwart, for I hard tell,

Ye had ane saw richt sicker for all sairis.
Lawieris, and scrybis, quha hes your saulis to sell:
Craftismen, and merchandis, gif ye do mell
With fraud, or falset, than I now desyre
Reid in this buke, the speiche gif ye can spell,
Quhat just reward ye sall haif for your hyre.

Amang the rest, now courteouris cum hidder,
Thocht ye be skeich, and skip above the skyis,
Yit, constantlie I pray you to considder,
In to this scrow, quhat Lyndesay to you cryis,
Cum all degreis, in lurdanerie quha lyis,
And fane wald se of sin the feirfull fyne:
And lerne in vertew how for to upryis
Reid heir this buke, and ye sall find it syne.

With scripture, and with storyis naturall,
Richelie replenischet from end till end.
Intil this buke, quha list to reid, thay sall
Find mony lessoun largelie to commend.
The braid difference quhairin weill may be kend,
Betwene verteous and vicious leving,
Lat us thairfoir our lyfe in vertew spend,
Sen vyce of mankind is the haill mischeving.

Lat Lyndesay now, as he war yet on lyve,
Pas furth to lycht, with all is sentence hie,
Unto all men thair dewtie to descryve;
Quhairin thay may ane lyuelie image se,

Of his expressit mynd in poetrie,
Prentit, as he it publischit with his pen:
That himself speik, I think it best for me:
Gif gloir to God, quhilk gaif sic giftis to men!

Such, then, is the *Adhortation* of Henry Charteris, or the bookseller's scribe! Lyndsay, we thus see, was declared to be supremely excellent, as a poet, as a moralist, and as a scholar. As a man of learning, indeed, he was early commended by Knox, and subsequently praised by Buchanan: yet, neither the commendations of the one, nor the praises of the other, prevented Dempster, who was not niggardly of his celebration, from censuring Lyndsay, as a reformer. He had the honour, however, to be placed by archbishop Spottiswoode, the foremost on the list of those learned Scotsmen, who distinguished themselves, as the friends of the Reformation. As a scholar, Lyndsay has been liberally praised, in more recent times, by Warton, who may be supposed to speak of him, with the neutrality of a stranger. There are undoubtedly scattered over the pages of Lyndsay many notices, from which his scholarship might be inferred; mythological lore, classical hints, and historical retrospections.

After the slight sketch of Bale, Mackenzie was the first, who attempted to give a life of sir David

Lyndsay, with a catalogue of his works, and a criticism on his writings *. False, and impertinent, as Mackenzie's Life of Lyndsay is, yet is it the feeble foundation, whereon have been built all subsequent accounts of his life, and labours. Mackenzie talks of Lyndsay, as the *first* who *introduced dramatic poetry into Scotland*, as if dramas, though of a very rude sort, had not existed there before he was born †. He was not only, according to this wretched writer, a composer of tragedies, and comedies, but was likewise a principal actor in them ‡. Yes: he wrote the *tragedie* of Cardinal Beaton, which was the only sort of tragedie, that was known, in our poet's age: and he sometimes played *farsis*, to please his infant king. Tanner copied the notices of Bale, and added the editions of his works, which are not always accurate.

In 1740, Lyndsay was introduced, by the ingenious Hayward, into his *Quintessence of English Poetry*,

* In vol. iii. of his Scotish Writers, 1722, p 35.

† See Knox's Hist. 23.; and still more the records of the several corporations, in Scotland, which contain some curious particulars of the earliest dramas.

‡ Time has not yet disclosed any *comedies* of Lyndsay's writing, though some meddler has cut down his drama, entitled *A Satyre on the Three Estates*, into a thousand *interludes*. Mr. Pinkerton has published these *interludes*, though in a very distorted manner. They have been privately printed by the late Mr. Sibbald, and given away.

among the greatest poets of England *. But, Mr. Warton was the first, who gave a regular *critique* on the poems of Lyndsay, which is conceived with his usual skill, and executed with his accustomed vigour, though perhaps with his usual tediousness †. It was he, who revived the recollection of Lyndsay's poetry, in the public mind. He considered the *Dreme*, and the *Monarchie*, as the principal performances of Lyndsay, having never seen *Squyer Meldrum*, if we may judge from his silence. Our critic supposes Lyndsay's remembrance of the king's infancy to be stated with *tenderness*, and elegance. But, it was in the *Prologue* to his *Dreme*, that our poet displayed his powers of "high description, and rich imagery." The dawn of day is expressed, he says, by a beautiful, and brilliant metaphor:

"By this, fair Titan, with his lemis light,
"O'er all the land, had spred his baner bright."

The expostulation of the lark with Aurora, the sun, and the months, is conceived, he thinks, in the true spirit of poetry:

"Allace! *Aurore*, the sillie lark gan cry,
"Quhare has thou left thy balmy liquor sweit,
"That us rejoysit, we mounting in the sky?

* Hayward used the Edinburgh edition of Lyndsay's works, 1709, 12mo.

† Vol. ii. sect. xiv.

" Thy silver droppis are turnit into sleit.
" O fair Phebus! quhare is thy hailsum heit?"

* * * * * *

" Quhare art thou, *May*, with June, thy sister
" schene,
" Weill bordourit with dasyis of delyte?
" And gentill *Julie*, with thy mantill grene,
" Enamilit with rosis reid, and whyte?"

The moon is elegantly styled, he says,

" Queen of the sea, and beautie of the nicht."

The sun is then described with equal force:

" Than past we to the spheir of *Phebus* bricht,
" That lusty lamp, and lantern of the hevin;
" And glader of the sterris, with his licht;
" And principal of all the planetis sevin,
" And set in middis of thame full evin;
" As roy royal rolling in his spheir
" Full pleasantlie into his goldin chair."

Such is Warton's *critique* on Lyndsay's *Dreme*, which must, indeed, be allowed, to be written with the powers of a poet, though the common fiction of a dream, was readily found in the poetry of England. Our historical critic perceives much learning in Lyndsay's *Monarchie*, as Buchanan had observed before him. Like the English poets, Lyndsay, when he

is about to open his Monarchie, enters a park, which, he certainly describes, according to Warton's remark, with uncommon elegance, and vigorous expression: here, the historian of English poetry discovers many nervous, terse, and polished lines. And, he declares the account of the *Papacy* to be written with great penetration, and knowledge of history. Yet, with all these beauties, Lyndsay has many faults. His great defects are want of correctness of versification, and inattention to rules. His inequalities, and coarseness, are still greater objections, to say nothing of his tediousness. Lyndsay's *Play*, in the judgment of Mr. Ellis, is a curious specimen of the *Ancient Moralities*; and exhibits the manners of the country, and the age, rude as they were, and offensive, as they may now appear: but, this *Drama* is still more valuable, for recounting fleeting superstitions, and recording local customs, which are no where else preserved. The most pleasing of Lyndsay's works, Mr. Ellis thinks, is the "History of "Squire Meldrum." This singular story, founded as it was in truth, is told with simplicity, and force. And the versification, he adds, possesses a degree of facility, and elegance, at least equal to the most polished compositions of Drayton. The various merits of Lyndsay's poetry have, at length, given him, in the dispassionate judgment of English critics, a

high place among the elder poets of England, though his former popularity can never be regained *.

§ VII.

Of the EPOCHS of the different PEOPLE, who successively settled, in SCOTLAND.

BUT, before a more minute examination can be made of Lyndsay's poetry, and language, it is necessary to lay before the judicious reader some brief notices of the several people, who have successively inhabited Scotland; so connected are the people with their speech, and their speech with the people. Such has been the invariable practice of those ingenious writers, who have recently treated of the chronology of our poetry, and the æras of our poets †. This

* Lyndsay has been introduced, by the intelligent, and judicious Mr. Brydges, into the new edition of the *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum.*

† Of Mr. Warton, in his History of English Poetry; of Mr. Pinkerton, in his *Poets*; of Mr. Ritson, in his *Songs*; of Mr. Ellis, in his *Specimens*, and in his *Romances*; and of Mr. Sibbald, in his *Chronology.*

practice is in itself very proper; and, indeed, becomes absolutely necessary, when so many difficulties are to be removed, and so many obscurities illustrated, before certainty can be fixed, and truth established. Yet, am I here precluded, by the prescribed brevity, from giving now much more than mere sketches: I will hereafter spread out the whole of those interesting subjects, in full detail, in my CALEDONIA: I mean, at present, to give nothing more, than the bare results of a dozen years investigation.

I. It is demonstrable, as a moral certainty, that South and North Britain were originally settled by the same Gaulish tribes. The descendants of the original colonists continued to speak the Cambro-British tongue till the abdication of the Roman government in Britain: and, in topographical language, the people of Edinburgh, unconscious of the fact, speak the aboriginal British to this day. The descendants of the first colonists acquired the name of Picts, during the fourth century; enjoyed this name, at the epoch of their conquest in 843; and have even transmitted their name to the present times, though their language was early merged in a cognate tongue.

II. The middle of the fifth century may be assigned, as the epoch of the settlement of the Anglo-Saxon people on the Tweed, and the Forth. The descendants of those settlers gradually overspread the country, which, from them, acquired the name of *Lothian*;

and which extended from the Tweed to the Avon, and from the hills to the Forth, while proper Scotland, lying northward of the *Frith*, was inhabited by the Scoto-Irish conquerors of the Cambro-British Picts. The Saxon language continued to be spoken, in *Lothian*, from that epoch to this day, intermixed, however, with cognate Danish, from the mouths of the Danish people, who settled among the Anglo-Saxons, during the ninth and tenth centuries. III. The commencement of the sixth century is the epoch of the arrival of the Irish settlers in Cantyre: and they overran Argyle, and the ample extent of Western Scotland, from the Clyde to Cape Wrath; imposing everywhere new names on places, in their own language, which was cognate with the original Cambro-British. IV. A new colony of Irish arrived in Galloway, towards the end of the eighth century, who overspreading the whole country to the Nith, and Clyde, every where imposed new names on places, in their own descriptive speech. V. The year 843 is the epoch of the conquest of the Picts, by the Scots, a congenial people, who overspread the whole country, during the effluxion of two centuries, even up to the Tweed, if we may determine from the Galic names, which may be even now traced along the Tweed, and the Merse. VI. Some of the descendants of the aboriginal Britons remained, as a distinct people, in Strathclyde, and Peebles-shire, even

to the twelfth century. VII. At the demise of Malcolm Ceanmore, in 1093, the common language of Scotland, with the exception of Lothian, and a corner of Cathness, was Gaelic, or Scoto-Irish, which was spoken by the descendants of those Irish emigrants, who settled in Ceantyre, at the beginning of the sixth, and Galloway, at the end of the eighth, centuries. VIII. The colonization of proper Scotland, by the Anglo-Saxons, and other people of a Gothic race, who mingled with them, began at the commencement of the twelfth century, and has not yet been quite completed *.

* As every notice on this head, is of the greatest consequence to the people of Scotland, I mean, in my *Caledonia*, book iv. ch. 1. to go into great detail, with regard to that interesting point. This will, incidentally, answer the questions, that have been recently asked, how the vernacular language of Saxon Scotland should be as *Norman* as that of England, though the people unconquered by *Norman* kings? If the Saxon colonists went out of England more than a century after its conquest, they carried the *grammar* of the language with them. It is a fact, which has not been sufficiently noticed by our late writers, on this curious subject, that cognate tongues, having a common parent, may have different grammars. See Michaeler's "Tabulæ Parallelæ antiquissimarum Teutonicæ "Linguæ Dialectorum." The facts, then, will overrule "the "great difficulty," on this interesting subject.

§ VIII.

A PHILOLOGICAL VIEW of the TEUTONIC LANGUAGE of *Scotland*, from the *Demise* of *Malcolm Ceanmore*, to the AGE *of Lyndsay*.

IF specimens were required of the Scoto-Saxon language, which was spoken, by the children of Malcolm Ceanmore, the inquirer must be referred to the Saxon charters of Henry I. We may infer what must have been the speech of David I., by considering the language of his contemporary Stephen *. The Saxon began to take an English form about the year 1150, says Dr. Johnson. This philological epoch corresponds exactly enough with *the demise* of *David I.* in 1153. Had that epoch been marked a century lower, it had, perhaps, agreed more exactly with the truth. There is a proclamation of the 42d of Henry III., which was

* See the *Lord's Prayer*, about the year 1130, in Martin's Gram. Institutions, p. 14. " Fader me the art in heofone sy " gebletsob name thin swa swa on heofone & on earthan," &c. There is evidence, in the English chroniclers, that David I. was supposed, by living at the court of Henry I., to have rubbed off his *Scotish rusticity*. That the children of Malcolm Ceanmore would speak Saxon with a Gaelic accent, and perhaps with a Gaelic mixture, is perfectly clear.

addressed to the whole people, for their better information. This date corresponds with the ninth year of Alexander III. 1258 A. D.* But, if such was the common language of England, at those epochs, what must have been the Scoto-Saxon, at the same period, mingled as it was with Scoto-Irish? Not more refined, I trow! Yes, Wintown, who flourished at the commencement of the fifteenth century, has given us a song, which was made, he says, after the death of the unfortunate Alexander III. in 1286. But, as this song is much more refined, than the speech of England, at the same period, we must regard it, as the language of the chronicler. It is in vain to look for many specimens of such a language, which was hardly formed, either in England, or in Scotland.

We have now complete specimens, however, of the language of *Lothian*, at that sad epoch, in the writings of Thomas of Ercildoun:

" When man as mad a kyng of a capped man
" When mon is leuere other mones thyng then is own
" When *londyonys* forest and forest is felde
" When hares kindles o'-the herstone †, &c."

* " Henr̄ thurg Godes fulcome king on Engleneloande, " Lhonard on Yrloand &c. send i greting to alle hise holde " ilande, &c." Textus Roffensis, the late Rev. Dr. Pegge's collated copy.

† Such is a part of the *response* of the vaticinal poet of Berwickshire to the good countess of Dunbar. I have had this

This is exactly the language of Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, and of Robert of Brunne; having the same words, the same structure, and the same spelling: but, need we be surprised, at *this sameness*, if it be demonstrable, that the Teutonic people of the two countries were the same! The biographer of the *Scotish Poets* has tortured sir Tristrem, to make him speak *Scotch*; and yet, he can only make the rhymer speak *six* words, "which he supposes to be *absolutely* "*Scotish.*" He is so clear, in his objection, that he specifies the six Scotish words: *gif, bidene, woukes,* and *raw, hole,* and *fere,* make up his short list of Scotish words in Sir Tristrem *. From this examina-

response very accurately compared with the copy in the British Museum. This is a more genuine specimen of the language of Thomas, than his Sir Tristrem, which is somewhat modernised by the transcriber of it into Romane language. The ingenious Mr. Walter Scot has, indeed, declared this *response* to be a forgery of the reign of David II. But, he is less positive, on this topic, in his Sir Tristrem. He probably discovered, that he had formed his opinion on the anachronism of Mr. Pinkerton. Little force is necessary to push aside an objection, which stands on the feeble stilts of mistake, and blunder. It was not *Black Agnes* to whom this *response* was made, as they both supposed, erroneously.

* It may, however, be clearly shown, that the specified words are all old English: *Gif* is the proper A.-Saxon form of the word, and *if* is only a corruption, as we know from Somner, and Lye: and *Gif, gyf,* and *gef,* we may see as pro-

tion, we see, that the all-sufficient biographer of the Scotish Poets does not know the Scotish speech from the English, nor the English speech from the Scotish. He can assign an adequate reason, however, for the deviation of Ercildoun, if it should be evinced, "that "Sir Tristrem is not conformable to the *standard* "of the ancient Scotish language." It would be of much more importance to produce the genuine standard of the *ancient Scotish.* When our biographer dogmatizes about a *standard* of language, which did not exist, we may perceive, from his intimations, that he knew not what ought to have been the language of *Lermont,* and of *Lothian,* in the age of Sir Tristrem.

per English words, for *if*, in R. of Glo'ster; *gif*, in Langtoft, and *zif*, in Mandeville. *Bidene*, for *anon*, presently, is said to be peculiarly Scotish; yet, this peculiar word, in the various forms of *bedene*, bidene, bydene, occurs frequently in old English poetry; as in Minot, frequently: "Than wen thai theder all *bidene* again." In the same sense, we may see *bidene*, in Ritson's Ancient English Songs: in a somewhat different sense, we may see it compounded with the prefix *al*, in Minot's Poems, and in Ritson's Ancient Romances; as *al-bidene*. *Woukes* for *weeks* is said to be Scotish; yet *wuc*, and *weoc*, are the A.-Saxon words for week; and *wouke*, and *wouk*, may be seen in R. of Glo'ster; *wook*, in Wiclif; and *woke*, in Langtoft. The words *on*, *raw*, *hole*, and *fere*, are all in the old English, as well as in the old Scotish speech: *On* is the proper Saxon form of *in*; and so is it used by R. of Gloucester, R. of Brunne, and Chaucer. *Hole*, and *fere*, are also used fre-

When it is considered, that the Teutonic speech of England, and of Scotland, was, in that age, to both a common language; to talk of a *diversity*, and of a *standard* of ancient Scotish, is an assumption, which cannot be allowed to learning, but must be despised in ignorance!

Yet, does the chronologer of the Scotish poetry emulate the biographer of the Scotish poets, in such lore; and even go beyond him, in such pretensions. Our chronologer, having fixed his affections on that curious but ancient English poem, entitled *Sir Penny*, which Warton had given, as one of the earliest specimens of *allegorical burlesque*, naturally claimed it

quently by those writers, and in the old English romances. *Raw* is still used, in the north of England, for *row*, the same as in the Scotish language. The verb *an*, for *owe*, the objector is sure, never belonged to the English: why? the *an*, which is used by Ercildoun in Fit. 3. st. 7. is merely an abbreviation, to suit the rhyme, of *awin*, or *awn*, which are merely inflexions of the verb *aw*, or *awe*, to owe: the verb *aw*, from the A.-S. *ah*, is common both to the old Scotish, and the old English; as *aw*, in Ritson's Romances, and *auh*, in Langtoft: but, there is no such verb as *an*, in the Scotish speech. The combination of the verb and pronoun, as specified by our biographer, from Ercildoun, and king James I. as *hastow*, *giftow*, and *artow*, is also common to the old English: "That "of thy life yet *hast-ow* no suretie," says the wife of Bath: *ert'-ow*, for *art thou*, appears often in Ritson's Romances: so, in Minot, "Of all the cattel *ert'ow* quite."

as his own, being "so full of *Scotish words* and *phrases*." In order to fit this old English poem for his purpose of publication, as pure Scotish, he changed the orthography, interpolated the sentiment, altered the stanzas, and transformed the sense into nonsense. Here is the first stanza of the original, which is said to be coeval with Chaucer*:

"In erth it es a littil thing
"And regnes als a riche king
"Whare he es lent in land
"Sir *Peni* es his name calde
"He makes both yong and alde
"Bow untill his hand†, &c."

The whole poem, as published by Warton, is full as curious for its language, as it is happy for its allegorical satire. Yet, is its matter, and manner, so completely changed by our chronicler, that it is no

* Hist. Eng. Poetry, vol. iii. p. 93.

† Here follows, from Chron. Scots Poet. vol. i. p. 138. Sibbald's edition:

"In eirth *thair* is a littil thing
"*Quhilk ringis* as a rich king,
"*Quhair* he is lent in land;
"*Schyr* Penny is his naim calde,
"He maikis *baith* young and alde
"Bow untill his hand."

longer recognised, as old English, but as a fine specimen of ancient Scotish. He, however, tells us, that the words and phrases, that seem to belong to the *Scotish*, rather than to the English dialect, are *cald* (1), and *alde* (2), *side* (3), swilk (4), bald (5), mais (6), laith (7), rad (8), deise (8 8), or dese,

(1) *Cald* is the A.-Saxon *cald* for cold, and is used in the old English; and cauld is still made use of in the North of England dialects. (2) *Ald* is pure A.-Sax., and is used for *old*, in the old English of Langtoft, Minot, and Ritson's Romances. (3) *Side*, signifying long, or large, and not, as Sibbald explains the word, by *hanging low down*, is merely the A.-Sax. *side*, *amplus*, *longus*, as we know from Somner, and Lye: and, in old English, signifies long, as we learn from Coles. (4) *Swilk*, for *such*, which comes from the A.-Sax. *swilc*, as Lye informs us, is common in Wiclif, Chaucer, and Langtoft. (5) *Bald*, for bold, is from the A.-Sax. *bald*; and was thence carried into R. of Glo'ster, Minot, and Langtoft. (6) The word in Warton is *mase*, which in old English is merely an abbreviation of makes: so *mas* in Langtoft: "full bare *mas* many wone:" and in Ritson's Romances *mas*, and *mais*, means makes. (7) *Laith*, in Sibbald, *lath*, in Warton, are obviously the A.-Sax. *lath*, *lathe*, ingratus, as we know from Lye, whence the English loathe, loth: *laith* is in the Yorkshire dialect. (8) *Rad*, which Sibbald insists is Scotish, rather than English, is not in his own glossary; yet is it, in fact, the English *rid*, from the A.-Sax. *riddan*; and is here used, in the form of *rad*, for the rhyme, according to the ancient license. (8 8) *Deis*, in Sibbald, and *dese*, in Warton, signifying a

zernid (9), bales (10), to blin (11), ilka (12), frith and fell (13), covaitise (14), nything (15) for niddering,

table, or bench, from the A.-Sax. *disc*, is common in Langtoft, Gower, and Chaucer. (9) *Zernid* is merely the old form of the English *yearned*, from the A.-Sax. *ȝeornian*, desiderare, concupiscere, petere, as we may see in Lye: hence *yerne*, to desire, to wish, in Ritson's Romances, and *yerne*, in Chaucer. (10) *Baillis*, *bales*, in Warton, for sorrow, from the A.-Sax. *beal*, malum, according to Lye, is very common in Langtoft, Chaucer, Minot, Spenser, &c. (11) *Blin*, to cease, from the A.-Sax. *blinnan*, cessare, according to Lye, is common in this sense, with R. of Glo'ster, Chaucer, Minot, &c. (12) *Ilka*, *ilk*, each, from the A.-Sax. *ilc*, is common in Langtoft, Minot, and Ritson's Romances. (13) *Frith* and *fell*, and *frith* and *feld*, which are also to be seen frequently in the old English, mean forest and field, or open country. *Frith* is literally a British word, signifying a wild, or woody place, a forest; and is used, in this sense, by Chaucer, Minot, and other old English writers. *Felde* is merely the A.-Saxon *feld*, campus, as we know from Lye; and anciently meant more largely the open country, as opposed to the forest. *Fell* is probably a variation of *felde* only, for the sake of the rhyme. It may, however, be a variety of the expression, meaning a hill, or mountain, instead of an open country. So it is used frequently in Ritson's Romances, and is very frequent in the topography of the north of England, from the Danish *fell*, a mountain, or hill. (14) *Covaityse*, as it is also old English, may be seen in Minot, as *covaitise*, and in Langtoft, as *covetise*. (15) *Nything*, *nithing*, for *nidering*, for parsimonious, is so common in the English, that Mr. Sibbald, if he had looked, might have seen it in Bailey, Ash, Cokes, or other

niggardly. Such, then, are the learning, and performances of our chronologer, who has been praised for his extensive knowledge of his native tongue, and who yet does not know the Scotish speech, when he sees it. When he has seized *sir Penny*, as his prey; when he has mangled him, both body, and soul, to suit his purpose; and when, by every mode of perversion, he has converted him sufficiently into the *Scotish* language, he can find, in him, only a dozen and a half of words, which the critic thinks peculiarly Scotish; and which, nevertheless, examination discovers to be old English, from the Anglo-Saxon. When we see such critics pretending to discriminate the old Scotish, from the old English language; announcing a *standard* of the ancient Scotish; and when we behold them fail, egregiously, in the examples which they produce, to support their several pretensions; what must we conclude from such premises, but that they undertook to produce a standard of the Scotish speech, which did not exist; to make a discrimination, that they could not find; and to prove an impossibility, which was beyond their power! Against such tricks of editorship, it was deemed necessary to make a stand; as in the quick progress of

such word books, which are in the hands of children. I would undertake to run over the whole Glossary of Sibbald; and show, by a similar examination, every word to be old English.

pretensions, and of plagiarism, we shall soon have *Spenser* claimed, as a *Scotish poet;* since he too is full of *Scotish words,* and *Scotish idioms.*

I enter my protest the rather against such assumptions; as I perceive some very ingenious writers are propagating notions, which seem to support such pretensions, however unfounded. Mr. Walter Scot has laid down a *system,* which accounts, he tells us, " for the superiority of the early Scotish over the " English poets, excepting always the unrivalled " Chaucer *." Who were the *early Scotish poets,* which are here alluded to, he does not specify, nor can I divine. He, indeed, mentions Thomas of Ercildoun as the earliest Scotish poet†. And, this consideration leads us to throw a slight glance upon this *earliest Scotish poet* in the *English language,* as he has been elaborately published by the diligence of Mr. W. Scot. Here is the first stanza:

" I was at [Erceldoune:]
" With Thomas spak Y thare;
" Ther herd Y rede in roune‡,
" Who Tristrem gat and bare.

* Ercildoun, l. viii. † Ib. v.

‡ *Roune,* here, means *verse:* There heard I read in *verse.* See Ritson's *Ancient Songs,* p. 26, from a MS. of Ed. II.'s time. " Herken to my *roune;*" and in p. 31, " the bride's *roune,*" the bird's *song.*

" Who was king with croun;
" And who him forsterd yare*;
" And who was bold baroun,
" As thair elders ware,
" Bi yere:—
" Thomas telles in toun†,
" This aventours as thai ware."

The language of Thomas of Erceldoun, which was the speech of Lothian, is the same as that of Robert of Gloucester, who was of the West of England, and of Robert of Brunne, who was of the North, in the words, structure, and orthography. In the whole of the romance of Sir Tristrem, the biographer of Scotish poets, as we have seen, was only able to select

* *Yare* ought perhaps to have been printed *ȝare;* as the late Mr. Ritson copied it: To foster *ȝare* means to educate in *youth,* as Mr. Scot explains it, in his Glossary. *Yare,* in the old English from the A.-Sax. *ȝare,* means ready; *yarely,* readily, as in the *Tempest;* " fall to't *yarely:*" but, as this does not apply, the text, and the sense, require some other word; and *ȝare* means excellent, better than common: He was *well* fostered.

† Thomas tells in *town:* the toun, here, ought to have been *roun;* the (t) and the (r) in the MS. are so like, as I perceive from a *fac simile* of it, that the one might be easily mistaken for the other: the context requires the word *verse,* and not *toun,* as in the 38th stanza: " Thomas telleth in toun:" Thomas told nothing in *town,* but every thing in *verse.*

six words, which he deemed to be *absolutely Scotish*, and which yet were found to be *old English**.

It is of so much importance, in this inquiry, to have it clearly understood, that the *English* language of South, and North Britain, were exactly the same, at the demise of Edward I., and the accession of Robert Bruce, that I will beg leave to submit to the more curious reader a few additional specimens both of Scotish and English poetry, at those epochs. The following is a specimen of the speech of Berwickshire, by one of the ingenious successors of Thomas the Rhymer:

" Wend kyng Edewarde, with his lange shankes,
" To have gete Berwyke al our unthankes?
" Gas pikes hym, and after gas dikes hym†."

Now; take the English answer to the foregoing satire;

" Thus, scaterand Scottis,
" Holde I for sootis;
" Of wrenchis unware;
" Eerly in a mornyng,
" In an evyl tyding,
" Went ze froo Dunbarre."

* In the judgement of the able editor of Sir Tristrem, the language of Erceldoun was softened, by subsequent transcription, into that of the 14th century, and even *after* the year 1300.

† Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1792, Dissert. xxxi.

This *flyting*, we see, was written soon after the 28th of April 1296, when the battle of Dunbar was won by the English under the earl of Warenne: "And tho "seide the Englishmen, in reprefe of the Scottis *." Here, then, is a fair occasion, for Mr. W. Scot, whose taste is unquestionable, to decide whether the English, or the Scotish songster be "the worser "spirit." There was another song of a softer sort, which was made, in Scotland, after the decisive battle of Bannockburn, in 1314; a stanza of which is subjoined:

"Maydinis of Englande soir may ye murne
"For your lemmans ye haif lost, at Bannokisburn;
"With a heue-a-lowe, &c.†"

It would require very nice discernment to distinguish any diversity in the language of those specimens, or any superiority in the several versifiers. We have already seen two critics try, though without absolute success, to establish a *standard* of the Scotish language, which did not exist; and to show a diversity, where there was not a difference. They only failed; because they attempted to perform impossibilities: Perhaps they thought with Cowley:—"*Impossibilities!* Oh no, there's none!!" Our elaborate

* Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1792, Dissert. xxxi.

† Ancient Scots Poems, 1786, vol. ii. p. 494; Scotish Songs, 1794, p. xxvi.

editor, Mr. Walter Scot, too, may possibly think with his brother Cowley, that sameness, and diversity, may coexist in the same object; and that upon this reasoning he is justified, in supposing the improvement of the English language, in the Lowlands of Scotland, advanced more rapidly, than the English language, in England itself*; and of course, was more early fitted, for the use of the poet, in the Lowlands of Scotland, than in the more southern parts of the sister kingdom: For these impossibilities, he has the goodness to assign a very logical argument: The Teutonic speech, says he, was never, in Scotland, banished from court; from the *Gaelic* court of the Irish kigns of Ceantyre, or the Celtic court of the Cambro-British kings of Pictland†. "Upon this system," he adds, "we may account for the superiority "of the early Scotish over the early English poets,— "except Chaucer ‡." In pursuit of a *system*, our intelligent theorist seems to forget, that the Northumbrian kingdom was invaded by the Danish rovers, who propagated their own jargon, introduced their own barbarities, and debased the people, by their accustomed revolutions. Hence originated the Northumberland dialect, and the Lothian language, which are now, in the true spirit of romantic gallantry, set

* Disc. Sir Tristrem, p. xlix.

† Ib. lii. ‡ Ib. lxviii.

up, as superior to the standard English of the southern districts*.

The earliest Scotish poet, who wrote, during subsequent times, in the *improved English* of the *Northern Lowlands*, was Hutchown of the Awle ryal, the sir Hugh Eglintoun of the critics†. He was, no doubt, one of the politest poets of his time: According to Wyntown,

> " He cunnand wes in literature;
> " He made *the gret gest of Arture*,
> " And the Awntyre of Gawane,
> " The pistil als of swete Susane."

I will now beg to submit to the more curious reader a short specimen of sir Hugh's *Auntyre of Gawane:*

> " In the tyme of Arther, as trewmen me tald,
> " The king turnit, on an tyde, towart Tuskane;

* This strange conceit seems to have been adopted, without examination, from J. Sibbald, one of the most prejudiced of writers, who says that, " from the beginning of the twelfth " to the middle of the fourteenth century, the *Scoto-Belgic* was " probably a more polished language, than that of South " Britain." Beyond this folly of Sibbald, I think, absurdity cannot go!

† I have seen sir Hugh, who was a person of high rank, as a witness, in fifty charters, which evince, that he flourished under David II., and died under Robert II.: Mr. David Macpherson, indeed, conjectures, in opposition to those charters, that he was *the king's poet.*

" Hym to seik, on the sey, that seikles was sald,
" The syre, that sendis all saill, suthlie to sane."

We may herein feel the *alliteration:* and we have thus a sufficient specimen of a style, which was then beginning among the Scotish poets, in the English tongue; and which continued the race of improvement till it arrived at the *acme* of fine writing; when it acquired the desirable quality of total *unintelligibility*. In this walk of fine writing, was sir Hugh followed, in the subsequent age, by Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the well-known romance of *Sir Gawane and Sir Galaron*. In this noble work, even the acute, and persevering Mr. Pinkerton became appalled: Owing to their abundant alliteration, such writers, " present," he says, " difficulties, sufficient to puzzle " the most skillful etymologist." Mr. Sibbald, indeed, experienced this exhilarating truth: he honestly confesses, " that there are even whole lines, which " he was unable to explain." In this contest, for the palm of *unintelligibility*, Holland, who was the finest poet of the reign of James II., seems to have carried away the prize, by his *Howlate*. Of this *prize poem*, the intelligent reader may, perhaps, desire a short specimen:

" In the middis of Maii, at morne as I went
" Throw mirth markit on mold till a grene meide,

" The blemis blythest of blee fro the sone blent
" That all brychnit about the bordouris onbraid *."

If it be inquired, by what artifices of composition, the poets of those times sacrificed common sense to farfetched conceits, they will be found in two sources; their desire of alliteration, and their passion for antiquated phraseology: In obtaining the first object, they searched for words, having the same prefixes, without any analogy of sense; and in quest of the last, they went beyond the old English into the Anglo-Saxon speech, as they found it in vulgar use: They thus sacrificed sense to sound, and facility to faeture.

Yet, such were the Scotish poets, who wrote in the *English tongue*, or *Scoto-Belgic*, according to the conceit of Sibbald; and who are pronounced to be superior to the English poets, in the same succession of ages. When this was said, the elegant, and energetic, and easy *Minot*, who wrote perhaps half a century before Chaucer, was forgotten. Even such a writer as *Hoccleve* is superior to those Scotish poets, who seem to defy the decipherer's art; as far as sense is superior to nonsense, and amenity to ruggedness†.

* The poem opens with that admirable specimen of luminous description.

† The publication of such works, as Hoccleve, is of great importance, in the history of our common language: There

It must be allowed, however, that Scotland produced, meantime, John Barber, and Andrew Wyntown, who may well be compared with those chroniclers, Robert of Glo'ster, and Robert of Brunne. Barber was undoubtedly a better poet than either; yet, I know not, if Anthony Wood would not claim Barber, on the veracious authority of Rhymer's Fœdera, as an *Oxford writer*, who owed his art, if not his genius, to that illustrious school*. Yet, Wyntown is not indebted to any English seminary; but his phraseology is inferior, as the poetic talent of Wyntown was unequal to Barber's, and his language is of course more rude, and his orthography more varied.

Scotland, in the mean time, produced a poet in James I., the son of Robert III., who has been compared with Chaucer himself; and was perhaps his superior, in sublimity, and pathos, though much his inferior, in variety, and ease, and humour, and in a minute acquaintance with daily life. James, though he

are, in Hoccleve, many words, which would save much fatigue to those compilers of Scoto-Belgic wordbooks, who would rather quest a vocable in the distant wilds of Norway, than step across the Tweed into the North of England, where they would find the Dano-Saxon language of their early progenitors.

* Warton has, indeed, acknowledged, "that Barber has "adorned *the English language*, by a strain of versification, "expression, and imagery, far superior to his age."

derived his genius from Scotland, owed his excellent education to England, in the tongue whereof he thought, and wrote: As he lived, in England, contemporary with Chaucer, he composed in the language of this venerated father of old English poetry*.

We are now arrived at the age of Douglas, Dunbar, and Lyndsay, who are said by Warton "to have "adorned the present period with a degree of senti- "ment and spirit, a command of phraseology, and a "fertility of imagination, that are not to be found in "any English poet, since Chaucer, and Lydgate." He might safely have added, says Pinkerton, "nor "even in Chaucer, or Lydgate." It is sufficient, that Dunbar, Douglas, and Lyndsay, acknowledge Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, as *their masters*, and celebrate them "as the great improvers of our *Inglish* "*tung*." Dunbar, the greatest of the Scotish poets, in the *English language*, cries out†:

"O! reverend Chaucer, rose of rethowris all,
"As, in *our toung*, an flour imperiall,
"Was thou nocht of *our Inglis* all the licht!"

* Among other elegant accomplishments, this prince wrote a pretty hand, and was fond of writing with his own pen; as we know from the chartularies: We may see, in Anderson's *Diplomata*, a *fac simile* charter of James I. From his charters, which remain, it is apparent, that he wrote in the English, and not in the Scotish orthography, and manner.

† In his *Golden Terge*.

Dunbar goes on to celebrate

" —— morale Goweir, and Lidgait laureat:
" Your suggarit toungis, and lippis aureat,
" Bene to our eiris cause of gret delyte;
" Your angelic mouth most mellifluat,
" Our rude language hes cleir illumynat,
" And hes ou'rgilt *our speiche*, that imperfyte
" Stude, or your golden pennis schup to wryte
" This yle befoir was bair and dessolat
" Of rethorik, or lusty fresche indyte."*

Those English poets, who had thus improved their speech, were praised in similar strains of panegyrical acknowledgement, by Douglas*, and by Lyndsay †.

Without running with the editors of *Romance* into *fanciful theories*, on the origin of the *English language*, in Scotland, it is sufficient to state, as an historical fact, which is capable of moral demonstration, that the English people of Scotland were the same as the English people of England, though perhaps a little more mixed, with Flemings, and Danes. The people, and their speech, are correlative. The same people must necessarily have the same speech, though possibly not the same grammar. The existence of the

* In the Preface to his *Translation of Virgil.*

† In his *Papingo.*

same speech, in two separate countries, evinces, that the people were the same, in their lineage. It is a fact, as we have seen, that the English speech of Scotland was the same, at the earliest epoch, when the English speech began to grow out of the Anglo-Saxon root. It was the same at the commencement of the fourteenth century. It was the same at the commencement of the fifteenth century. And Dunbar, Douglas, and Lyndsay, as they themselves avow, wrote the same language as Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, at the commencement of the sixteenth century.

It will be admitted, that the language of *Wiclif*, who died in 1384, is the best standard of the English tongue, during his age. If it be acknowledged, that the language of that learned reformer is a genuine specimen of true old English, it may easily be shown, that the Scotish people have retained that standard of the English, particularly, in their forensic forms, while the English have departed from it *. If it be

* See Wiclif's Translation of the New Testament; and his two short Treatises against the Greyfriers, which were published in 1608, with an Exposition subjoined of "the hardest "words;" whence it appears, that many expressions, which are now deemed peculiarly Scotish, are merely the standard English of Wiclif: *Anentis*, as to; *assoile*, absolve, or acquit; *axing*, demand; *blecked*, defiled; *childer*, children; *dowyd*, endowed; *dome*, judgement; *fautors*, favourers; *haden*, holden;

true, that the great body of the English language is derived from the Anglo-Saxon: if it be true, that the broad Scotish remains nearer, both in its matter, and form, to the Anglo-Saxon, than the English itself; it will follow, as a fair inference, if we except the expressions of *cant*, and the words of *anomaly*, that the Scotish speech has continued nearer the Anglo-Saxon original, than the English. But, though the modern English, in the progress of refinement, has become somewhat different in pronunciation, and orthography, from the Scotish speech; yet, the dialects of England, particularly, those of the North, remain pretty much the same as the vernacular language of Scotland. Many Scotish vocables, which superficial observers regard, as peculiar to Scotland, may all be found in the northern dialects of England*. It follows, as a fair deduction, from the

heale, health; *leasings*, lies; *meynes*, houses; *michel*, much; *naught*, nothing; *sicker*, sure, true; *sothe*, truth; *winning*, getting; *witten*, know; *wood*, mad; *writ*, scripture; and Wiclif uses *kyrke*, for church, which Chaucer has softened to *cherche*.

* See Ray's *Local Words*; the Yorkshire *Dialogue*, 1684; the Lancashire Dialect, 1775; the Westmoreland Dialect, 1790; the Cumberland Dialect, in Relph's Poems, 1747; and see Grose's Glossary 1787, Skinner's Lexicon 1671, the old English Dictionaries of Philips, of Coles, and Kersay, and also the *Local Words*, in Ashe's copious Dictionary. It ought always to be recollected, while we discuss such topics, that the several *dialects* of England are chiefly composed of Anglo-Saxon, with a

foregoing intimations, that the several dialects of England are merely the old language of England; and that of course, the vernacular speech of Scotland is merely old English, with the slight peculiarities of provincial analogy.

Experience, indeed, evinces, that very slight causes will give rise to *dialects:* alteration of place, change of connection, the barrier of a mountain, the cessation of intercourse, the want of cultivation; all these causes will create dialectic forms of speech. With the pretensions of Edward I. to the sovereignty of Scotland, and the accession of Robert Bruce, when the English languages of the two kingdoms were the same, began long wars, and ever-during enmity, estrangement, and separation, which continued between those kindred people, during four wretched centuries of absurd government. In that long period of warfare, and of jealousy, the English cultivated their language, while the Scotish people, who were harassed by foreign wars, and disturbed by domestic feuds, neglected theirs. As there is scarcely an absurdity, that some philosophers have not maintained,

mixture of *British*, Danish, and Flemish, words; and in North Britain, with a proportion of Irish words; but, neither of those *dialects* has many *French*, or other foreign words, which abound in the polished English: *The people* have preserved the Anglo-Saxon, in their tongues, while the writers of English have adopted novelties of every kind.

so are there some theorists, who hold, that the Scotish people took the lead, in improving their speech, while the English folks retained their ancient talk. As far as there is any argument in mere assertion, it must be wretched reasoning, which runs against facts: In truth, the language of Dunbar, Douglas, and Lyndsay, is the same English, which had come down to them from Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, while the language of those old English poets became gradually improved. In this view of the subject, I cannot perceive any difficulty, far less "insuperable difficulties," in showing "how the Scotish dialect was formed." The *Scotish dialect* was formed, as the various dialects of England were formed, by retaining antiquated words and old orthography, while the standard English relinquished both, and adopted novelties.

A few examples will illustrate this position, by showing the gradual change, which took place, in the successive improvement of the English speech:

Ang.-Saxon.	*Old English.*	*Old Scotish.*	*Modern Eng.*
abufan	- abeven	- aboven	- above.
ath	- ath, eath.	- aith	- oath.
ald	- ald	- ald	- old.
algeats	- algates	- algates	- always.
a-lyt	- a-lite	- a-lite	- a little.
aller	- aller	- aller	-all, altogether
almaest	- almest	- almaist	- almost.

Ang.-Saxon.	*Old English.*	*Old Scotish.*	*Modern Eng.*
als	- als	- als	- as.
als-micel	- als-mykel	- als-mikel	- as much.
alle-swithe	- alswith	- alswyth	- instantly.
anes	- anes	- anis	- once.
axian	- axe	- axe	- ask.

This comparative list might be pursued into a large vocabulary; I will only add a few specimens of the changes, which the English have made, in their passion for *metathesis:*

Ang.-Saxon.	*Old English.*	*Old Scotish.*	*Modern Eng.*
brennan	- brenne	- brenne	- burn.
thridda	- thridde	- thridde	- third.
thrittiȝ	- thretty	- thretty	- thirty*.

While the progressive improvement of the English has operated great alterations on the common speech,

* Dr. Johnson has, indeed, observed the improprieties, which have sometimes been committed by the English philologists, in their pursuit of novelty: *Hale*, adj. healthy, he says should rather be written *hail* from *hael*, health: so *halser*, a rope, is corruptly pronounced *hawser*. Mr. Ellis, in forming the Glossary to his *Specimens*, has distinguished several words as Scotish, which are merely Old English, in the Saxon form: *Ane*, one, the indefinite article. Sc. This is the A.-Sax. and Old English *an*. *Blaw*, blow,—A.-Sax. and Old English, *blaw*. *Haill*, whole,—hael, A.-Sax. and Old English; so *hair*, and *hait*, &c.: almost all the words, marked in this Glossary, as peculiarly Scotish, are only old English, in the Saxon forms.

by changing the Saxon vocables, the same Saxon remains have been preserved in the vulgar dialects of England, and Scotland, through many ages, almost in their original form. Take the following examples:

Ang.-Saxon.	*Eng. Dial.*	*Scot. Dial.*	*Polished Eng.*
axian	axe	axe	to ask.
bald	bald	bald	bold.
band	band	band	bond.
bath	baith	baith	both.
biggan	bigg	bigg	build.
breðer	breeder	breeder	brother
brigg	brig	brig	bridge.
clath	claith	claith	cloth.
eath	eath	eath	easy.
eyen	een	een	eyes.
fayen	fain	fain	fond.
fra	fra	fra	from.

And many Saxon words, which have been long since discarded from the polished English, are still retained, in common use, in the vulgar dialects, both of North and South Britain: for example,

Saxon.	*English Dial.*	*Scot. Dial.*	*English.*
baed	bad	bad	desired.
bearn	barn	bairn	a child.
clough	clough	cleugh	a ravine.
a-nean	anent	anent	opposite.

These might be continued to a great extent of similar instances: but, the foregoing examples are sufficient to show how closely the common people have adhered to the speech of their Saxon ancestors, during many centuries of innovation, perhaps of improvement, in the cultivated language of England. And they show the futility of the supposition, that the people of North Britain began the improvement of their speech, before the people of the South had cultivated theirs.

While the English speech had thus undergone a progressive change, and a lasting innovation had taken place, from the ages of Wiclif, and Chaucer, down to the days of Spenser and Shakspeare, the Scotish tongue remained pretty much in its Saxon form, without a single essay of improvement, or one attempt at innovation. The foregoing tables are demonstrations of this instructive fact. The fact is the best confutation of the theory of those, who insist, that the Scotish writers improved their speech, while the English neglected theirs. If, indeed, we compare the language of Barber, the able contemporary of Chaucer, with the speech of his successors, during a century and a half of misrule, and wretchedness, it will appear to every eye, that the Scotish writers improved in nothing. They may, perhaps, have added new terms, which, while they contributed something to

the copiousness, introduced little clearness, or amenity. Wyntown, who wrote more than forty years, and Blind Harry more than eighty years, after Barber, who, by the way, has been modernised, in the latest edition, form fair comparisons; as they wrote similar narratives, in the simplest versification. Wyntown's language is the same as Barber's; but, as his orthography is more various it is also more uncouth. The only difference, between the language of Barber, and that of Blind Harry, is that, the latter has more of a vulgar cast, with less artificial embellishment. If we compare the language of Barber with that of Dunbar, Douglas, and Lyndsay, who wrote a hundred and twenty or thirty years, after him, we find the only change, that had taken place, was an affectation of new terms, which they had avowedly learned from Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate. From those English poets, the greatest of the Scotish versifiers borrowed freely "the ornate terms," wherewith those English writers had studied to adorn their "Inglis toung." They may have also adopted some of the exotic novelties of the romance-writers. And they will be found to have been more diligent to obtain uncouth expressions, than to give clearness, and smoothness, to their verses. It is a fact, that much of Dunbar's poetry, and the whole of Douglas's *Virgil*, are less intelligible, than either Barber's *Bruce*, or Chaucer's

*Tales**. And, even Lyndsay, who is studious to make his language intelligible to every capacity, when

* "Did we not know the age of Gawain Douglas," says Mr. W. Scot, "we should certainly esteem his language older "than that of Chaucer, when, in fact, it is nearly two centu- "ries later." This observation is equally true of Dunbar, and Lyndsay. And, this fact is amply sufficient to preclude the late theory, that the Scotish poets took the lead in improvement; leaving Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate far behind. To argue against *the fact* is abundantly absurd; but to speculate against conviction is quite romantic! Lisle, the Saxon scholar, says, in the Preface to his "*Ancient Monuments of the* "*Saxon tongue*, that he improved more, in the knowledge of "*Saxon*, by the perusal of Gawain Douglas's Virgil, than by "that of all the Old English he could find, poetry, or prose; "because it was nearer the Saxon, and further from the "Norman." Thus far the *Saxon* Lisle! Not so, the Belgic Sibbald! He says that, "Lisle's declaration amounts to this, "that the colloquial words, and phrases used by Douglas, "were pure Anglo-*Belgic*." Introd. xlv. Lisle, who understood the Saxon tongue, declares Douglas's Virgil to be pure Saxon: Sibbald, who was not master of any language, declares it to be pure Anglo-*Belgic*, supposing, what has not yet been proved, that there is such a dialect as Anglo-*Belgic*, in Britain. Fawkes, who, in our times, has translated Gawain Douglas into English verse, declares, "that the work of Douglas may "serve as an instance, that the Lowland Scotch language "and the English were nearly the same, in the ages of Chau- "cer, and Douglas." In the same manner, Lyndsay's language is full of positive Saxonisms, as we shall see hereafter.

he appears, in the genuine dress of his earliest editions, is not one iota more polished than Barber: The "aureate termis," which Lyndsay had avowedly learned, in the school of Chaucer, are overbalanced by the vulgarisms, that his purpose led him to adopt.

§ IX.

An EXAMINATION of *the* LANGUAGE of LYNDSAY.

WE are thus led on to descend into a more minute examination of the language, and poetry, of sir David Lyndsay, who wrote in the period, from 1528 to 1553; with a view to this complete edition of his poetical Works.

1. The great body of his language was merely the common speech of the Saxon Scots, in his age, which, as we have seen, was *better Saxon,* but *worse English,* than the language of England, throughout the same period. It was the vernacular speech of the South and East of Scotland, which, according to the common usage of more recent times, has been called the *Scotish,* though there had been more fitness, in calling it what Lyndsay called it himself, the *Inglis toung.*

As the two languages are the same, since they were transmitted by the same people, they do not require a commentary. But, this intimation points to the lights, which must guide our

" wandering feet;
" And thro' the palpable obscure find out
" Their uncouth way.———"

And it is in the *Old English*, and the *Anglo-Saxon*, that the whole language of Lyndsay is to be found, if we except the cant expressions, which cannot be traced to any source, and the anomalies, that cannot be brought within any rule of pseudography.

2. While Lyndsay has embellished his poetry with some *aureate termis*, he was chiefly studious to familiarize his diction to the many, rather than to captivate the few; his object being to instruct rather than to please. Like Chaucer, he is an advocate for the use of the vulgar speech, which he emphatically calls "the maternal tongue:" And he accordingly avows *:

" Quharefore to coilearis, carteris, and to cukis,
" To Jok, and Thom, my ryme sal be directit,
" With cunnyng men howbeit it will be lackit."

While defending his own purpose, our reformer uses an argument, which opens up the state of the

* In his exclamation to the Redar, twiching the wrytting of vulgar, and maternal language.

vulgar language of Scotland, in his age, as it was divided, according to the nature of the people, into the *Gaelic*, and the *English*: He shrewdly intimates that,

" Had Sanct Jerome bene borne intill *Argyle*,
" Into *Irische* toung his bukis had done compyle."

Our poet is of course very copious; containing perhaps a greater variety of words, than all his contemporary versifiers; he abounds with *moral sentences*, and *proverbial speeches*; delighting " to *proverb* the " people with a *grandsire phrase*:" Hence, the people of Scotland in return, when they heard a proposition, which they deemed unfit, used to observe, even down to our own times, " There is na sic a " word in a' Davie Lyndsay."

3. As there was no standard of spelling, from the earliest to recent times, the *orthography* of Lyndsay must be expected to be very various, and sometimes *equivocal*, without taking into the account the interpolations, and the misprints: When making a similar remark of Gawyn Douglas, the learned Ruddiman observed this want of uniformity to be the frequent imperfection of living tongues. The ancient poets of England, from Chaucer to Spenser, as well as Douglas, and Lyndsay, used an unchecked license, in changing their orthography, violating the grammar, and sometimes in obscuring their sense; to suit their

rhymes, and accommodate their measures *. Words also are sometimes lopped, and often lengthened, in order to accommodate the metre, while he did not affect the *height of thought* †. Like the old English writers he uses very violent *metathesis;* as *broch,* for borgh; *brugh,* for burgh; *birsle,* for brisle; *berth,* for breth; *burnet,* for brunet, as in Chaucer; *brist,* and *brast,* for burst, as in R. of Glo'ster, R. of Brunne, and in Chaucer; *turs,* for truss; *thirlage,* for thrallage; *wroken,* for worken, as in R. of Brunne; *ring,* for reign; *bening,* for benign, as indeed, we may see *benyng,* in R. of Glo'ster, and in Chaucer. Our poet's words are, indeed, frequently written as they were pronounced, according to the practice of the old English writers: The *l,* and *ll,* are often sunk, as indeed they are in England, for which the *u,* and *w,* are generally

* Lyndsay often makes very violent changes, during his dearth of rhyme: He makes *tounder,* for *t'other,* to rhyme with *thunder; twane,* for *twa,* to rhyme with *certane; doutance,* for *doubt,* to rhyme with *mischance; fameil,* for *family,* to rhyme with *weil; marinal,* for *mariner,* to rhyme with *governal; murmell,* for *murmur,* to rhyme with *counsell;* and so of others, wherein every thing is sacrificed to the rhyme.

† Lyndsay has *serve,* for *deserve; will,* for *willful; defame,* for *defamation; strength,* for *strengthen; blasphematuris,* for *blasphemers; melancholious,* for *melancholy.* We see too the grammar violated, for the same end; as *forfalt,* for *forfaltit; preifit,* for *preif; be scurgit,* for to *be scurgit; eschame ye nocht,* for *are ye nocht eschamit.*

substituted. The *b*, and *gh*, are also sunk in many words; as *dout*, for *doubt*; *det*, for *debt*; *he* and *hie*, for *high*. Such licenses are stigmatized, as Scoticisms; yet, are they common in R. of Glo'ster, Wiclif, and in Chaucer; as *assaut*, for *assault*; *assaught*, for *assaulted*; *autere*, for *altar*; *baudrick*, for *baldrick*; *baud*, for *bald*; *maut*, for *malt*; and so of others, as we may learn from the word-books. This practice, both in the Scotish, and English writers, continued in the days of Shakspeare, who makes Holofernes cry out against such *rackers of orthography*.

4. Lyndsay, like his masters, Gower, and Chaucer, and his contemporaries, Dunbar, and Douglas, takes great liberty with proper names, to suit his rhyme, and metre: *Perse*, for *Persia*, as indeed in Chaucer; and *Diodore*, for *Diodorus*; *Fezensis*, for *Fez*; *Marrock*, for *Morocco*; *Sardane*, for *Sardinia*.

5. One of the most remarkable varieties, in the orthography of the Old English, and Scotish writers, was the different use of the *o* and *a*. This appears in very ancient writers of the vulgar tongue. Many Saxon words, in Lye's Dictionary, are indifferently written with an *a*, and an *o*, according as the manuscripts, from which they were taken, were composed, in the southern, or in the northern dialect; as *hand*, or *hond*; *hangen*, or *hongen*; *land*, or *lond*; *lang*, or *long*. Thus, the *o* prevailed, in the South, while the *a* was used, in the North: and hence, the *o* is more

frequent, in the writings of R. of Glo'ster, Wiclif, and Chaucer, while the *a* is more used in R. of Brunne, and Minot *. Even Chaucer writes many words with the *a*, in the pure Saxon form, as the same form continued to be used by Lyndsay, and other Scotish writers of his age, and by those, who wrote in the dialect of the North of England, even to the present day †. On the other hand, Chaucer writes se-

* R. of Brunne has amang, aught, awen, bade, bald, braken, fand, fae, fain, hald, halden, haly, hamage, lang, mare, mast, pape, sare, ta, tald, wald, wan, whan, and so of others: Minot has ald, allane, bald, baldly, bare, brade, brake, *faine* for fond, fae, fand, fra for from, gaes, *gast* for ghost, haly, hald, law for low, ma, mane, mare for more, maste for most, nane, rape for rope, raw, sare, sary for sorry, saul, wald for would, and so of others. Sibbald would call such words *Scoticisms*.

† Here are a few examples of the several forms, as the words appear,

In the Saxon;	*in Chaucer;*	*in Lyndsay;*	*in Mod. English.*
Ænes	anes	anis	once.
batha	bathe	baith	both.
fagen	fain	fain	fond.
fande	fand	fand	found.
fra	fra	fra	from.
halden	hald, halden	hald, halden	hold, holden.
ham	hame	hame	home.
lawe	lawe	law	low.
ra	ra	ra	a roe.
swa	swa	swa	so.
twa, twey	tway	tway	two.
wan	wan	wan	won.

veral words with *o*, where the Scotish speech, as well as the modern English, have retained the *a*; as in *hong, hond, lond, sond,* for hang, hand, land, sand. As the English of the South gradually substituted *o*, for *a*, in a great many words, this formed the chief point of difference, between the English, and Scotish languages, in Lyndsay's age. While the English writers of the South were departing from the Saxon form of the words, the English people of the North, with the Scotish, retained them unchanged; and most of the dialects, both of the North of England, and of Scotland, continued to use the Saxon words, in their original forms *.

It thus appears, that Lyndsay's orthography was no more Scotish, than the spelling of Chaucer; and that the practice of both was immediately derived from the Anglo-Saxon.

* Take the following examples: al*a*me, al*a*ng, alm*a*est, *a*ne, *a*nce, *a*ld or *a*uld, b*a*ith, bel*a*w, b*a*ne, br*a*id, c*a*m, c*a*ld or c*a*uld, cl*a*ith, cl*a*thes, cr*a*w, f*a*nd, f*a*ld, fr*a*, f*a*in, g*a*ne, g*a*t, h*a*ld, h*a*me, h*a*et or h*a*t, kn*a*w, l*a*ng, l*a*if, l*a*w, l*a*wer, l*a*ith, m*a*ir, n*a*, n*a*ne, r*a*pe, s*a*ir, s*a*w, s*a*ul, st*a*ne, str*a*ng, sw*a*re, t*a*e, t*a*ngs, tw*a*, w*a*e, w*a*rk, w*a*rld, w*a*rse, wr*a*ng, and others. In all these words, which are common to the dialects of the north of England, and of Scotland, the Saxon *a* has been retained, while it has been supplanted by *o*, in the modern English. See the Yorkshire, and the Westmoreland Dialects, and Ray's English Words of the several Shires. In Mr. Francis Brokesby's observations, concerning the dialect, and pronunciation of Yorkshire, he says, " Many words are varied, by " changing the *o* into *a*, though I question whether *our York-* " *shire pronunciation be not the most ancient*; so, for both, we " pronounce b*a*th; for bone, b*a*ne; for work, w*a*rk; for more,

6. Lyndsay, with the old English writers, made a very improper use of *the article*, as indeed scholars, at present, make a very anomalous use of that essential part of speech; as we know from Lowth: Lyndsay has, "of *the* deith," for of death; "put to *the* deith," for put to death; "put to *the* flicht," for put to flight: And so he writes "*the* heven," "*the* hell." On the other hand, he omits the article, in some cases, wherein it is now more fitly adopted; as, "of haly kirkis," for of *the* haly kirkis. This mode of expression is common in the old Scotish acts of parliament, which were not always penned by very cunning scribes.

7. Like the other great poets of his age, Lyndsay is sometimes redundant, and often penurious of his words, for the accommodation of his *metres*, and his rhymes. He leaves the sense sometimes imperfect, as when he says, "*I not said I, mak sic memorial* *."

"mare; for home, hame: hence all the towns ending in *ham*, "as Wick*ham*, Ful*ham*, Stret*ham*: *ham*ely for homely; "for worse, *warse*, and *war*; for stone, *stane*; hence *Stan*- "ton, *Stam*-ford, *Stane*-more, &c.; and so, for 'wo is me,' "we say '*wa's me*,' &c." These pertinent observations of Mr. Brokesby were published in Ray's *Local Words*, p. 170. Every one of Mr. Brokesby's observations, applies to the common dialect of Scotland, which is very similar to that of Yorkshire. See the *Clavis* to the Yorkshire Dialect.

* He has, among such penurious expressions, "Iniquitie "under my sword *down thrall*," when he means that Iniquitie *shall be put down.*

He sometimes uses words, for the rhyme, which are inapplicable to the sense, as *confest* for informed; *irk*, to rhyme with *kirk*; *suppryis* for spoil; speche to rhyme with *leche* is a sacrifice of the sense to the sound: and our poet sometimes coins words to suit his purpose, as indeed Chaucer had coined before him *.

8. Plural nouns are frequently used by Lyndsay for the singular. In his poetry, two negatives do not amount to an affirmative, but make the negation stronger; according to the Saxon idiom, with which he abounds, and as G. Douglas practised; according to the remark of Ruddiman.

9. The obsolete words in Lyndsay may be all found, by diligent inquiry, in the *old English* of the fourteenth century; as hath, indeed, been intimated. Our poet, as well as the fathers of English poetry, makes frequent use of abbreviated phrases, which obscure the sense, and debase the language. Chaucer, and Lyndsay, have *not* for the Saxon *ne wot*, and the English *know not*: and they both make use of *nill* for *ne will*, or *will not*. This practice, which led to obscurity, and barbarism, continued even in the Augustan age of Anne, till it was ridiculed by Addison. Lyndsay, and his contemporaries, have *dampn* for damn, *con-*

* Lyndsay has *evildeidic*, for given to evil deeds; *exercition*, for exercise. Chaucer has *coltish*, for playful; and so of others.

dampn for condemn, *solempne* for solemn, the same as in Chaucer, and the other old English poets. In several words, which were derived from the French, where the modern English have thrown in (d) before (g), Chaucer, and Lyndsay, have written them in the original form, as *juge, abrege, loge**. The words *moon, soon, too,* and others of the same class, which appear in the modern English, are seen in Chaucer, Douglas, and Lyndsay, in the old form of *mone, sone, to,* and so of others. Lyndsay has also copied Chaucer in the use, or disuse, of the aspirate (h) according to the old English form †. Lyndsay makes use of several verbs without the prefix, as the earliest writers of England, R. of Glo'ster, Mandeville, Wiclif, and Chaucer, had done before him ‡. Lyndsay, and

* So in other French words, as under:

Chaucer.	*Lyndsay.*	*The English.*
avance	avaunce	advance
avantage	avantage	advantage
avis	avise	advise
aventure	aventure	adventure.

† As, *armeit*, a *hermit*; *armonie*, for *harmonie*; *armitage*, for *hermitage*. On the other hand; Chaucer, and Lyndsay, have *habil, habilitie, habundance, habundant*, while the modern English want the aspirate, in these familiar words.

‡ The examples are; *cheve*, for *atcheve; cover*, for *recover; dress*, for *redress; frane*, for *refrane; gan*, for *began; counter*, for *encounter; brace*, for *embrace; chaip*, for *escape; long*,

Chaucer, use the prefix *de* to some verbs, without altering the sense; as *de-part*, for *to part*; *de-paint*, for *to paint*; and so in others. *Bene* is used by Lyndsay, for *to be*, *is*, *are*; and so are *bein*, and *ben*, in Chaucer, Robert of Brunne, and Wiclif*. Lyndsay frequently writes the termination of the past tense, and the participle, in the same old form as Chaucer, and from the same common source†. The inflections of the verb, which have been changed by the improvements of modern English, were continued by Lyndsay, in the same forms, wherein he found them in the old English of Chaucer, and Wiclif: as, *mot*, in Lyndsay, *mote*, in Chaucer, for *might*, the preterite of *may*; *coud* and *couth*, in Lyndsay, *coude* and *couthe* in Chaucer, for the preterite of *can*; *begoud*, *begouth*, in Lyndsay, *begoude*,

for *belong*; *moneis*, for *admonish*; *plane*, for *complain*; *swage*, for *asswage*. And so also of nouns; as *gre*, for *degree*; *chekher*, for *exchequer*; *greeabill*, for *agreeable*; *plaint*, for *complaint*; according to the old English use.

* The *bene* of those old writers is from the A.-Saxon *bin*, sum; *beon*, esse.

† As in abhor*de*, labor*de*, restor*de*, for abhorred, laboured, restored. But, the most frequent termination of the preterite was *it*, where the modern English has *ed*; as carv*it*, turn*it*, belev*it*,

begouthe, in Chaucer, for the preterite of begin *. The same irregularity, which appears conspicuous, in the old English, of writing the present for the past, equally occurs in Lyndsay; as *yeild* for yielded, *cruciat*, for cruciated, *forfalt* for forfalted, *cum* and *come* for *came*, *become* for *became* †. Lyndsay, like R. of Glo'ster, also uses *were* for *may be*; "that "she *were* out of pain," for, that she *may be* out of pain. Lyndsay, like Chaucer, uses *do*, and *done*, as auxiliary verbs, according to the old English manner; "sall *do* appeir," for shall appear; "*has done re-*

* Take the following illustrations:

Old English.	*Lyndsay.*	*Modern English.*
clam	clam	climbed.
kest	keist	did cast.
lough	leugh	laughed.
weshe	wesche	washed.
raught	raucht	reached.
straught	straucht	stretched.
swatte	swatte	sweated.
wox	wox	waxed.
tane	tane	taken.

† So *cum*, *com*, *come*, are put for *came* by R. of Glo'ster, by Robert of Brunne, and in the old English romances. R. of Glo'ster has *smite*, for smote; *help*, for helped; *gadere*, for gadered; *gif*, for gave; and R. of Brunne has *grant*, for granted.

main," for has remained; "*has done compleit,*" for has completed; "*has done avance,*" for has advanced; "*hath done indyte,*" for has indited *.

10. Lyndsay uses the pronouns, not according to the new, but the old English speech. He writes *him* for *he*; *the* for *thee*, and *thyself*; *you* for *yourself*; *myne* for *my*; *thae*, and *thay*, for *those*; *thir* for *those*, and *these*, a peculiarity, which is supposed to be confined to Scotish writers: yet, this usage, and the other peculiarities, are all common to the old English, as they were equally derived from the Anglo-Saxon: But, the English writers of the fourteenth century wrote *tho*, in place of *thae*, for *these* and *those*, according to the change, which had taken place, in the south of England, by adopting *o*, for the Saxon *a*.

11. It is not easy to enumerate all the singularities, which Lyndsay uses, and are yet to be found in the old English writers. He has *till* and *to*, in the sense of *for*, in the same manner as R. of Glo'ster, and R. of Brunne. He says it is "as leifsome *till* ilk man "to marry," as lawful *for* each man to marry; he has *intill* for *to*, according to the old English form; and he uses "*to* their gyde," in the place of *for* their guide. He makes use of *or*, in the sense of *before*, as Chaucer had used it before him, "*or* I hyne fair,"

* So Chaucer, in his Cant. Tales, has *do wepe, do kepe, do stripen me, do me drenche.*

before I go hence. This is, no doubt, an adoption from the A.-Saxon *err*, which is the progenitor of the English *ere*. Lyndsay, like R. of Brunne, uses *with* sometimes in the sense of *by*; as "gydit *with* my "*faes*," for guided *by* my foes. The well known Scoticism of *will* for *shall*, and *shall* for *will*, are very obvious in Lyndsay's writings *.

12. But, the greatest Scoticism, in the dialect of Scotland, is said to be the singular use of the *qu*, and *quh*, which appear, frequently, in Lyndsay, as well as in the Scotish poets of his age. This has been regarded by intelligent writers, "as one of the *few peculiarities*," which distinguish the Scotish speech from the old English†. This peculiarity, Mr. Sibbald, the chronicler of the Scotish poetry, in his zeal for *Gothicism*, has endeavoured to derive from an unknown character (⊙) in the Gothic Gospels of Ulphilas, which were written in the fourth century.

* There are other peculiarities, which are more appropriate to Lyndsay, such as; "*be I*," for, *if I be*; "*be scho*," for, *if she be*; "*micht thay*," for, *if they might*; "*trowit I*," for, *if I trowit*; "*as he were chaist*," for, *as if he were chased*; "*the Lord mot*," for, *may the Lord*; "*cum pas*," for, *come and pass*: *as* is used in the sense of *than*; *of* is used in the sense of *for* and *from*; *nor* is used in the sense of *that*; *with* is used in the sense of *by*; *bot* is used in the sense of *certainly*, as, "*bot* lost," "*bot* schent," "*bot* deid;" and so of others.

† Edinburgh Review, no. v. p. 204.

This uncouth character, which has puzzled the Gothic etymologists, our chronicler conceives to be the real progenitor of the Scotish *quh*. But, in order to carry up the obscure origin of that enigmatical character still higher, he conjectures, that it may be derived from the Hebrew *ain!* From these conceits, let us, however, appeal to facts. It is certain, that the *qu*, and *quh*, were not used, in the writings of Scotland, during the twelfth, and thirteenth centuries *. In the 14th century, this innovation appears but seldom; yet, in the charters of the 15th and 16th centuries, it became common. The *quh* is obviously an artificial combination, which was introduced to represent the broad pronunciation of the *ch*, and *wh*; and

* In several names of places the *quh* have been introduced for the *ch*; a change this, which took place, after the 13th century: For, all those names were written with the *ch*, in the charters of the 12th and 13th centuries; as, Ald*ch*arn, which has been changed to Ald*quh*arn; Dal*ch*arn, to Dal*quh*arn; Bal*ch*uidder, to Bal*quh*idder; Cul*ch*oirk, to Cul*quh*ork; Inver*ch*aritie, to Inver*quh*aritie; Ur*ch*ard, to Ur*quh*ard; San*ch*ar, to San*quh*ar; and so of other such names of places. The two last are particularly striking, as they are the names of several considerable places, in different parts of Scotland. Ur*ch*ard was thus written in charters of the 13th century: The first change to Ur*quh*art is in the charters of David II., at the middle of the 14th century. Sene*ch*ar, and San*ch*aer, as they appear, in documents of the 13th century, were changed to San*quh*ar, during the 14th century.

which was derived from the native languages of our island, where we must look for its origin, and not in the Hebrew, or in the Gothic. The British *gw*, and *chw*, and the Saxon *cw*, are the nearest characters to the *qu*, and *quh*, which exactly represent the pronunciation of these several combinations *. The *gw* is an important character, in the British, and begins a very numerous class of words †. The *g* is almost constantly prefixed to the *w*; and the British substitute the combined *gw*, for the Roman *v*, or the Teutonic, and English *w* ‡ : Therefore, such words as begin with *w*, in the English, begin in the Welsh, and

* The *chw* begins a very numerous class of words, in the British speech; and such of these, as are in the English, begin with *wh*. For example:

British.	*English.*
chwap - -	whap, a stroke.
chwel - -	wheel, a turn.
chwif - -	whiff.
chwim - -	whim, an impulse.
chwip - -	whip, a quick flirt.
chwyl - -	while.
chwyn -	whin.
chwyr - -	whirr, a strong impulse.

And some of this class of words have *qu*, for *chw*, as *chwaf*, Brit., *quaff*, English. The British *chw* has exactly similar powers, and pronunciation, as the Scotish *quh*.

† Owen's Dictionary.

‡ Lhuyd's Archæologia, p. 9—25.

Cornish, with *gw* *. In the Irish speech, *f* has the place of the British *gw*; and such words as begin with *gw*, in the British, begin with *f*, in the Irish tongue †. And the Irish *f* is put, in the same manner, as the British *gw*, for the Roman *v*, and the English *w* ‡. Now, it is a remarkable fact, that while *quh* was used, for *wh*, in the southern parts of Scotland, where the British people prevailed, the

* For example, from Lhuyd's Arch. and Pryce's Arch.

British and Cornish.	*English.*
gwerth	worth.
gwylt	wild.
gwedhar	weather.
gwin	wine.
gwalstod	walsted.
gwandre	wander.
gwedhra	wither.

‡ Lhuyd's Arch. 25; and compare Owen's Welsh Dictionary with the Irish Dictionaries of O'Brien, and Shaw. For example:

British.	*Irish.*	*English.*
gwin	fin	wine.
gwyn	fin	white.
gwern	fearn	the alder-tree.
gwadh	fadh	a mole.
gwledh	fleadh	a feast.
gwair	fear	grass, hay.
gway	fua	to weave.
gwin	fin	worthy.

† Lhuyd's Arch. 9.

Irish (f) was used for *wh*, and *quh*, in the pronunciation of the northern parts, where the Irish people prevailed the most *. It is thus evident, that the *qu*, and *quh*, were derived from the British *gw*, and *chw*, which are the same, in usage, powers, and pronunciation: If we were to ransack the whole of the English alphabet, we could not form any combination of letters, that so exactly represents the British pronunciation of *gw*, and *chw*, as the *qu*, and *quh*. The Latin *q* was substituted for the British *g*, and *c*, in the same manner as it was for the Anglo-Saxon *c*. The use of the *quh*, and *qu*, began, as early in the old English speech as in the Scotish; and we may see it, in the writings of the thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, in its real British form. In the great charter of Edward I., which was issued, in the English language, about the year 1284, we may see *gwiche*, for *which*: and in an English song of that age, which

* For example: *wha*, *whan*, *whare*, *what*, *whou*, were written, in the South of Scotland, quha, quhan, quhare, quhat, quhou; and were pronounced in the North, *fa*, *fan*, *fare*, *fat*, *fow*. The learned, and intelligent Ruddiman, in his observations on Gawin Douglas, has noticed this peculiarity; and assigns, as its proper cause, the influence of the Irish people on the pronunciation of the northern parts: he also remarked, that in the south, and south-west of Scotland, where the British people were more prevalent, the inhabitants pronounced the *tw* as *qu*: for example; *qua*, *qual*, *quenty*, *bequeen*, for twa, twal or twelve, twenty, between.

Ritson has published from a Sloan MS. in the British Museum, *gwer* is used for *where*; and in the romance of Ywaine and Gawin, *quyn* is used for *whine*. Even Wiclif uses *gwyte*, and *quyte*, indiscriminately, for *quit*; he writes *ghowling*, for *howling*; and Chaucer writes *quishin*, for *cushion*, being the French *coussin*. In those varieties, we may trace the *embryo* of the practice of *qu*, and *wh*, which became common both in the English, and Scotish speech. In the writings of R. of Gloucester, R. of Brunne, Wiclif, and Chaucer, the *qu* is frequently used for the *cw* of the Saxon, and for the *c* and *cu* of the French: as, *quelle*, for the A.-Saxon *cwellan*, to kill; *queme*, for the A.-Saxon *cweman*, to please; *qualm* for the A.-Saxon *cwaelm*; *quede*, for the A.-Saxon *cwead*, bad; *querne*, for the A.-Saxon *cwearn*, a hand-mill; *quick*, for the Anglo-Saxon *cwic*, alive; *queint*, for the French *coint*, quaint; *quyer*, for the French *ecuyer*, esquire. The words beginning with *qu* considerably increased in the period, which elapsed from the time of R. of Gloucester to the age of Chaucer*. In the formation

* A few more examples may be given from Chaucer, in order to confirm the general principle:

A.-Saxon.	*Chaucer.*	*Mod. English.*
cwacce - -	quakke - -	quake.
cwen - -	queene -	queen.
cwean -	quene - -	a quean.
cwethan -	quethe - -	to say.

of the English, the *qu* were uniformly put for the Saxon *cw*; as may be evinced by abundant examples *: and in the English, *qu* are frequently put for the French *c*; as to *quoff*, for *coiffer*; *quoin*, a corner, for *coin*; *quire*, for *chœur*; and so of others. We now see, from the foregoing examination, that the use of the *qu* was not peculiar to the Scotish practice, in modern times. It was, indeed, carried to a greater extent, and uncouthness, in the Scotish speech, than in the English; but it was common to both, and began, probably, at an earlier period, in England, than in Scotland. There is a manuscript in Corpus Christi College, in Cambridge, which Warton calls "a sort "of poetical biblical history," and which was com-

* Take the following, in addition:

A.-Saxon.	*English.*
cwartern	quartern.
cwwaesan	to quash.
cwencan	to quench.
cwiccan	to quicken.
cwoetha	quoth.
cwide	quid.
cud	quid.
cwici	quitch, a grass.
coete	quoit.

From this investigation, it must be apparent, to the more judicious reader, that these notices, with regard to the Scotish, and old English use of the *qh*, must illustrate the history of a large body of English words, under the letter *q*.

posed, he thinks, about the reign of Henry II., or Richard I., that is, during the reign of William, the lion, the Scotish king, when there were not ten thousand persons, in Scotland, who spoke English *. Here are a few specimens of this *biblical history :*

" So fueles arn *quan* be it sen dagen.

* * * * * *

" Than man hem telled soche tale
" Wid londes speche and wordes smale
" Of blisses dune, of sorroues dale,
" *Quhu* Lucifer that devil dwale,
" And held him sperred in helles male.

* * * * * *

" The lauerd god to wurthinge
" *Quether* so hie rede or singe."

13. But, of the *quh,* the supposed peculiarity of the Scotish speech, enough ! We have now seen, from every mode of proof, that the English, and Scotish, languages are the same ; and that both were derived from the common source of the Anglo-Saxon: and we have also perceived, from various examples, that the obsolete words, and peculiar expressions, which are found in Lyndsay's writings, are all discoverable in the old English. As Lyndsay avowedly wrote for the vulgar, we must expect in him anoma-

* Warton's Hist. Eng. Poetry, vol. i.

lous words, and local expressions, which are not referrible to any known source, though they may be found in every dialect. In discussing the obsolete language of Lyndsay, which is only obsolete English, we find, that his antiquated terms bear but a very trifling proportion to the whole body of his accustomed words, which are proper English, with an antique orthography. In order to give a more perfect view of the full proportion of obsolete language in Lyndsay, it is proposed to analyse the three first stanzas of his *Dreme*, the first production of his muse, in which we may expect to discover, full as many obsolete terms, as in his latter labours. These three stanzas consist of seven lines each, and they contain in all 155 words, whereof 147 are common English, and the other 8 are obsolete, though they be mere old English *.

* The eight obsolete words of Lyndsay's *Dreme* are: *quhilk*, *nocht*, *youth-heid*, *hecht*, *begouth*, *feirelie*, *flang*, and *sen*. Let us examine their origin. 1. *Quhilk* is the Anglo-Saxon *hwilc*, old English *whilke*, in Chaucer, and in the modern English, *which*. 2. *Nocht* is the A.-Saxon *ne-aucht*, the old English *nought*, in Chaucer, and the modern English *not*. 3. *Youth-heid* is the A.-Saxon *geoguth-heafd*, old English *youth-hede*, in Chaucer, the modern English *youth-hood*, though now disused. 4. *Hecht* is the same as the old English *heght*, *hete*, promised, in R. of Brunne, the preterite of *hete*, to promise, from the A.-Saxon *haetan*. 5. *Begouth* is the old English preterite of *begin*, as in Chaucer. 6. *Feirelie* is the old English *ferelie*, strangely, as in Chaucer. 7. *Flang* is

Let us, in the same manner, analyse three stanzas of Lyndsay's *Monarchie*, the last of his labours. These stanzas consist of 7 lines each, and contain 146 words, of which 140 are proper English, that are merely a little antiquated. Of the other six, two are obsolete English, and four have been so altered, in their forms, as to give them an antique appearance *. Such are the antiquated expressions of Lyndsay's seven-line stanzas, where he laboured more with his measures

the old English preterite of *fling*, as we know from Skinner, and Johnson. 8. *Sen* is an abbreviation of the A.-Saxon *sithen*, the old English *sen* of R. of Brunne, the *sin* of Chaucer, the *since* of modern English. We thus perceive, that all those obsolete words are merely Saxon, and old English, in which they are as obsolete, as they are in Lyndsay's peculiar phrases.

* The two obsolete terms are *fuir furth*, and *down dang*, l. *Fuir furth* means went out; *fuir* is the old preterite of *fare*, to go, from the A.-Saxon *faran*, old English *fare*, in R. of Brunne, and Chaucer: *furth* is merely the English *forth*, as in Shakspeare. 2. *Down dang*, means beat down. *Dang* is common to the Scotish speech and the old English, as we see in Ritson's Romances. It is the preterite of *ding*, from the A.-Saxon *dengan*. It is still used in the Yorkshire dialect, as we know from Ray's Local Words. Of the other four words *quhilk* has already been discussed; the *ilk* is the A.-Saxon *elc*, the old English *ilk*, as used by R. of Brunne, and Minot, and the modern English *each*; *decorit* is the preterite of *decore*, the old English form of *decorate*; and *be* is the A.-Saxon *be*, the old English *be*, in Wiclif, and Chaucer, and in modern English *by*.

than in his plain rhyming couplet. This will appear upon analysing an equal portion of his *Monarchie*, containing 130 words, every one of which is English, and only three of them have become obsolete; *quhilk* and *nocht*, which have been already discussed, and *speirit*, which is the preterite of *speir*, old English *spire*, *speyre*, as in R. of Brunne, and *spir*, and *sper*, in Ritson's Romances, from the A.-Saxon *spyrian*, to ask. Again: let us examine the first 21 lines of Lyndsay's *Complaynt*, which is also written, in the plain rhyming couplet form of metre: These contain 112 words, which are all English, and of which three have become obsolete *: and the three other antiquated words are, *quhilk*, and *nocht*, which have already been traced up through the old English to the Saxon; and the third word is *gif*, from the A.-Saxon *gif*, the old English *gif* of R. of Brunne, which has been changed to *if*, in the modern English. From this examination of four of Lyndsay's pieces, the result is, that the 84 lines examined contain 543 words, whereof every one is English; 520 are common to the modern English; 10 have become obsolete; and 13 have been so changed, in their orthography, as to be deemed antiquated. This enumeration

* These are *dolent*, the old English *dolent*, from the French *dolent*, sorrowful; *infortune*, for misfortune, as it is in Chaucer; and 3dly *wyte*, blame, the old English *wite*, in R. of Brunne, and Chaucer, from the A.-Saxon *witan*.

must surely satisfy all candid inquirers into a curious subject, that Lyndsay's language was what he himself calls *Inglis*, and not *Scoto-Belgic*, of a different origin from the old English, and Saxon.

14. It may be worth while, on this occasion, to make a similar analysis of some portions of Chaucer's poetry. It will appear, that nearly the same proportion of his language has become obsolete. The three first seven-line stanzas of *Troilus and Creseide* contain 161 words, of which only about 8 are obsolete, and all are common to the Scotish speech *. The three first seven-line stanzas of Chaucer's *Flower and the Leaf* contain 164 words, whereof only about 6 are obsolete; and they are all common to the Scotish speech †. If from Chaucer's stanza, we turn to his plain rhyming couplet, we shall find, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, that the first 21 lines contain 125 words, of which about 9 are obsolete ‡, and the whole 125

* As, *fro*, from; *wepin*, weeps; *clepe*, to call; *wight*, a person; *fere*, a companion; *chere*, the countenance; *ne*, not; *natheless*, nevertheless. Indeed, several of the words are rather in the Saxon, than in the modern English form; as *wepin*, *prayin*, *saine* [*sayen*], *sothe*, for weep, pray, say, sooth.

† As, *fele*, many; *sote*, sweet; *ne*, not; *ne wist*, knew not; *n'as*, has not; *n'ad*, had not.

‡ As, *swevens*, dreams; *ne*, not; *lesings*, lies; *bene*, for is; *hight*, named; *halte*, holds; *whilom*, of late; *weneth*, thinketh; *jape*, a jest.

are common to the Scotish speech. The first 21 lines of the *Dreme* of Chaucer contain 135 words, of which only 7 are obsolete*; and the whole 135 are common to the Scotish speech. In these four portions, consisting of 84 lines, there are 585 words, which are all common to the Scotish; and of these, 555 are common to the modern English, and 30 have become obsolete. Upon the whole, it is apparent, from this minute examination that, of Lyndsay's words, about 1, in 24, is obsolete; and of Chaucer's 1, in 20: yet, the languages of the two poets are the same English, and are equally derived from the Anglo-Saxon, though Lyndsay's speech be somewhat less antiquated; and yet Chaucer died, in 1400, and Lyndsay, in 1557. These intimations are alone sufficient to show intelligent minds how much the English language had been improved, in the century and a half, that elapsed, from the death of Chaucer; and how little the Scoto-Saxon had been refined, or changed, in the same period.

15. It may be of use, considering the importance of the point, to examine a little the *Saxonisms* of Lyndsay, with which he abounds, though Lisle, perhaps, would not allow him to be quite so *Saxon*, as Gawin Douglas. (1.) As far as the great body of the

* As, *ne*, not; *defaut*, want; *ne*, nor; *n'ys*, is not; *lefe*, pleasing; *mased*, amazed; *wote*, know.

English language is Saxon, the great body of Lyndsay's language is Saxon. (2.) But, many pure Saxonisms, which had long been relinquished by English writers, appear in the pages of Lyndsay, in the same form, as they now appear in R. of Brunne, Wiclif, and Chaucer. (3.) The Saxon termination *en* was continued by Lyndsay in many words; as, *makin, cummin, gettin, bunden, funden, waxin, lettin, haldin, samyn, withoutin,* and others, for *make, come, got, bound, found, wax, let, hold, same, without.* Lyndsay, like Chaucer, retained, and sometimes rejected this Saxonism, as it suited his measure, and answered his rhyme*. (4.) *And,* the Saxon termination *of* the participle present, is often used by Lyndsay, in the same manner as it is by Wiclif, and Chaucer; as do-*and,* cry-*and,* sleep-*and,* se-*and,* sitt-*and.* This termination was changed to *ing,* in the improved English. (5.) The Saxon *on,* for *in,* as in R. of Gloucester, R. of Brunne, Wielif, and Chaucer, is frequently used by Lyndsay; as "*on* the new gyse," *in* the new fashion; "*on* life," *in* life; "*on* raw," *in* a row. (6.) The Saxon negative particle *un* is continued by Lyndsay, as a prefix to several words,

* So, also, Gawin Douglas: and as (g) had been sometimes corruptly added to the Saxon termination, Ruddiman seems to have mistaken it, for the participle present, which he supposes, Douglas used for the present tense of the verb. Gen. Rules, ix.

which have *im*, or *in*, according to the improved English; as *un*-possible for *im*-possible. (7.) It is remarkable, that in the poetry of Lyndsay, as well as in the writings of Chaucer, who is supposed by his editors to have Frenchified the English language; the words borrowed from the French are modelled according to the Anglo-Saxon grammar; and new terms are formed from them, by adding Saxon terminations. So adjectives are formed from French substantives, by adding the Saxon termination *liche*; as *court-like* in Lyndsay, and also in Camden, from the French *court* *. And the verbs borrowed from the French are modelled, and inflected, according to the Anglo-Saxon form; as *descriven, descrive*, from the French *descrire* †. (8.) The Saxon plural termination is continued in several words, by Lyndsay; as *eyen, ene, eeen*, for *eyes*: A.-Saxon *ey-en*; so *eyen* in Chaucer; *scho-en, schoon*, for shoes; A.-Saxon, *sco-en, shone, shoone*, in Chaucer, and Wiclif ‡. (9.) The Saxon

* So also *durliche, durlie*, in Lyndsay, from the French *dur*; and *eselich, estatelich, folilie*, in Chaucer, from the French nouns *aise, estat, folie*.

† And so in Chaucer, who has discomfort*en*, from the French *desconforter*; false*n*, from the French *falsifier*: And he forms verbs from French nouns, by adding the Saxon verbal termination *en*, as *coyen*, to quiet, from the French *coy*.

Eeen, for eyes, and *shoon*, for shoes, are still retained, in

prefixes were still continued, by Lyndsay, in several words, where they had been omitted in the improved English; as *affeir, affere,* to fear; A.-Saxon *afæran*; so *afere,* in R. of Gloucester, and *affere* in R. of Brunne; *ado, adoe,* to do; A.-Saxon *adoa*; so *ado* in Chaucer. (10.) The Saxon (f) was put for (v) by Lyndsay, in several words, which were derived from the French, and Latin; as *saif,* for *save:* the Saxon (f) doubled, in the plural, as *wiffis, liffis,* the same as in Minot, was continued by Lyndsay, long after the *ff* had been softened into *v,* as *wives, lives,* in the improved English. (11.) The Saxon words, ending with (c), which has the power of (k), are used by Lyndsay, in the old form, and pronunciation, while they had been altered in the improved English, by putting the aspirate (h), after the (c), and in some the (t) before it: as,

Ang.-Saxon.	*Chaucer.*	*Lyndsay.*	*Imp. English.*
pic	pik	pik	pitch.
thac	thacke	thak	thatch.
besecan	beseke	beseik	beseech.

And so, various others, which are continued, accord-

the dialects of England, and Scotland. Johnson supposes *eyne,* the plural of eye, to be obsolete: But, the use of *eyne,* by our greatest poets, will always retain it in poetry.

ing to the old Saxon form, in the Scoto-Saxon, and the Northumberland dialect. In the same manner, the Saxon, and British words, which begin with (c), are used by Lyndsay, in the original forms, while the improved English had changed them by making use of the aspirate (h): as, the A.-Saxon *cyrc*, old English *kirk*, Lyndsay's *kyrk* and *kirk*, English *church*; so, the British *cist*, Lyndsay's *kist*, the English *chest*; and so of others. (12.) The Saxon (c), after (s), has been retained by Lyndsay, though it had been dropt by the English writers: as,

A.-Saxon.	*Lyndsay.*	*English.*
scina	schin	shin.
sceall	schell	shell.
sco	scho	she.
sciran	scheir	shear.
scir	schir	sir.

The *sc*, and *sch*, are commonly used by R. of Gloucester, R. of Brunne, Wiclif, and Chaucer*: Tyrwhit has improperly modernized many of Chaucer's words, by leaving out the (c). (13.) A number of

* In Wiclif's N. Testament, the *sch* seems to be universal; as *schulden*, *sche*, *schulen*, *schal*, *schulde*, *scharpe*, *schrewid*, *schalle*, *schepardis*, *schoon*.

Saxon words, which had undergone a change, in the English, are written by Lyndsay, in the Saxon form, and in the spelling of the old English of the fourteenth century:

Saxon.	*Old Eng.*	*Lyndsay.*	*Mod. Eng.*
be	be	be	by.
cynn	kinn	kinn, kyn	kind, kindred.
ne	ne	ne	not, nor, neither.
ne-aught	nought *, noght †	nocht	not.
til	til	till	to.
trampe	trampe	tramp	trample.
laverce	laverock	laverock	lark.
hael	haile	hail	hale, health.
ilc	ilk	ilk	each.
leaf-ful	leful	leiful	lawful.
lende	lende	lende	loin.
lyte	lite	lite	little.
ma, mo	ma, mo	ma, mo	more.
mirce	mirk	mirk	dark.
reafan	reve	refe	rob.
serc	serk	sark	shirt.

* Chaucer. † Wiclif.

Saxon.	*Old. Eng.*	*Lyndsay.*	*Mod. Eng.*
slider	- slider	- slider	- slippery.
swa	- swa	- swa	- so.
mycel	- mickel	- mikel	- much.

(14.) A great number of Saxon words are used, in the old English, and in Lyndsay, which have been long obsolete, in the modern English. A few specimens will show distinctly how close the old English, and the Scotish of Lyndsay, kept to the Saxon originals:

A.-Saxon.	*Old Eng.*	*Lynds. Scots.*	*English.*
cyrtell	- kirtel	- kirtel	- a gown.
cyth	- kithe	- kithe	- to make appear.
laecan	- lakke	- lack	- to find fault.
laecce	- lakke	- lack	- a fault; want.
laece	- leche	- leche	- a physician.
hals	- hals	- hals	- the neck.
gaep	- jape	- jape	- a trick; a jest.
leasing	- leasing	- leasing	- a lie.
lith	- lith	- lith	- a joint.
recceleas	- reckles	- reckless	- careless.
redan	- rede	- rede	- to advise.
rewan	- rewe	- rewe	- to pity.
ryfan	- rive	- rive	- to split.
scaethan	- scathe	- scaithe	- damage.

A.-Saxon.	*Old Eng.*	*Lynds. Scots.*	*English.*
sibb	- sibbe	- sib	- related.
stour	- stowre	- stour	- battle; fight.
tholian	- thole	- thole	- to suffer.
trowan	- trow	- trow	- to believe.
witan	- wite	- wite	- to know.
witan	- wite	- wite	- to blame.
wod	- wode	- wade	- mad.

And those specimens show not similarities, but samenesses; and evince the natural descent of the old English from the Anglo-Saxon, and the Scotish speech from both. (15.) The Saxon ȝ, which is commonly used by R. of Glo'ster, R. of Brunne, and Wiclif, is also used by Lyndsay, as it was common to the Scotish speech of that age. It has been generally mistaken for z; and has been so written, and printed: it has most commonly the power of y, and sometimes that of g. In a few words, wherein the modern English has put g for it, the Scotish, and old English used y; as *gate*, English *yate*, and *yet*, Scotish; *forget*, English, *foryet*, Scotish; *yede*, Scotish, for *gede*, went. But, these changes are not peculiar to the Scotish speech; as the y was so used, in the old English; as *yate*, for gate; *yede*, for went; *yeve*, for gave; *yettin*, for gotten; *yefte*, for gift, in Chaucer, and in R. of Brunne. Such, then, are the

Saxonisms of Lyndsay! These instructive examples might be enlarged to an ample volume. But, the foregoing are sufficient to show how much Lyndsay abounds with *Saxonisms*, and how many of his obsolete words are to be found, literally, in the old English language.

§ X.

Of the VERSIFICATION of LYNDSAY.

AFTER this very full examination of Lyndsay's language, it is time to say something of his *versification*. Lyndsay began to write, in 1528, when his youthhood, as he says himself, was nearly overblown. He had before him the versifiers of his country, particularly, the two greatest poets of their age, who departed, as he was appearing on the stage; Dunbar, "wha language had at large;" and Gawin Douglas, who was as superior to other makers, "as Phebus "dois Cynthia precell." But, it was the English poets Chaucer, Gower, and Lidgate, "who bore the "bell of rethorick in our vulgar toung." In contemplating on their pre-eminence, the muse of Lynd-

say was thrown into despair. Nothing seemed to remain, within "the *garth* of eloquence," but *barrane stok and stane:* "The polite termis were pullit ever-"ilk ane." When he sat down, after much exercise of his *ingyne*, during five-and-twenty years, to write his *Monarchie*; and as he mused on the *miserabill stait of the warld*, our poet desired no support from the muses of Greece, and Rome; and reflecting on

"This murning mater, mad, and miserabill,
"I mon ga seik ane muse mair confortabill;
"And sic vane superstitioun to refuse;
"Beseikand the *greit God* to be my muse."

Yet, though Lyndsay rejects thus contemptuously the *superstition* of the Greek, and Roman poets, he mingles their appropriate mythology with his sacred truths, so frequently, and so fully, as to amount to something like profanation. His beseeching the great God, for his muse, is still more solemn, than the invocation of the Holy Ghost, by Milton, which has hardly passed, without blame. They are both equally serious, and they are both equally struck with the importance of their several objects. After trusting to such a muse, we find Lyndsay often casting an inquisitive eye on Lidgate, and Gower, and always profiting from the practice of Chaucer.

The *Dreme* of Lyndsay, which was written, during the maturity of his judgement, and which is supposed to be his most poetical effort, with other of his poems, was composed, in Chaucer's favourite stanza of seven lines, with heroick metre, and rhymes on the third, on the fourth, on the fifth, sixth, and seventh lines of every stanza. Chaucer also tried, in his *Complaint of Mars*, a more difficult stanza of nine lines, in heroick metre, with rhymes, falling on the first and second, the fourth and fifth, the sixth with the seventh, and the eighth with the ninth. He seems to have soon relinquished what was not very graceful, nor very easy. Yet, Lyndsay followed him into this mazy walk of versification, in the *Exhortation to the King*, at the end of his *Dreme*, and in other pieces of his poetry.

But, as Lyndsay wrote much, so he tried a great variety of metres. He wrote best, as he wrote with most facility, in the rhyming couplet of octave verse, like Chaucer's *Romant of the Rose*. In this flowing measure, which is peculiarly adapted for narrative, Lyndsay composed his *Complaynt*, the *Adventures* of *Squire Meldrum*, much of his *Monarchie*, and a great part of his *Satyre on the Three Estates*. He, however, varies his metres, in his larger compositions, as he seems to have found some convenience, in change. In the commodious strain of the rhyming couplet,

Lyndsay seems to have indulged the most; as his great object appears to have been to write familiar verses, for vulgar men. While he thus indulged, he seems to have carried away the palm of smooth, and easy versification, from his great precursors Dunbar, and Douglas. When he got, however, into the complication of the nine-line stanza, he felt the embarrassments of his predecessors of the art, and of some of the greatest of his successors. To close the sense with the stanza, seems to have required their greatest efforts: They were often obliged to compress too much; and sometimes indulged in too much expansion. When he finds himself embarrassed, Lyndsay easily breaks his fetters, by hobbling from one stanza to another, continuing over his sense, at the loss of gracefulness, with the gain of ease: In general, however, our poet winds up his stanzas with some ingenuity; leaving the impression of force upon the reader's mind.

As none of the great poets, either Scotish, or English, whom Lyndsay had perused, and remembered, were remarkable for their accuracy of measure; our poet seems not to have perceived the deformity of the fault, far less to have courted the beauty of correctness. He is, however, less faulty, in this respect, throughout his genuine text, than in the spurious editions of Charteris, and of Purfoote.

This fault, as it began early, among his predecessors, continued long among the Scotish poets, his successors: It was reserved for Pope to show an example of correctness, which every poet has since tried to imitate, though every poet could not possess his genius, nor obtain his success.

THE DREME.

THE *Dreme* of Lyndsay was his earliest production, that has yet appeared, as we have seen. To *dreme* dremes is one of the commonest, as it is one of the easiest of fictions. Chaucer has many dremes. Langland discloses the *Visions* of *Peirce Plowman,* in a *sweven.* Adam Davie had also sometimes his *swevens.* Gawin Douglas conducted the whole machinery of his *Palice* of *Honour,* in a *dreme:* William Dunbar, the most eminent of the Scotish poets, deals much in *Dremes:* And it was to his *Golden Terge,* that Lyndsay was obviously indebted not only for the conceit of his *Dreme,* but also for the plan, and some of the machinery. In the *Golden Terge,* Dunbar rises, "as "the stern of day began to schyne;" going out to enjoy the freshness of the morning, he lays himself down by a *roseir,* or arbour of rosebushes, where being lulled to rest, by the song of the birds, and the sound of the river, he began to be haunted by *glorious dreams.* Lyndsay too walked out at sunrising; and reposing himself on the sea shore, he falls asleep, in a cove, where, in his fantasm, he is accosted by *Dame Remembrance,* who carries him through hell to hea-

ven, and from heaven to earth, to *Paradyse*, and to Scotland. With *Dame Remembrance* he takes an ecstatic view of the whole; and his poem tells of *ane marvellous visioun*, in elegant metaphor, and flowing numbers, with the reflections, that the succession of such sights suggests to a vigorous mind. The *Dreme* of Lyndsay was composed, as we have found,

in 1528.

The EPISTILL to the KINGIS GRACE.

RICHT potent prince of hie imperiall blude,
Unto thy grace, I traist it be weill knawin,
My service done unto thy celsitude,
Quhilk neidis nocht, at lenth for to be schawin;
And thocht my youtheid, now be neir ou'r blawin [1],
Exercit, in service, of thyne excellence,
Hope hes me hecht [2] ane gudly recompence.

Quhen thou wes young, I bure the in myne arme,
Full tenderlye, till thow begouth to gang [3]:
And in thy bed, oft happit [4] the full warme,

[1] Lyndsay was then thirty-eight, or thirty-nine years old.
[2] *hecht*; promised; given me reason to expect; as in Chaucer.
[3] began to walk.
[4] *happit*; covered.

With lute in hand, syne, softlye to the sang:
Sumtyme, in dansing, feirelie[1], I flang;
And sumtyme, playand farsis[2], on the flure,
And sumtyme, on myne office takand cure:

And sumtyme, lyke ane feind[3], transfigurate,
And sumtyme, lyke the grislie gaist of Gy[4],
In divers formis, oftymes disfigurate[5],
And sumtyme, disagysit full plesandlye:
So, sen thy birth, I have continuallye,
Bene occupyit, and ay to thy plesour,
And sumtyme, Sewar[6], Coppar, and Carvour[7];

[1] *feirelie*; strangely, merrily.

[2] *farsis*; *scène boufonne, action drôle*; farces.

[3] *feind*; fiend, any infernal being: Tom is followed by the foul *fiend*.

[4] the *frightful* ghost of *Guy*; the well-known *Sir Guy* of romance.

[5] disfigur*ate*, transfigur*ate*; disfigur*ed*, transfigur*ed*: disagysit, disguis*ed*: This kind of termination, *ate*, and *it*, for *ed*, is very common among poets of Lyndsay's age.

[6] The sewer was the officer, who came in before the dinner, the attentive master of an English inn, and arranged the dishes: So, in Stephen Hawe's *Pastime of Pleasure*:

> "She warned the cook, called temperance,
> "And after that the *sewer* observance,
> "With plesaunce, the panter, and dame courtesy,
> "The gentle butler, and the ladies all."

[7] cupbearer, and carver.

Thy purs-maister, and secreit thesaurare,
Thy ischar[1], ay sen thy nativitie,
And of thy chalmer chief cubiculare[2],
Quhilk, to this hour, hes keipit me lawtie[3],
Loving be to the blessit trinitie!
That sic ane wrechit wörme hes maid so habill,
Till sic ane prince to be so agreabill.

Bot, now thow art, be influence naturall[4],
Hie of ingyne, and richt inquisityve,
Of antique storeis, and deidis martiall,
Mair plesandlye the tyme, for till ou'rdryve,
I have, at lenth, the storeis done discryve,
Of Hector, Arthur, and gentill Julius,
Of Alexander, and worthy Pompeius[5];

Of Jason, and Medea, al at lenth,
Of Hercules, the actis honorabill,
And of Sampson, the supernaturall strenth,
And of leill luffaris[6] storeis amiabill;
And oftymes, have I feinzeit mony fabill,

[1] usher.

[2] chief officer of his bedchamber: Lyndsay was his principal page; and as such, performed all those offices for the young prince.

[3] kept *myself dutiful.*

[4] The king was now sixteen.

[5] We, herein, see the stories, which were then in vogue.

[6] *leill luffaris*; true lovers.

Of Troylus, the sorrow, and the joy,
And seigis all, of Tyre, Thebes, and Troy[1].

The prophecyis of Rymour, Beid, and Marling[2],
And of mony uther plesand storye[3],
Of the reid Etin[4], and the gyir carling[5],
Confortand the, quhen that I saw the sorye;
Now, with the support of the king of glorye,
I sall the schaw ane storie of the new,
The quhilk, afore I never to the schew.

Bot, humilye, I beseik thyne excellence,
With ornate termis, thocht I can nocht expres
This sempyll mater, for lak of eloquence;
Yit, nochtwithstandyng, all my besynes,
With hart, and hand, my mynd[6] I sall addres,
As I best can, and maist compendious;
Now, I begyn, the mater hapnit thus.

[1] The *mony fables*, and *seigis* of Lyndsay were drawn from Chaucer, and Lydgate.

[2] Rymer, Bede, and Merlin; *Marling*, for the rhyme with carling: Their prophecies were long known to the populace; and are now only known to antiquaries.

[3] Storye is the reading of the Ed. 1558.

[4] The *red giant*: the *tayle* of the *red Etin* is mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*; as a popular story of a giant with three heads.

[5] Lyndsay again mentions the *gyir carling*, in his *Play*; she was a witch of hideous appearance.

[6] for *mynd*, *pen* was in the ed. 1558.

The Prolog.

Into the kalendis of Januarie[1],
Quhen fresche Phebus, be moving circulare,
From Capricorne, was enterit in Aquarie[2],
With blastis, that the branchis maid full bare,
The snaw, and sleit, perturbit all the air,
And flemit[3] Flora, from every bank, and bus,
Throuch support of the austeir Eolus[4]:

Efter that, I the lang wynteris nicht,
Had lyen walkyng[5], in my bed allone,
Throuch hevy thocht, that na way sleip I micht,
Remembryng of divers thingis gone:
Sa, up I rais[6], and cleithit me anone;
Be this, fair Titan[7], with his lemis[8] licht,
Over all the land had spred his baner bricht.

[1] The kalends, or calends, was the name given by the Romans to the first day of each month: The calends of January were particularly regarded, as the first day of the new year, when there were great rejoicings.

[2] *Aquarius*, the eleventh sign in the zodiac.

[3] *flemit*; banished: so in Chaucer.

[4] The snow, and sleet, banished Flora, through the help of Eolus.

[5] had lain awake. [6] So, up I rose. [7] The sun.

[8] *leme* is a gleam; *lemis*, blazes: so Chaucer, "of fire with rede *lemes*."

With cloke, and hude, I dressit me belyve [1],
With dowbill schone, and mittanis on my handis,
Howbeit the air wes richt penetratyve,
Yit, fure I furth, lansing overthort the landis [2],
Towart the sey, to schort [3] me on the sandis,
Because, unblomit was baith bank, and bray [4]:
And sa, as I was passyng be the way,

I met dame Flora, in dule [5] weid disagysit,
Quhilk, into May, was dulce, and delectabill,
With stalwart [6] stormis, hir sweitnes wes supprysit;
Hir hevinly hewis war turnit into sabill,
Quhilkis umquhyle war to luffaris amiabill [7];
Fled from the frost, the tender flouris, I saw,
Under dame Naturis mantill lurkyng law [8].

The small fowlis, in flokkis, saw I fle,
To Nature makand greit lamentatioun,
Thay lychit doun, besyde me, on ane tre,

[1] *belyve*; presently: and it is so used by Spenser.

[2] Yet, *went* I out; darting across the lands; *fure* is the pret. of *fare*, to go; *lansing* is darting, skipping: so in Gawin Douglas, "*lansand* lichtly over the landis."

[3] to *schort me*; to amuse myself.

[4] *bray*, or *brae*, is well known, in Scotland, for an acclivity, though it is not so well known, that it is, merely, the Cambro-British, Cornish, and Gaelic, *bre*.

[5] *dule*; sad.

[6] The ed. 1597 has, absurdly, substituted *sturdy*, for *stalwart*, which here means *violent*; and *supprysit* signifies *suppressed*.

[7] which late were to lovers amiable. *Umquhyle* is *sumtyme* in the ed. 1597.

[8] *law*; low.

Of thair complaint, I had compassioun,
And, with ane pieteous exclamatioun,
Thay said, Blissit be somer, with his flouris,
And waryit[1] be thow winter, with thy schouris.

Allace! Aurora, the sillie lark can cry[2],
Quhare hes thow left thy balmy liquour sweit,
That us rejosit, we mounting in the sky?
Thy silver droppis ar turnit into sleit:
O fair Phebus! quhare is thy hailsum heit[3]?
Quhy tholis[4] thow thy hevinly plesand face,
With mistye vapouris, to be obscurit, allace!

Quhare art thow May, with June, thy sister schene[5],
Weill bordourit with dasyis of delyte?
And gentill Julie, with thy mantill grene,
Enamilit with rosis, reid, and whyte?
Now auld, and cauld, Januar, in dispyte,
Reiffis[6] from us, all pastyme, and plesure:
Allace! quhat gentill hart may this indure?

Oversylit[7] ar, with cloudis odious,
The goldin skyis of the orient;
Changyng, in sorrow, our sang melodious,

[1] *waryit*; cursed: So, *warie*, in Chaucer.

[2] *can cry*; began to cry: So *can*, a corruption of *gan*, for began, is used by Chaucer, and Spenser.

[3] wholesome heat. [4] suffers.

[5] *schene*; shining, bright, so in Chaucer, and *sheen*, in Shakspeare: This very old word Lyndsay delights to repeat.

[6] robs us. [7] obscured; covered over.

Quhilk we had wont to sing, with gude intent;
Resoundand to the hevinnis firmament:
Bot, now our day is changit into nicht,
With that thay rais, and flew furth of my sicht.

Pensyve in hart, passyng full soberlye,
Unto the sey, fordwart I fure anone[1].
The sey was furth[2], the sand was smoith, and drye,
Than, up and down, I musit myne[3] alone,
Till that I spyit ane lytill cave of stone,
Hich in ane craig, upwart I did approche,
But tarying[4], and clam[5] up in the roche:

And purposit, for passing of the tyme,
Me to defend, from ociositie[6],
With pen, and paper, to register in ryme,
Sum mery mater of antiquitie:
Bot idilnes, ground of iniquitie,
Scho maid so dull my spreitis, me within,
That I wist nocht[7] at quhat end to begin:

Bot, sat still, in that cove, quhare I micht se,
The welteryng of the wallis[8], up and doun;

[1] Forward I went immediately.
[2] The sea was *out;* it was low water.
[3] *myne*, and *me*, are often used, by our poet, for *myself.*
[4] Without delay.
[5] *clam*, climbed: So *clam*, in Robert of Glo'ster.
[6] idleness. [7] *wist nocht;* knew not.
[8] *wallis;* waves; *waivis*, in the edit. 1597; so *wawes*, for waves, in Chaucer.

And this fals warldis instabilitie
Unto that sey makand comparisoun,
And of this warldis wrechit variatioun,
To thame, that fixis on it thair [1] intent,
Considering quha maist had, suld maist repent:

So, with my hude, my heid I happit warme,
And in my cloke, I fauldit baith my feit;
I thocht my corps, with cauld, suld tak na harme [2],
My mittanis [3] held my handis weill in heit;
The skowland craig [4], me coverit from the sleit:
Thare, still I sat, my banis, for to rest,
Till Morpheus, with sleip, my spreit opprest:

So, throw the bousteous blastis of Eolus,
And throw my walkyng [5] on the nicht before,
And throw the seyis moving marvellous,
Be Neptunus, with mony rout, and rore [6],
Constrainit I was, to sleip withouttin more:
And quhat, I dremit, in conclusioun,
I sall you tell ane marvellous visioun.

[1] *fixis on it thair* is the old reading; the ed. 1568, 1574, 1592, and 1597, have substituted "fixes *all* thair *haill*."

[2] *suld nocht tak harm* is the old reading.

[3] *mittanis*, as before: *mittaine*, in Chaucer; worsted gloves; *mittens*, thick, winter gloves, in Coles.

[4] overhanging rock. [5] waking.

[6] *rout* and *rore*; bellow and roar: *rout* means a bellow, or roar: rout and rore is a conjunction of synonymous terms, which is common, in the old poets.

THE DREME,

OR

MARVELLOUS VISIOUN.

ME thocht, ane lady of portratour perfyte
Did salus[1] me, with benyng[2] contenance;
And I, quhilk of hir presens had delyte,
Till hir agane maid humill reverence,
And hir demandit, saving hir plesance[3],
Quhat was hir name? scho answerit, courteslye,
Dame Remembrance, scho said, callit am I;

Quhilk cummin is[4], for pastyme, and plesour,
Of the, and for to beir the companye;
Because, I se thy spreit, without mesour,
So soir perturbit, be melancholye;
Causing thy corps, to waxin cauld, and dry:
Tharefore get up, and gang anone with me;
So, war we baith, in twinklyng of ane ee,

[1] *salus*; salute.
[2] benign.
[3] *saving hir plesance*; meaning no offence.
[4] *quhilk cummin is*; which is come.

Doun throw the erth, in middis of the center,
Or ever I wist, into the lawest hell[1];
And to that cairfull[2] cove, quhen we did enter,
Yowting, and yowling[3], we hard, with mony yell,
In flamme of fyre, richt furious, and fell,
Was cryand mony cairfull creature,
Blasphemand God, and wariand[4] nature:

Thare, sawe we divers paipis, and empriouris,
Without recover, mony cairfull kingis;
Thare, sawe we mony wrangous conquerouris,
Withouttin richt, reiffaris of utheris ringis[5];
The men of kirk lay bundin into bingis[6];
Thare, saw we mony cairfull cardinall,
And archebischopis, in thair pontificall;

[1] *lawest hell:* So in the Monarchies Lyndsay says "hell [is] in mid center of the elementis:" The notion, that hell was placed in the centre of the earth, was part of the old mundane system: So, in a fragment, cited by Hearne, in his Glossary to R. of Glo'ster,

"Right so is hell pitt, as clerkes telles,
"Amyde the erthe, and no where elles."

[2] *cairfull*, which Lyndsay delights to repeat, means full of care, or woe.

[3] roaring, and lamenting: Lyndsay often repeats the same uncouth, but forcible expressions.

[4] *wariand;* cursing.

[5] *reiffaris* of utheris *ringis; spoilers* of others *governments.*

[6] bound in heaps

Proude, and perverst prelatis, out of nummer,
Pryouris, Abbattis, and fals, flatterand freiris;
To specifie thame all, it wer ane cummer[1];
Regulare channonis, churle[2] monkis, and chartereiris,
Curious clerkis, and preistis seculeiris;
Thare was sum part of ilk religioun,
In haly kirk, quhilk did abusioun.

Than I demandit dame Remembrance,
The cause of thir prelatis punitioun.
Scho said the cause of thair unhappy chance,
Was covetyce, lust, and ambitioun,
The quhilk now garris thame[3] want fruitioun
Of God, and heir eternallye mon dwell,
Into this painfull poysonit pit of hell:

Als, thay did nocht instruct the ignorent,
Provocand thame to penitence, be preiching:
Bot, servit warldlye princis insolent,
And war promovit, be thair fenzeit fleiching[4],
Nocht for thair science, wisdome, nor teiching:
Be symonie, was thair promotioun,
Mair for deneiris[5], nor for devotioun:

[1] trouble. [2] churlish.

[3] *garris thame;* makes them; as in Spenser: "What *garrs* thee greet?"

[4] feigned flattering.

[5] *deneiris;* money: So afterwards, Lyndsay has "*telling* their *deneiris*," *counting* their *money*.

Ane uther cause of the punitioun
Of thir unhappy prelatis, imprudent,
Thay maid nocht equall distributioun,
Of haly kirkis patrimonie, and rent[1],
Bot temporallie, thay haif it all mispent;
Quhilkis sulde have bene tripartit into thre,
First to uphauld the kirk, in honestie;

The secund part, to sustene thair estaitis,
The thrid part, to be given to the puris;
Bot, thay disponit[2] that geir all uther gaitis[3],
On cartis, and dyce, on harlotrie, and huris,
Thir catyvis tuke na compt of thair awin curis[4];
Thair kyrkis revin[5], thair ladyis clenely cled,
And richelie rewlit, baith at burd, and bed[6]:

Thair bastard bairnis, proudely thay provydit,
The kirk geir largelye, thay did on thame spend,
In thair defaltis, thair subditis[7] wer misgydit,
And comptit nocht[8] thair God, for till offend,
Quhilk gart thame want grace, at thair latter end;
Rewland that rout[9], I saw in caipis of bras,
Symon Magus, and bischop Caiphas;

[1] estate. [2] disposed. [3] other ways.
[4] paid no attention to their own cures. [5] ruinous.
[6] board and bed. [7] subjects. [8] cared not.
[9] rabble; a multitude, as in Spenser:—
"A *rout* of people, there assembled were,
"Of evry sort, and nation under sky."

Bischop Annas, and the tratour Judas,
Machomeit, that propheit poysonabill,
Chore, Dathan, and Abiron, thare was;
Heretykis, we saw innumerabill:
It was ane sicht, richt wounder lamentabill,
How that thay lay into thae flammis fleiting[1],
With cairfull cryis, girning, and greiting[2]:

Religious men war puneistit panefullye,
For vane glore, als for inobedience;
Brekand thair constitutionis wilfullye,
Nocht havand thair overmen, in reverence,
To knaw thair rewll, thay maid na diligence,
Unlelfsumlye[3], thay usit propertie,
Passing the boundis of wilfull povertie.

Full soir weipyng, with vocis lamentabill,
Thay cryit loud, O empriour Constantine!
We may wyte[4] thy possessioun poysonabill,
Of all our greit punitioun, and pyne:
Howbeit thy purpose was till ane gude fyne,
Thow baneist from us, trew devotioun,
Havand sic ee[5] till our promotioun.

[1] *flammis fleiting*; flames floating.

[2] *girning*, and *greiting*; gnashing of teeth, and weeping: as in Mat. viii. "There shal be wepyng, and gnashyng of tethe."

[3] *unleifsumlye*; unlawfully. [4] blame.

[5] Having such an eye.

Than, we beheld ane den ful dolorous,
Quhare that princis, and lordis temporall,
War cruciate[1] with panis rigorous;
Bot, to expreme[2] thair panis, in speciall,
It dois exceid all my memoriall;
Importabill[3] pane thay had, but confortyng,
Thair blude royall made thame na supportyng:

Sum catyve kingis, for cruell oppressioun,
And uther sum, for thair wrangous conquest,
War condampnit, thay, and their successioun,
Sum for publict adulterye, and incest;
Sum leit thair pepill never leif in rest,
Delyting so, in plesour sensuall;
Quharefore, thair pane was thare perpetuall.

Thare was the cursit empriour Nero,
Of everilk vice, the horribill veschell[4];
Thare was Pharao, with divers princis mo,
Oppressouris of the bairnis[5] of Israell;
Herode, and mony mo, than I can tell,

[1] were excruciated.

[2] to express.

[3] *Importabill pane*; insupportable pain: Lyndsay has *importable passions*: Spenser uses *importible* in the same sense.

[4] *veschell*; vassal, slave.

[5] children of Israel.

Ponce Pylate was thare, hangit be the hals [1],
With unjust jugis, for thair sentence fals.

Dukis, marquèssis, erlis, barronis, knichtis,
With thare [2] princis war puneist panefullie;
Participant thay war of thair unrichtis:
Fordwart wé went, and leit thir lordis ly,
And saw quhare ladyis lamentabilly,
Lyke wod [3] lyonis, war cairfully cryand,
In flamme of fyre, richt furiouslye fryand:

Empryces, quenis, and ladyis of honouris,
Mony duches, and countes, full of cair:
Thay persit myne hart, thae tender creaturis,
So pynit, in that pit, full of dispair,
Plungit in pane, with mony reuthfull rair [4]:
Sum for thair pryde, sum for adulterye,
Sum for thair tyisting [5] men to lecherye:

Sum had bene cruell, and malicious,
Sum for makyng of wrangous heritouris [6];
For till rehers their lyffis vicious,

[1] hanged by the *neck*: so, Chaucer, "be I honged by the *halse*." [2] The ed. 1558 omitted *thare*.
[3] mad lions: so, *wode*, mad, in Chaucer.
[4] *reuthfull rair*; rueful roar. [5] *tyisting*; enticing.
[6] wrongful, or adulterous heirs.

It war bot tarye[1] to the auditouris,
Of lecherie thay war the verray luris[2];
With thair provocative impudicitie,
Brocht mony ane man to infelicitie:

Sum wemen, for thair pusillanimitie,
Overset with schame, thay did thame never schryve[3],
Of secreit synnis, done in quietie[4],
And sum repentit never in thair lyve:
Quharefor, but reuth, thae ruffeis did thame ryve[5],
Rigorouslie, without compassioun;
Greit was thair dule, and lamentatioun.

That we war maid, thay cryit oft, allace!
Thus tormentit with panis intollerabill,
We mendit nocht, quhen we had tyme, and space,
Bot tuke, in erth, our lustis delectabill:
Quharefor, with feindis, ugly, and horribill,
We ar condampnit, for ever mair, allace!
Eternallye, withouttin hope of grace.

[1] tiresome. [2] very lures.

[3] confess: so, *shrive*, in Chaucer, and Shakspeare.

[4] *quietie;* put for quietness, to suit the rhyme.

[5] Quharefor, *without pity*, those *ruffians*, or rather *fiends*, did them *tear:* For pity, *ruthe* is used, by Chaucer; and *ruth*, by Milton.

Quhare is the meit, and drink, delicious,
With quhilk, we fed our cairful carionis [1] ?
Gold, silver, silk, with perlis precious,
Our rychis, rentis, and our possessionis ?
Withouttin hope of our remissionis,
Allace ! our panis ar insufferabill,
And our tormentis, to compt, innumerabill.

Than we beheld, quhare mony ane thousand
Commoun pepill lay, flichterand [2] in the fyre,
Of everilk stait, was ane bailfull [3] band,
Thare micht be sene, mony sorrowfull syre [4],
Sum for invy sufferit, and sum for ire,
And sum for lak of restitutioun,
Of wrangous geir, without remissioun.

Mansworne marchandis, for thair wrangous winnyng,
Hurdaris [5] of gold, and commoun ockeraris [6],

[1] carcases.

[2] fluttering: so, *flicker*, to flutter, in Chaucer, and Shakspeare: In *Lear*, we have—" On *flickering* Phœbus front." The editors display a profusion of black-letter learning on the word *flickering*, which seems to have been common, in the old English poets, in Lyndsay's sense.

[3] sorrowful. So *baleful*, in Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare: " Thou *baleful* messenger, out of my sight !"

[4] sir. [5] hoarders. [6] usurers.

Fals men of law, in cautelis [1] richt cunnyng,
Theiffis, revaris, and publict oppressaris:
Sum part thare was of unleill lauboraris [2],
Craftismen, thare saw we, out of nummer;
Of ilk state, to declare, it war ane cummer.

And als langsum to me, for tyll indyte,
Of this presoun, the painis in speciall;
The heit, the cauld, the dolour, and dispyte,
Quharefor I speik of thame in generall:
That dully [3] den, that furneis infernall,
Quhais reward is rew, without remeid,
Ever deand [4], and never to be deid.

Hunger and thrist, in steid of meit and drink,
And for thair cleithing, taidis [5], and scorpionis.
That mirk mansioun is tapessit with stink [6]:
Thay se na thing, bot horribill visionis:
Thay heir bot scorne, and derisionis,

[1] quirks: So, *cautele*, in Chaucer, and in Maundeville, "He was fulle of *cauteles*, and of sotylle disceytes." The word is used, in the English law.

[2] dishonest labourers.

[3] doleful den.

[4] ever dying.

[5] toads.

[6] That *dark* mansion is *hung*, or full of stink, as with smoke: Chaucer uses *tapite*, to hang with tapestry.

Of foule feindis, and blasphemationis,
Thair feilling is importabill [1] passionis.

For melodye, miserabill murnyng,
Thare is na solace, bot dolour infinyte,
In bailfull beddis, bitterlye burnyng,
With sobbing, siching, sorrow, and with syte [2],
Thair conscience, thair hartis sa did byte,
To heir thame flyte, it was ane cace of cair,
So, in dispyte, plungit into dispair.

A lytill above that dolorous dungeoun,
We enterit, in ane cuntrie, full of cair,
Quhare that we saw mony ane legioun,
Greitand, and gowland, with mony ruthfull rair [3].
Quhat place is this, quod I, of blis sa bair?
Scho answerit, and said, Purgatorie,
Quhilk purgis saulis, or thay cum to glorie:

I se na plesour heir, bot mekill pane;
Quharefore, said I, leif we this sort in thrall,
I purpose never to cum heir agane:

[1] insupportable: so, in Chaucer; "Til that his peines were *importable*;" and Spenser uses the word, in the same sense.

[2] grief.

[3] *Crying*, and *howling*, with many *rueful* roar.

Bot, yit I do beleve, and ever sall,
That the trew kyrk can na way erre at all,
Sic thing to be, greit clerkis dois conclude,
Howbeit my hope, standis maist in Christis blude.

Abufe that, in the thrid presoun, anone,
We enterit in ane place of perditioun,
Quhare mony babbis [1] war makand drery mone;
Because thay wantit the fruitioun
Of God, quilk was ane greit punitioun,
Of baptisme, thay wantit the ensenze [2]:
Upwart we went, and left that mirthles menze [3].

Intill ane volt, abone that place of pane,
Unto the quhilk, but sudgeorne [4], we ascendit,
That was the lymbe, in the quhilk did remane,
Our forefatheris, because Adam offendit,
Eitand the frute, the quhilk was defendit,
Mony ane yeir thay dwelt, in that dungeoun,
In mirknes, and in desolatioun.

[1] babes.

[2] The sign: G. Douglas has *ensenzie*, in this sense.

[3] group, company; so *meinye* in Chaucer; "Or with hir *meinye* putten hem to flight." And, in Shakspeare, "they summon'd up their *meiny*; straight took horse."

[4] without sojourn.

Than throuch the erth, of nature cauld, and drye,
Glaid to eschaip those places perrilous,
We haistit us, richt wounder spedilye;
Yit, we beheld the secretis marvellous,
The mynis of gold, and stanis precious,
Of sylver, and of everilk fyne mettell,
Quhilk till declare, it war ou'r lang to dwell.

Up throuch the water, schortlye, we intendit,
Quhilk environnis the erth, withouttin dout:
Syne, throw the air, schortlye we ascendit
His regionis throuch, behalding in, and out,
Quhilk erth, and water, closis round about:
Syne, schortly upwart, throw the fyre we went,
Quhilk wes the hiest, and hotest element.

Quhen we had all thir elements overpast;
That is to say, erth, water, air, and fyre,
Upwart we went, withouttin ony rest,
To se the hevinnis, was our maist desyre:
Bot, or we micht win to the hevin empyre[1],
We behuffit[2] to pas the way full evin,
Up throuch the spheiris of the planetis sevin.

[1] But, before we could get to the heavenly empire.

[2] *We behuffit*, in the ed. 1558: *It behuffit us*, in the subsequent editions: In the ed. 1592, it is *It behovit us*.

First to the moone, and vesyit all hir spheir,
Quene of the sey, and bewtie of the nicht,
Of nature wak, and cauld[1], and na thing cleir,
For of her self, scho hes none uther licht,
Bot the reflex of Phebus bemis bricht[2]:
The twelf signis, scho passis round about,
In aucht and twentie dayis, withouttin dout.

Than, we ascendit to Mercurious,
Quhilk poetis callis God of Eloquence,
Richt doctourlyke, with termes delicious,
In art expert, and full of sapience:
It was plesour to pans[3] on his prudence,
Payntouris, poeitis, ar subject to his cure,
And hote, and dry, he is of his nature:

And als, as cunnyng astrologis[4] sayis,
He dois compleit his cours naturallye,
In thre hundreth and aucht and thretty dayis.
Syne, upwart we ascendit haistelye,
To fair Venus, quhare scho richt lustelye,

[1] wet and cold.

[2] Lyndsay is fond of this expression, *the reflex* of *Phebus* bemis bricht: so Dunbar; The *reflex* of Phœbus visage bright.

[3] *to pans*; to think.

[4] *astrologis*; astrologers; Chaucer has *astrologius*.

Wes set intill ane chare, of sylver schene [1],
That fresche goddes, that lustie luffis quene:

Thay persit myne hart, hir blenkis amorous [2],
Howbeit, that sumtyme scho is changeabill,
With countenance, and cheir [3] full dolorous,
Quhylomis [4] richt plesand, glaid, and delectabill,
Sumtyme constant, and sumtyme variabill:
Yit, hir bewtie, resplendent, as the fyre,
Swagis [5] the wrath of Mars, the god of ire.

This plesand planeit, gif I can richt descrive,
Scho is baith hote, and waik [6], of hir nature,
That is the cause, scho is provocative,
Till all thame, that ar subjectit to hir cure,
To Venus werkis, till that thay may indure;

[1] This is the reading of the ed. 1558; the subsequent editions have varied the expression, in different ways.

[2] *blenkis amorous*; glances amorous: So, "*blenkis amorous*," in Henryson's Test. of Creseide; and *blenk*, in R. of Brunne.

[3] *cheir*; aspect, countenance: So, *cheer* is used by R. of Gloucester, Wiclif, Lydgate, and Chaucer: "Upon her *cheere* he would him oft avise:" So in Spenser, and in Shakspeare; "All fancy sick she is, and pale of *cheer*." Lyndsay has, a few stanzas after, "*hevy cheir*."

[4] whiles, sometimes: *whilome* is used, in this sense, by Chaucer, and Spenser; and *whilom*, by Milton.

[5] appeases, assuages: So, *swage*, in Chaucer, and Milton.

[6] hot, and moist.

As scho completis hir coursis naturail,
In twelf monethis, withouttin ony fail.

Than past we to the spheir of Phebus bricht,
That lustye lamp, and lanterne, of the hevin,
And glaider[1] of the sterris, with his licht:
And principall of all the planetis sevin,
And set in middis of thame all full evin,
As roy royall, rolling in his spheir,
Full plesandlye into his goldin chair:

Quhais influence, and vertew excellent,
Gevis the lyfe till everilk erthlie thing;
That prince of everilk planeit, precellent,
Dois foster flouris, and garris herbis spring,
Throuch the cauld erth, and causis birdis sing;
And als, his regular moving, in the hevin,
Is just under the zodiack full evin:

For to discryve his diademe royall,
Bordourit with precious stanis schyning bricht[2],
His goldin cart, or throne imperiall,

[1] *glaider*; gladder, comforter: Chaucer, and Dryden, have *glader*, in the same sense.

[2] "*Bordourit with precious stanis*" is the reading of the ed. 1558; the subsequent ed. have "*Bordourit about with stonis.*"

The foure steidis, that drawith it full richt,
I leif[1] to poeitis, because I have na slicht[2];
Bot, of his nature, he is hote, and drye,
Compleitand, in ane yeir, his cours trewlye.

Than, up to Mars, in hy we haistit us,
Wounder hote, and dryer than the tounder[3],
His face flammand, as fyre richt furious,
His bost, and brag, mair awfull, than the thunder,
Maid all the hevin, maist lyke to schaik in sunder;
Quha wald behald his countenance, and feir[4],
Micht call him weill the god of men of weir:

With colour reid, and luke malicious,
Richt colerik of his complexioun,
Austeir, angrie, sweir, and seditious,
Principall cause of the destructioun
Of mony gude, and nobill regioun:
War nocht Venus, his ire dois mitigate,
This warld of peace wald be full desolate:

This god of greif, withouttin sudgeorning,
In yeiris twa, his cours he doith compleit.
Than past we up, quhare Jupiter the king,

[1] I leave.
[2] skill: Chaucer uses *sleight*, for contrivance, skill.
[3] *the tounder*; t'other; the other; a perversion for the rhyme.
[4] *feir*; appearance, aspect.

Sat in his spheir, richt amiabill, and sweit,
Complexionate with waknes, and with heit,
That plesand prince, fair, dulce, and delicate,
Provokis peace, and banissis debait.

The auld poetis, be superstitioun,
Held Jupiter the father principall,
Of all thair goddis, in conclusioun,
For his prerogatyvis, in speciall,
Als, be his vertew, into generall,
To auld Saturne, he makis resistance,
Quhen, in his malice, he wald wirk vengeance.

This Jupiter, withouttin sudgeorning,
Passis throw all the twelf planetis full evin,
In yeiris twelf; and than, but tarying,
We past unto the hyest of the sevin,
Till Saturnus, quhilk troublis all the hevin,
With hevy cheir[1], and colour paill, as leid[2];
In him, we saw bot dolour to the deid:

And cauld, and dry, he is of his nature,
Foule, lyke ane oule, of evil conditioun,

[1] *hevý cheir*; heavy countenance: So, *chere*, in Chaucer, means countenance, aspect.

[2] colour pale as lead: So, Henryson, in describing Saturn, says, "His lere (complexion) was like the lede." Test. of Creseide.

Richt unplesand, he is of portrature,
His intoxicate dispositioun,
It puttis all thing to perditioun,
Ground of seiknes, and melancholious[1],
Perverst, and pure, baith fals, and invyous:

His qualitie, I can nocht love, but lack[2];
As for his moving, naturallie, but weir[3],
About the signis of the zodiack,
He dois compleit his cours, in thretty yeir,
And so we left him, in his frosty spheir.
Upwart we did ascend, incontinent,
But rest[4], till we come to the firmament;

The quhilk was fixit full of sterris bricht,
Of figour round, richt plesand, and perfyte,
Quhais influence, and richt excellent licht,
And quhais nummer may nocht be put in wryte;
Yit, cunning clerkis dois naturally indyte,
How that he dois compleit his cours, but weir,
In space of sevin and thretye thousand yeir.

[1] *melancholious*; melancholy, for the rhyme.

[2] *but lack*; but blame: To *lakke*, in Chaucer, to find fault, to blame; *lakke*, fault.

[3] without doubt: So, *were*, in Chaucer.

without rest, stop.

Than the nynt spheir, and movare principall,
Of all the laif[1], we vesyit[2] all that hevin,
Quhais daylie motioun is continuall,
Baith firmament, and all the planetis sevin,
From eist to west, garris thame turne[3] full evin,
Into the space of foure and twenty houris[4]:
Yit, be the myndis of the astronomouris,

The sevin planetis, into thair proper spheiris,
From west to eist, thay move naturallye:
Sum swift, sum slaw, as to thair kind effeiris[5],
As I have schawin, affore, speciallye,
Quhais motioun causis continuallye,
Richt melodious harmonie, and sound,
And all throw movyng of those planetis round.

[1] *laif*; rest, remainder.

[2] *vesyit*; viewed, examined.

[3] The ed. 1568, and 1574, have omitted *turne*, which is in the ed. 1558; and the ed. 1592, and 1597, have put *ga*, which but ill supplies the place of *turne*.

[4] The ed. 1558 has four and twenty *houris*; the ed. 1568, 1574, and 1597, have substituted *yeiris* for *houris*, and have altered the correspondent word, for the rhyme.

[5] *effeiris*; belongs, is proper: So, *affeirs*, in Barber's Bruce. *Effeirs* is still used, as a law term.

Than mountit we, with richt fervent desyre,
Up throw the hevin callit crystalline [1],
And so, we enterit in the [2] hevin empyre,
Quhilk to descryve, it passes myne ingyne [3],
Quhar God intill his haly throne devyne,
Regnis intill his glore inestimabill,
With angellis cleir, quhilkis ar innumerabill.

In ordouris nyne, thir spreitis glorious,
Ar devydit, the quhilkis, excellentlye,
Makis lovyng, with sound melodious,
Singand sanctus, richt wounder ferventlye.
Thir ordouris nyne, thay ar full plesandlye
Devydit into hierarchies thre,
And thre ordouris, in everilk hierarchie:

The lawest ordour is of angellis bricht,
As messingeris send to this lawe [4] regioun;
The secund ordour, archangellis full of micht,

[1] Most of this philosophy was borrowed from the Nuremburgh Chronicle, a celebrated book, when Lyndsay wrote: It was printed, in 1493. See Warton's Poetry, ii. 300. "The "sterry hevin and christalline," is an expression repeatedly mentioned by Lyndsay, in the Monarchies.

[2] "*in the hevin*," is the reading of the ed. 1558; the ed. 1574, and 1597, have put "*into hevin*."

[3] my ability, genius. [4] *lawe*; low.

Virtues, potestatis, principatis of renoun;
The sext is callit dominatioun;
The sevint thronus; the auchtin [1] cherubin;
The nynt, and hyest, callit seraphin.

And nixt unto the blissit trinitie,
In his tryumphand throne imperiall,
Thre, intill ane, and ane substance in thre,
Quhais indivisabill essence eternall,
The rude ingyne of mankynd is to small
Till comprehend, quhais power infinyte,
And devyne nature, na creature can wryte:

So, myne ingyne is nocht sufficient,
For to treit of his hich divinitie;
All mortall men ar insufficient,
Till considder thae thre, in unitie;
Sic subtell mater, I mon, on neid, lat be [2],
To studie on my creid, it war full fair,
And lat doctouris sic hie matteris declair.

[1] The ed. 1597 has put *aught hecht*, for *aughtin*, in the old ed.; the ed. 1592 has *aucht in cherubin*, as published by Mr. Sibbald, who did not advert, that *auchtin* is the Saxon form of the English eighth; as in R. of Brunne, *auhten*, and *auhtend*, for eighth.

[2] *I mon, on need, lat be;* I must, of necessity, let it alone; So *mon*, for *must*, in Chaucer.

Than, we beheld the blissit humanitie,
Of Christ, sittand intill his sege royall [1],
At the richt hand of the divinitie,
With ane excelland court celestiall,
Quhose exercitioun [2] continuall,
Was in loving thair prince, with reverence,
And, on this wyse, thay keipit ordinance.

Nixt to the throne, we saw the quene of quenis,
Weill companyit [3] with ladyis of delyte;
Sweit was the sang of those blyssit virginis,
Na mortall man thair solace may indyte,
The angellis bricht, in nummer infinyte,
Everilk ordour, in thair awin degre,
War officiaris unto the deitie.

Patriarkis, and prophetis, honorabill,
Collaterall counsalouris in his consistorie,
Evangelistis, apostolis venerabill,
War capitanis unto the king of glorie,
Quhilk, chiftane lyke, had won the victorie,

[1] seat, or throne royal: So, *sege*, and *siege*, in old English: Spenser has "lofty *siege*;" and "stately *siege*."

[2] The ed. 1597 has put *execution* for *exercitioun*, exercise, employment.

[3] accompanied: So Shakspeare uses *company*, for accompany.

Of that tryumphant court celestiall,
Sanct Peter was lieutenant generall.

The martyris war, as nobill stalwart knichtis,
Discomfitouris of cruell battellis thre,
The flesche, the warld, the feind, and all his michtis,
Confessouris, doctouris in divinitie,
As chapell clerkis unto his deitie;
And last, we sawe infinyte multitude,
Makand service unto his celsitude;

Quhilkis[1], be the hie divyne permissioun,
Felicitie thay had invariabill,
And of his godheid cleir cognitioun,
And compleit peace, thay had, interminabill;
Thair glore, and honour, was inseparabill;
That plesand place, repleit of pulchritude,
Unmesurabill, it was, of magnitude.

Thare is plentie of all plesouris perfyte,
Evident brychtnes, but obscuritie;
Withouttin dolour, dulcore[2], and delyte,
Withouttin rancour, perfyte charitie,
Withouttin hunger, satiabilitie:
Q! happy ar those saulis predestinate!
Quhen saule, and body, sal be glorificate.

[1] *Quhilkis, whilk*; which, who: So, *whilke*, in Chaucer.
[2] sweetness.

Thir marvellous mirthis, for to declare,
Be arithmetike, thay ar innumerabill,
The portratour of that palice preclare,
By geometrie, it is immesurabill,
By rethorik als inpronunciable:
Thare is nane eiris may here, nor ene[1] may se,
Nor hart may think, thair greit felicite[2].

Quhareto sulde I presume, for till indyte,
The quhilk Sanct Paule, that doctour sapient,
Can nocht expres, nor into paper wryte,
The hie excellent wark indeficient,
And perfyte plesour ever permanent,
In presence of that mychtie king of glore,
Quhilk was, and is, and sal be ever more.

At Remembrance, humililie I did inquyre,
Gif I micht, in that plesour, still remane.
Scho said, Aganis resoun is thy desyre:
Quharefor, my freind, thow mon returne agane,
And for thy sinnis, be penence, suffer pane[3],

[1] eyes:—So, *eene*, *eyen*, in Rob. of Glo'ster, Maundeville, and Chaucer; *eyne* in Shakspeare.

[2] "*Nor hart may think thair greit felicite*," is the reading of the ed. 1558; the subsequent ed. have substituted "*this thair felicitie*."

[3] "*And for thy sinnis, be penence, suffer pane*," is the reading of the ed. 1558; the subsequent editions have "*Into the warld, quhare thow sall suffer pane*."

And thole [1] the deith, with cruell panis sore,
Or thow be digne, to dwell into this glore [2].

Than, we returnit, sore aganis my will,
Doun throw spheiris of the hevinis cleir,
Hir commandement behuffit I fulfill,
With sory hart, wit ye, withouttin weir [3],
I wald full faine [4] haif taryit thare, all yeir;
Bot, scho said to me, Thare is na remeid,
Or thow remane heir, first thow mon be deid.

Quod I, I pray you hartfully, madame,
Sen [5] we haif had sic contèmplatioun,
Of hevenlye plesouris, yit or we pass hame,
Lat us haif sum consideratioun,
Of erth, and of his situatioun.
Scho answerit, and said, That sal be done,
So wer we baith brocht in the air full sone.

[1] suffer: So *thole* in Chaucer; and in Langland's Pierce Plowman.

[2] "*to dwell into this glore*," is the reading of the ed. 1558; the subsequent ed. have substituted "*to regne with him in glore*."

[3] *wit ze, withouttin weir*; know ye, without doubt: So, *withouttin were*, in Chaucer.

[4] I would full gladly.

[5] since.

Quhare we micht se the erth all at ane sicht,
Bot lyke ane mote, as it appeirit to me,
In the respect of the heivinis bricht:
I have marvell, quod I, how this may be,
The erth semis of so lytill quantite [1];
The leist sterne fixit in the firmament,
Is mair than all the erth, be my jugement.

Scho sayis, Sone, thow hes schawin the veritie,
The smallest sterne fixit in the firmament,
In deid it is of greiter quantitie,
Than all the erth, efter the intent,
Of wise, and cunnyng clerkis sapient:
Quhat quantitie is, than the erth? quod I;
That sall I schaw to the, quod scho, schortly [2].

Efter the myndis of the astronomouris,
And speciallye the auctor of the Spheir [3],
And uther divers greit philosophouris,
The quantite of the erth circuleir,
Is fiftye thousand liggis, withouttin weir,

[1] The ed. 1558 has *lytill*; the ed. 1568, 1574, 1592, and 1597, have absurdly substituted *small*.

[2] *I schaw to the, quod scho*, is the reading of the ed. 1558; the subsequent ed. have placed *to the*, after *quod scho*.

[3] Anaximander wrote upon the *sphere* 552 B. C. But, Lyndsay's *auctor of the Spheir* was, no doubt, "*Sphæra* mundi cum tribus commentis nuper editis: per Simonem Vapiensem dictum Bivilaquam; Venet. 1499."

Sevin hundreth, and fiftye, and no mo[1],
Devyding ay ane lig, in mylis two.

And everilk myle, in aucht staidis[2] devyde,
Ilk staid[2] ane hundreth pais, twenty and fyve,
Ane pais fyve fute, quha wald tham weil decyde[3]
Ane fute four palmes, gif I can richt descryve,
Ane palme four inche, and quha sa wald belyve
The circuite of the erth, pas round about,
May[4] be considderit, on this wyse, but dout.

Suppone that thare war none impediment,
Bot that the erth, but perrel, war, and plane,
Syne that the person war rycht diligent,
And geid ilk day[5], ten liggis in certane,
He mycht pas round about, and cum agane,
In four yeiris, sextene oukis[6], and dayis two;
Ga, reid the auctor, and thou sall find it so.

[1] no more.

[2] The ed. 1558 has *stagis*, and *stage;* the subsequent ed. have *staidis*, and *staid:* This change has been made, in other places.

[3] "*tham weil decyde*" is the reading of the ed. 1558; this was changed, by the subsequent ed., to "*than richt decyde.*"

[4] *may*, in the ed. 1558, was changed by the subsequent editions to *mon.*

[5] *geid ilk day;* went each day.

[6] *sextene oukis;* sixteen weeks.

The Divisioun of the Erth[1].

Than, certanlye, scho tuke me be the hand;
And said, My sone, cum on thy wayis with me;
And so, scho gart me cleirly understand,
How that the erth tripartit was in thre[2];
In Africk, Europe, and Asie,
Efter the myndis of the cosmographouris,
That is to say, the warldis descriptouris.

First, Asia contenis the orient[3],
And is weill mair, than baith the uther twane;
Africk, and Europe, in the occident,

[1] The ed. 1558 has not here any break, nor any title of a new division, which the subsequent editions have assumed.

[2] We here see, that Lyndsay, who wrote this in 1528, divided the earth in *tripartite*. An American isle, one of the Bahamas, had been discovered, in 1492. Discoveries continued to be made, in every year. And yet, when Munster published his *Cosmographia Universalis*, in 1559, the American continent was scarcely known; at least, it had not even then been admitted to be a fourth quarter of the globe, and called *America:* The *Novus Orbis* of Grynæus, which was published, in 1537, has a rude sketch of South-*America*, with this name upon it.

[3] "*Asia contenis the orient*," is the reading of the ed. 1558. The subsequent ed. changed this reading to "*Asia contenit is*,

And ar devydit, be ane sey certane,
And that is callit the sey Mediterrane,
Quhilk at the strait of Marrok[1] hes entrie,
That is betuix Spanze, and Barbarie.

Towart the southwest lyis Africa,
And in the northwest Europa doith stand,
And all the eist conteinith Asia:
On this wyis, is devydit the ferme land,
It war mekill to me, to tak on hand,
Thir regionis, to declare in speciall;
Yit, sall I schaw thair names, in generall.

In mony divers famous regionis,
Is devydit this part of Asia,
Weill plenischit[2] with citeis, towris, and townis;
The greit Inde, and Mesopotamia,
Pentapolis, Egypt, and Syria,
Cappadocia, Seres, and Armenie,
Babilone, Caldea, Parth, and Arabie.

Sidon, Judea, and Palestina,
Upper Scithia, Tyre, and Galilie,
Hiberia, Bactria, and Philestina,

in the orient." Chaucer, and Shakspeare, use *orient*, for the east, as they use *occident*, for the west.

[1] Morocco. [2] well replenished.

Hircania, Compagena, and Samarie:
In lytill Asia, standis Galathie,
Pamphilia, Isauria, and Leid,
Rhegia, Arethusa, Assyria, and Meid.

Secundlye, we consideritt Africa,
With mony fructfull famous regioun,
As Ethiopie, and Tripolitana,
Zewges, quhare standis the tryumphand toun
Of nobill Carthage, that citie of renoun,
Garamantes, Nadabar, Libia,
Getulia, and Mauritania,

Fezensis[1], Numidie, and Thingitane,
Of Affricke, thir ar the principall.
Than, Europe we consideritt in certane,
Quhose regionis schortlye reherse I sall;
Four[2] principallis, I find abone thame all,
Quhilkis ar Spanye, Italie, and France,
Quhose subregionis wer mekill till avance,

Nether Scithia, Thrace, and Carmanie[3],

[1] *Fezensis* for Fez: The ed. 1597 has substituted *Fez with.*

[2] *Four* is the old reading; yet, only three countries are specified: The ed. 1597 has substituted *Thir*, and subsequent editions *These*, which better correspond with the context.

[3] The ed. 1558 has *Germanie*; but, the context requires *Carmanie*, as the subsequent editions have adopted.

Thusia[1], Histria, and Pannonia,
Denmark, Gotland, Grunland, and Almanie,
Pole, Hungarye, Boeme, Norica, Rethia,
Teutonia[1], and mony divers ma,
And was[2] in four devydit Italye,
Tuscane, Hethruria, Naplis, and Champanye.

And subdevydit sindry uther wayis,
As Lumbardie, Veneis, and uther ma[3],
Calaber, Romanie, and Genowayis[4]:
In Grece, Epyrus, and Dalmatia,
Thessalie, Attica, and Illyria,
Achaya, Beotia, and Macedone,
Archadie, Pierie, and Lacedemone.

And France, we sawe devydit into thre,
Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitane;
And subdevydit, in Flanderis, Picardie,
Normandie, Gasconye, Burgunye, and Britane,
And utheris divers duchereis[5], in certane,
The quhilkis wer to lang for to declair,
Quharefore of thame as now I speik na mair.

[1] The ed. 1597 has *Auoria* for *Thusia*, and *Helvetia* for *Teutonia*.

[2] The ed. 1597 has substituted *als* for *was*. [3] more.

[4] *Genowayis*, for the rhyme: The *Libel* of English Policie, which was written under Henry VI., in Hackluyt, has *Genuoys*, and *Genuois*, for Genoese. [5] duchies.

In Spanye, lyis Castillie, and Arragone,
Navarre, Galice, Portugall, and Granate [1];
Than, sawe we famous ilis mony one,
Quhilkis, in the oceane sey, was situate,
Thame, to discryve, my wit was desolate;
Of cosmographie, I am nocht expart,
For, I did never studie in that art:

Yit, I sal sum of thair names declare,
As Madagascar, Gades, and Taprobane;
And uther divers ilis gude, and fair,
Situate into the sey Mediterrane,
As Cyper, Candie, Corsica, and Sardane [2],
Crete, Abydos, Thoes, Sicilia,
Tapsus, Eolie, and mony uther ma.

Quha wald at lenth heir the descriptioun
Of everilk ile, als weill, as the ferme land,
And properteis of everilk regioun,
To study, and to reid, man tak on hand,
And the attentike [3] warkis understand,
Of Plinius, and worthy Ptholomie,
Quhilkis war expert into cosmographie.

[1] Grenada; *Granate*, for the rhyme.

[2] Sardinia; *Sardane*, for the rhyme.

[3] authentic.

Thare, sall thay find, the namis, and properteis
Of everie ile, and of ilk regioun.
Than I inquirit of erthly Paradeis,
Of the quhilk Adam tint [1] possessioun:
Than, schew scho me [2] the situatioun
Of that precelland place, full of delyte [3],
Quhose properteis wer lang for till indyte.

Of PARADYSE [4].

THIS Paradice, of all plesour repleit,
Situate I saw, to the orient,
That glorious garth of every flouris did fleit [5],
The lustie lillyis, the rosis redolent,
Fresche hailsum fructis indeficient [6],

[1] *tint*; lost.

[2] "*schew scho me*" is the old reading, and is the Scotish idiom.

[3] "*full of delyte*" is the reading of the ed. 1558; the subsequent ed. have absurdly omitted *full*, which the context requires.

[4] The ed. 1558 has not any divisions of this nature, nor any titles. From this fact, we may infer, that Lyndsay made no such divisions: Yet, as they were adopted as early as the English edition of 1566, and the Scotish edition of 1568; and have been continued by every edition since; I have not discontinued them.

[5] That glorious garden of every flower did *flete*, or flow; as in G. Douglas; "The feildis ferlyis of thare fructuous *flete*,"

[6] *indeficient*, for the rhyme with *redolent*; not deficient.

Baith herbe, and tre, thare growis ever grene,
Throw vertew of the temperate air serene.

The sweit hailsum aromatike odouris,
Proceiding from the herbis medicinall,
The hevinlye hewis of the fragrant flouris,
It was ane sicht wounder celestiall;
The perfectioun, to schaw, in speciall,
And joyis of the regioun divine,
Of mankynde, it exceidis the ingyne.

And als so hie, in situatioun,
Surmontyng the mid regioun of the air,
Quhare na maner of perturbatioun,
Of wedder, may ascend so hie, as thair:
Four fludis flowing from ane fontane fair,
As Tigris, Ganges, Euphrates, and Nyle,
Quilk, in the eist, transcurris mony ane myle.

The cuntrie closit is about full richt,
With wallis hie, of hote, and birnyng fyre,
And straitly keipit be ane angell bricht,
Sen the departing of Adam, our grandschyre[1];
Quhilk, throw his cryme, incurrit Goddis ire,
And of that place, tint[2] the possessioun,
Baith from himself, and his successioun.

[1] forefather. [2] lost.

Quhen this lufesum lady Remembrance,
All this forsaid, had gart me understand,
I prayit hir, of hir benevolence,
To schaw to me the cuntrie of Scotland:
Weill, sone, scho said, that sall I take on hand;
So suddandlye, scho brought me, in certane,
Evin just above the braid isle of Britane:

Quhilk standis northwest, in the oceane sey,
And devydit, in famous regionis, two.
The south part Ingland, ane ful riche countrey,
Scotland be north, with mony ilis mo:
Be west Ingland, Ireland doith stand also,
Quhose properteis, I will nocht take on hand,
To schaw, at lenth, bot onlye of Scotland.

Of the REALME of SCOTLAND.

QUHILK efter my sempyl intendement,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I sall declare the suith, and verrayment[1],
As I best can, and into termes schort;
Quharefor, effecteouslye, I yow exhort,
Howbeit my wryting be nocht till avance,
Yit quhare I faill, excuse myne ignorance.

[1] *suith, and verrayment;* the truth, and verity.

Quhen that I had oversene this regioun, —
The quhilk, of nature, is baith gude, and faire,
I did propone, ane lytill questioun,
Beseikand hir, the same for till declare:
Quhat is the cause our boundis bene sa bare? —
(Quod I, or quhat dois move our miserie,)
Or quhareof dois proceid our povertie? –

For throw the support of your hie prudence,
Of Scotland, I persave the properteis;
And als considderis, be experience,
Of this cuntrie the greit commoditeis:
First, the aboundance of fischis, in our seis,
And fructuall montanis[1], for our bestiall,
And for our cornis, mony lusty[2] vaill.

The riche riveris, plesand and proffitabill,
The lustie[2] lochis, with fische of sindry kyndis,
Huntyng, halkyng, for nobillis convenabill,
Forrestis full of da, ra[3], hartis, and hyndis,

[1] fruitful mountains: Lyndsay overcharges, on this occasion, as on others, the picture of Scotland's *fructuosity*, for the purpose of satire; which is levelled throughout against the Douglas party.

[2] *lusty* vaill, *lustie* lochis; *pleasant*: which is the old sense of the word: and so it is often used by Chaucer; as *lusty* bachalere, *lusty* ladie.

[3] *da, ra*; doe, roe.

The fresche fontanis, quhose hailsum cristal strandis [1],
Refreschis so the fair flureist [2] grene meidis,
So, lak we na thing, that to nature neidis:

Of everilk mettell, we have the riche mynis,
Baith gold, silver, and stanis precious:
Howbeit we want the spycis, and the wynis,
Or uther strange fructis delicious,
We have als gude, and mair neidfull for us,
Meit, drink, fyre, claiths, thare micht be gart [3] abound,
Quhilkis ellis is nocht in all the mapamound [4].

Mair fairer pepill [5], nor of greiter ingyne,
Nor of mair strenth, greit deidis till indure;
Quharefore, I pray yow, that ye wald defyne,
The principall cause that [6], we ar so pure;
For I marvell, greitlye, I yow assure,

[1] *hailsum cristal strandis;* wholesome crystal streams.

[2] "*the fair flureist*" is the reading of the ed. 1558.

[3] "*thare micht be gart abound,*" is the old reading, before the ed. 1597: *gart* is *made; caused,* the preterite of *gar.*

[4] *mapamound,* mappemonde, Fr. Cotgrave; map of the world.

[5] "*mair fairer pepill,*" is the reading of the ed. 1558; the ed. 1574, and 1597, omitted *pepill*; the ed. 1597 has "fairar *men.*"

[6] "*cause that,*" in the ed. 1558; the subsequent ed. substituted *quharefore.*

Considderand the pepill, and the ground,
That riches sulde nocht, in this realme, redound[1].

My sone, scho said, be my discretioun,
I sall mak answeir, as I understand,
I say to the under confessioun,
The falt is nocht, I dar weill take on hand[2],
Nouther in the pepill, nor in the land;
As for the land, it lakis na uther thing,
Bot laubour, and the pepill governing.

Than quharein lyis our inprosperitie,
Quod I, I pray yow hartfullie, madame,
Ye wald declare to me the veritie,
Or quha sall beir, of our barrat[3], the blame?
For, be my treuth, to se, I think greit schame,
So plesand pepill, and sa fair ane land,
And so few verteous deidis tane on hand[4].

Quod scho, I sall, efter my jugement[5],
Declare sum causis into generall,
And into termes schort schaw myne intent;

[1] *redound* is the ancient reading, till the ed. 1597 substituted *abound*.

[2] *take on hand;* undertake, assure.

[3] *barrat;* misery.

[4] *tane on hand;* undertaken.

[5] *efter my jugement;* according to my judgment.

And syne, transcend, mair into speciall[1]:
So, this is my conclusioun finall,
Wanting of justice, policie, and peace,
Ar cause of thir unhappines, allace!

It is difficill, riches till incres,
Quhare policie makith na residence:
And policie may never have entres,
Bot quhare, that justice dois diligence,
To puneis quhare thare may be fund offence;
Justice may nocht have dominatioun,
Bot quhare peace makis habitatioun.

Quhat is the cause, than wald I understand,
That we suld want justice, and policie,
Mair than dois France, Italie, or Ingland?
Madame, quod I, schaw me the verite?
Sen we have lawis, into this cuntre,
Quhy want we lawis exercitioun,
Quha suld put justice till executioun?

Quharein dois stand our principall remeid,
Or quha may mak amendis of this mischeif?
Quod scho, I find the falt into the heid,
For thay, in quhome dois ly our haill releif,
I find thame rute, and ground of all our greif;

[1] "*mair into speciall*" is the old reading.

For quhen the heidis ar nocht diligent,
The membris mon on neid[1] be negligent:

So, I conclude the causis principall,
Of all the trubill of this natioun,
Ar into princis, into speciall,
The quhilkis hes the gubernatioun,
And of the pepill dominatioun;
Quhose continuall exercitioun,
Sulde be in justice executioun:

For quhen the sleuthfull hird dois lunge[2], and sleip,
Taking na cure, in keiping of his flok,
Quha will ga serche amang sic hirdis scheip,
May habill find mony pure scabbit crok[3],
And going wyld, at large, withouttin lok[4],
Than lupus[5] cummis, and Laurence[6] in ane ling[7],
And dois, but reuth[8], the sely scheip dounthring[9].

[1] *mon on neid;* must of necessity.
[2] "*lunge and sleip*" is the reading of the ed. 1558.
[3] *crok;* an old ewe.
[4] *withouttin lok;* without a look, or care.
[5] the wolf.
[6] *Laurence;* the fox.
[7] in a line, or together.
[8] without pity.
[9] throw down, worry.

Bot, be the gude hird, walkryfe[1], and diligent,
Than ar his flockis rewlit all at richt[2],
To quhose quhissell all ar obedient,
And gif the wolfis cummis day, or nicht,
Thame to devore, than ar thay put to flicht,
Houndit, and slane, be thair weill dantit doggis[3],
So ar thay sure, baith yowis, lambis, and hoggis.

So, I conclude, that throw the negligence
Of our infatuate heidis insolent,
Is cause of all this realmes indigence,
Quhilkis, in justice, hes nocht bene diligent,
Bot, to gude counsall, inobedient;
Havand small ee unto the commoun weill,
Bot, to thair singular profyte, everilk deill[4]:

For quhen thir wolfis, be oppressioun,
The pure pepil, but pitie, doith oppres;
Than sulde the princis mak punitioun,
And cause thae ribaldis[5] for to mak redres,
That riches micht, be[6] policie increș;

[1] wakeful.

[2] "*Than ar his flockis rewlit all at richt,*" is the reading of the ed. 1558.

[3] *weil dantit doggis;* well trained dogs.

[4] *everilk deill;* every one disposes, or deals. [5] rogues.

[6] The ed. 1568, 1574, 1592, and 1597, have absurdly placed *and* before policy; and Sibbald reads, foolishly, "That riches

Bot, richt difficill, it is, to mak remeid,
Quhen that the falt is sa into the heid.

The COMPLAYNT of[1] the COMMONWEILL of SCOTLAND.

AND thus, as we wer talkyng, to, and fro,
We saw a bousteous berne cum ovir the bent[2],
But hors, on fute, als fast as he micht go,
Quhose rayment wes all raggit, revin, and rent,
With visage lene, as he had fastit Lent;
And fordwart fast, his wayis he did advance,
With ane malicious[3] countenance.

With scrip on hip[4], and pykstaff in his hand,
As he had purposit, to pas fra hame,

micht, and policie incress:" All the old English writers use *be*, for *by*.

[1] Sibbald interpoles *Johne*, after *of*.

[2] *We saw a bousteous berne cum ovir the bent;* We saw a rough fellow come over the heath: *Bousteous* means boisterous; *berne* signified originally a child, but latterly a man, as in the Poem on the battle of Otterburn, "Then spoke a *berne* upon the *bent*."

[3] "*With ane malicious countenance*," is the reading of the ed. 1558; the subsequent ed. have substituted "*richt melancholious*."

[4] *With scrip on hip;* with a wallet at his side.

Quod I, Gude man, I wald fane understand,
Gif ye pleisit, to wit, quhat is your name[1]?
Quod he, My sone, of that I think greit schame;
Bot, sen thow wald, of my name have ane feill[2],
Forsuthe, thay call me Jhone the Commounweill.

Schir Commounweill, quha hes yow sa disgysit,
Quod I, or quhat makis yow sa miserabill?
I have marvell, to se yow sa supprysit,
The quhilk that I have sene sa honorabill,
Till all the warld ye have bene proffitabill,
And honorit in everilk regioun[3],
How happinnis this tribulatioun?

Allace! quod he, thow seis how it dois stand,
With me, and how I am disherisit
Of all my grace, and mon pas off Scotland,
And ga, afore quhare I was cherisit;
Remane I heir, I am bot perischit,
For thare is few, that to me takis tent[4];
That garris me ga, thus raggit, revin, and rent.

[1] This is the reading of the ed. 1558: To *wit* is to know.

[2] *feill* means perception, knowledge; as *feile*, in G. Douglas, and *fele*, in Chaucer.

[3] This is the reading in the ed. 1558, which has been varied in subsequent editions.

[4] *takis tent*; takes heed.

My tender freindis ar all put to the flicht;
For, policie is fled agane in France,
My sister justice almaist hes tint hir sicht,
That scho can nocht hald evinly the ballance,
Plane wrang is clene [1] capitane of ordinance,
The quhilk debarris lawte [2], and resoun,
And small remeid is found, for oppin tresoun.

Into the south, I was, allace! neir slane,
Over all that land I culde find na releif,
Almaist betuix the Mers, and Lochmabane [3],
I culde nocht knaw, ane leill man [4] be ane theif,
Till schaw thair reif, thift, murthour, and mischeif,
And viciousnes [5], it wald infect the air,
And als langsum, to me, for till declair.

In the hieland, I could find na resort,
Bot, suddandlie, I was put in exile,
Thae sweir swingeouris [6] wald mak me na support,
Nor amangis thame, lat me repois ane quhyle;

[1] *clene* means complete. [2] *lawte*; justice, or equity.

[3] *betuix the Mers and Lochmabane*; between Berwickshire and Lochmabane, a town in Dumfries-shire, the ancient seat of the Bruces, lords of Anandale.

[4] *leil man*; an honest man.

[5] *viciousnes* is the reading of the ed. 1558; the subsequent ed. have substituted *vicious workis*.

[6] *sweir swingeouris*; lazy rascals.

Siklyk into the Out Ilis [1], and Argyle,
Unthrift, sweirnes, falsheid, pourteth, and stryfe,
Pat polycie, in danger, of hir lyfe [2].

In the laweland, I came to seik refuge,
And purposit, thare, to mak my residence;
Bot, singulare profeit gart me sone disluge,
And did me greit injuris, and offence,
And said to me, Swyith [3], harlote, hye the hence,
And, in this cuntre, se thow tak na curis,
Sa lang as my authoritie induris.

And, now, I may mak na langer debait,
Nor I wait nocht, quhometo mak my mane [4];

[1] *Out Ilis;* the Hebrides.

[2] In order that the more critical reader may see a specimen of the printer-editors of Lyndsay, I have subjoined the whole of this stanza, as it is given by Sibbald, from the ed. 1592: The alterations are printed in Italics:

> " *Into* the Hieland I culd find na *remeid,*
> Bot suddanlie I was put *to* exile:
> Thay sweir swingeouris *they tuke of me na heid,*
> Nor amangis thame let me *remane* ane quhile.
> *Als in* the Owt-Yles, and *in* Argyle,
> Unthrift, sweirness, *falset, povertie* and strife,
> Pat policie in danger of hir life."

[3] *Swyith, harlote*; out, away, rascal.

[4] to make my moan, or complaint.

For, I have socht throw all the spirituall stait,
Quhilk tuke na compt[1], for to heir me complane:
Thair officiaris, thay held me at disdane,
For symonie, he rewlis all that rout,
And covetice, that carle, gart bar me out.

Pryde hes chaist far[2] from thame humilitie,
Devotioun is fled unto the freiris,
Sensual plesour hes baneist chaistitie,
Lordis of religioun thay go lyke seculeiris,
Takyng mair compt, in telling thair deneiris[3],
Nor thay do of thair constitutioun;
Thus ar thay blyndit be ambitioun.

Our gentill men ar all degenerate.
Liberalitie, and lawtie, baith ar lost,
And cowardice, with lordis, is laureate,
And knichtlye curage changeit[4] in brag, and boist,
The civill weir misgydis everilk oist;
Thare is nocht ellis[5] bot ilk man for him self,
That garris me ga thus baneist lyke ane elf:

[1] which took no heed.

[2] "chaist *far*" is the reading of the ed. 1558, which the subsequent ed. have vitiated by leaving out *far*:—*chaist*; chased.

[3] Paying more attention to counting their money.

[4] "*changeit*," which has been altered to "*turnit*," is the old reading.

[5] *nocht ellis*; nothing else.

Tharefor, adew, I may na langer tarye,
Fare weil, quod I, and with sanct Johne to borrow[1];
Bot, wit ye weil, my hart was wounder sarye[2],
Quhen common-weill so sopit[3] was in sorrow,
Yit, efter the nicht, cummis the glaid morrow:
Quharefore, I pray yow, tel[4] me, in certane,
Quhen that ye purpose, for to cum agane.

Quhat thow requiris[5] it sal be sone decydit,
Quod he, thare sal na Scot haif conforting
Of me, till that I se the cuntre gydit,
Be wysedome of ane gude auld prudent king,

[1] *borrow* means a surety, a fidejussor. It was usual sometimes to bring forward a saint as *borrow* or surety; and also, as Lyndsay does here, to commit a person to the care or protection of a saint: and saint John appears to have been the usual *borrow*. So Chaucer,

"With teris blew and with a wounded hart
Taketh your leve, and with *sanct Jhon to borowe*."

Comp. of Mars and Venus: And he uses the same expression frequently. It is also used by Henryson in his Fable of Sir Chantecleir and the Fox, "Wee sall fare weil, we and *sanct John to borrow*."

[2] wondrous sorry.

[3] *sopit*; steeped.

[4] "*tell*" is in the ed. 1558; "*schaw*" is substituted in the subsequent ed.

[5] "*Quhat thow requiris*" is the reading of the ed. 1558; the subsequent ed. have put "*that questioun*."

Quhilk sall delyte him maist above all thing,
To put justice till executioun,
And on strang tratouris make punitioun.

Als yit I say to the[1] ane uther thing,
I se richt weill that proverbe is richt[2] trew,
Wo to the realme, that haith ane over young king[3].
With that he turnit his back, and said, Adew:
Over firth, and fell[4], richt fast, fra me, he flew;
Quhose departing to me was displesand,—
With that Remembrance take me be the hand.

And sone, me thocht, scho brocht me to the roche,
And to the cove, quhare I began to sleip;
With that, ane schip did speidilye approche,
Full plesandlye sailyng upone the deip,
And syne did slak hir saillis, and gan[5] to creip,
Towart the land; anent quhare that I lay;
Bot, wit ye weill, I gat ane felloun fray[6].

[1] "*I say to the*" is the old reading.

[2] "*richt*" is the reading of the ed. 1558, and 1597; "*full*" is in the ed. 1568, 1574, and 1592.

[3] "*that haith ane over young king*" is the old reading.

[4] *Over firth, and fell*, is an expression in most of the old English poets; over forest, and mountain, or mountainous heath.

[5] *gan;* began: So in Chaucer, and Spenser.

[6] terrible fright.

All hir cannounis, sche leit crak at anis [1],
Down schuke the stremaris, frome the topcastell [2];
Thay spairit nocht the poulder, nor the stanis [3],
Thay schot thair boittis [4], and doun thair ankers fell,
The marinaris, thay did so yout, and yell [5],
That haistelye, I start out of my dreme,
Half in ane fray, and speidilye past hame.

And lychtlie dynit, with list, and appetyte,
Syne efter past in till ane oratore,
And tuke my pen, and thare began to wryte,
All this mater [6], that I have schawin afore.
Schir, of my dreme, as now I haif [7] no more,
Bot, I beseik God, for to send the grace,
To rewle thy realme, in unite, and peace!

[1] let crack at once; *crack*, as in Shakspeare, is the *roar* of a cannon: any sudden, and quick sound, according to Addison.

[2] topcastle, the tops; the topmasts with the flag-staffs, whence the streamers are displayed.

[3] *stones* were the *bullets* of that age: see Warton, v. ii. 304.

[4] launched their boats.

[5] cry, and roar.

[6] "*All this mater*" is the reading of the ed. 1558; the ed. 1568, 1574, 1592, and 1597, have substituted "*the visioun.*"

[7] "*I haif*" is the reading of 1558; "*thou gettis*" is the interpolation of the subsequent editions.

Ane Exhortatioun[1] to the Kingis Grace.

Schir, sen that God, of his preordinance,
Hath grantit the, to haif the governance
Of his pepill, and create the ane king,
Faill nocht to prent, in thy remembrance,
How he will nocht excuse thyne ignorance,
Gif thow be reckles[2], in thy governing:
Quharefor, dres the[3] above all erthly thing[4],
Of his lawis to keip the observance,
And thow schaip[5] lang, in royaltye to ring.

Thank him, that hes commandit dame nature
To prent the of sa plesand portrature,
Hir giftis cleirlye may be on the knawin,
Till dame fortune, thow neidis na procurature;
For scho hes largelye kythit, on the hir cure[6],
Hir gratitude sen scho hes unto the schawin:

[1] "*Ane Exhortatioun*" is the old reading, which was changed to "*The Exhortation.*"

[2] *careless:* So *reckeles*, in Chaucer.

[3] "*dress the;*" prepare thyself: So, in Chaucer, and Wiclif.

[4] "*erthly* thing" is the reading of the ed. 1558, which was changed to "*uther* thing," by the subsequent editors.

[5] If thou intend.

[6] shown on thee her care: So, *kythid*, for shown, in Chaucer.

And sen, that thou mon scheir, as thou hes sawin[1],
Haif all thy hope in God, thy creatour,
And ask him grace, that thow may be his awin.

And syne considder thy vocatioun,
That for to haif the gubernatioun
Of this kynrik[2], thow art predestinate,
Thow may weill heir[3], be trew narratioun,
Quhat sorrow, and quhat tribulatioun,
Hes bene, in this pure realme, infortunate;
Now conforte thame, that hes bene desolate,
And of thy pepill haif compassioun,
Sen thow, be God, art so preordinate.

Tak manlye curage, and leif thyne insolence,
And use counsall of nobill dame prudence,
Found the fermelye on faith, and fortitude;
Draw to thy court justice, and temperance,
And to the common-weill haif attendance;
And, alswa, I beseik thy celsitude,
Hait vicious men, and lufe thame that ar gude,
And all flatteraris[4] thow fleme[5] frome thy presence,
And fals report, out of thy court, exclude.

[1] since thou must *reap* as thou hast *sown*: The same expression occurs in the Monarchies:—This expression has become proverbial.

[2] kingdom.

[3] for "*heir*" in the ed. 1558, the subsequent ed. have put "*wit*."

[4] "*all flatterirs*" is the old reading.

[5] banish.

Do equall justice, baith to greit, and small,
And be exempill to the pepill all;
Exercing vertuous deidis honorabill,
Be nocht ane wreche [1], for oucht [2] that may befall,
Till that unhappy vice and thow be thrall,
Till all men thow sal be abhominabill,
Kingis and [3] knichtis ar never convenabill,
To rewle pepill, be they nocht liberall,
Without fredome, is nane to honour habill [4].

And tak exempill of the wrechit ending,
Quhilk maid Cresus of Pers [5], the michty king,
That till his goddis maid invocatioun,
Throw gredynes, that all substantiall thing,

[1] *wreche*; a miser, an avaricious person: So *wreche*, in Chaucer.

[2] aught, any thing.

[3] the old reading is "*and*"; the subsequent is "*nor*."

[4] This is the reading of the ed. 1558: "*Was never yit na wreche to honour abill*" is the reading of the subsequent editions.

[5] "*Cresus of Pers*" is the reading of the ed. 1558: The subsequent ed. changed this to "*Mydas of Thrace:*" The first, I believe, is what Lyndsay wrote: The French printer did not interpolate: The subsequent printers have interpolations, without number. It was Mydas of Phrygia, to whom the poets attributed the wish, that his touch might turn every thing to gold. Lyndsay, I think, confounded this Mydas with *Cresus* of *Pers*.

That ever he twichit[1], suld turne, but tarying[2],
Into fyne golde, he gāt his supplicatioun,
All that he twichit, but dilatioun,
Turnit in golde, baith meit, drink, and clething,
And deit for hunger, but recreatioun[3].

Als, I beseik thy majeste, serene,
Fra lecherye thow keip thy body clene,
Taist never that intoxicat poysoun,
From that unhappy luste, thyself[4] abstene,
Till that thow get ane lustye plesand quene,
Than tak thy plesour, with my benissoun[5],
Tak tent[6] how prydeful Tarquine tint[7] his croun,
For the deforsyng of Lucrece, the schene[8],
And was depryvit, and baneist Romis toun:

And in dispite of his lecherous leving,
The Romanis wald be subject to na king,
Mony lang yeir, as storyis doith record,
Till Julius, throw verteous governing,

[1] touched. [2] without delay.

[3] died for hunger, without recreation.

[4] "*luste thyself*" are in the ed. 1558: "*sensual sin*," the subsequent ed. substituted, as better.

[5] blessing: So *benisoun*, in R. of Brunne, and Chaucer "his faders *benison* he wan;" and Shakspeare, "God's *benison* go with you."

[6] take heed. [7] lost. [8] the fair.

And princely curage gan on thame to ring,
And chosin Rome's empryour and lord[1]:
Quharefor, my soverane, into thy mynd remord[2],
That vicious lyfe makis oft ane evill ending,
Without it be throw speciall grace restord.

And gif thou wald thy fame, and honour, grew[3],
Use counsall of thy prudent lordis trew,
And se thow nocht[4] presumptuouslye pretend,
Thy awin particular weill for till ensew;
Wirk with counsall, than[5] sall thow never rew,
Remember of thy freindis the fatall end,
Quhilkis, to gude counsall, wald not condiscend,
Till bitter deith, allace! did thame persew,
Frome sic unhap, I pray God the defend!

And finallye, remember thow mon dee,
And suddanlye pas of this mortall see;
Thow art[6] nocht sicker of thy lyfe twa houris,

[1] "*And chosin Rome's empryour and lord*" is the reading of the ed. 1558: "*And chosin of Romanis emprior and lord*" is the reading of the subsequent editions. The Scotish printers, who lived immediately after Lyndsay's death, thought they could mend his poetry; and that they had a right to interpolate.

[2] remember. [3] should grow. [4] do not.

[5] "*than*" is the old reading.

"*Thow art*" is the reading of the ed. 1558: "*And art*" were afterwards interpolated.

Sen, from that sentence, thare is nane[1] may flee,
King, quene, nor knicht, of lawe estait, nor hie,
Bot, all mon thole of bitter deith, the schouris[2]:
Quhare ar thay gane, thir papis, and empryouris?
Ar thay nocht dede, so sall it fare of the;
Is na remeid, strenth, riches, nor honouris:
And so, for conclusioun,
Mak our provisioun,
To get the infusioun
Of his hye grace:
Quhilk bled, with effusioun,
With scorne, and derisioun,
And deit, with confusioun,
Confirmand our peace. AMEN!

[1] This is the reading of the ed. 1558: The subsequent editions have, "*Sen thare is nane from that sentence may flie.*"

[2] sorrows.

THE COMPLAYNT.

THE *Complaynt* of Lyndsay arose from the situation, in which he found himself, at the age of thirty-nine. Early in life, he had been appointed, as we have seen, principal page to James V., at the epoch of his birth. In this office, our poet had been every thing, during a dozen years, to the young prince: He had been his sewer, his carver, his cupbearer, his *purse-master*, his *chief cubiculare*: But, while Lyndsay was every thing to the prince, and the prince was every thing to Lyndsay, a revolution happened, in the state, during the year 1524; owing to the intrigues of the queen-mother, which put an end to so endearing a connection, for her own gratification: The king *was taken from school*, at the age of twelve, and put at the head of the government; in order that others might misgovern his kingdom. Lyndsay was reformed on a pension, which he admits was punctually paid; arising from the king's continued kindness. James V., who very soon began to think, and feel, like a king, made several efforts to free himself from this thraldom.

And he became king indeed, by throwing off the domination of the Douglasses, in 1528. Immediately after, our poet addressed to the *kingis grace* his *Complaynt*, which is composed in eight-syllable verse of very easy flow; and which lays before the king his services, in familiar terms, and speaks of his want of reward, with freedom, and manliness. Of *The Complaynt*, Warton remarks, that it is written generally with elegance, sometimes with tenderness, and always with vigour. It is now chiefly valuable for its picture of the manners of the age; for showing the intrigues of the court, and for telling, in an agreeable style, his own personal story. The *Complaynt* was written,

in 1529.

Schir, I beseik thyne excellence,
Heir my complaynt, with pacience;
My dolent hart dois me constraine,
Of my infortune[1] to complaine:
Howbeit I stand in greit doutance,
Quhome I sall wyte[2] of my mischance:

[1] *Infortune*, as in Chaucer, misfortune: *Infortunate*, for unfortunate, was used by lord Bacon.

[2] blame.

Quhidder Saturnis cruelte,
Regnand in my nativite,
Be bad aspect, quhilk wirkis vengence,
Or utheris hevinlye influence:
Or gif I be predestinate,
In court, to be infortunate;
Quhilk hes so lang, in service bene,
Continuallye with king, and quene,
And enterit to thy majestie,
The day of thy nativitie;
Quharethrow my freindis bene eschamit,
And with my fais [1], I am defamit;
Seand, that I am nocht regardit,
Nor, with my brether, in [2] court, rewardit;
Blamand my sleuthfull negligence,
That seikis nocht sum recompence;
Quhen divers men dois me demand,
Quhy gettis thou nocht sum pece of land,
Als weill as uther men hes gottin:
Than, wis I to be deid, and rottin,
With sic extreme discomforting,
That I can mak na answering.
I wald sum wise man did me teche,
Quhidder that I suld flatter, or fleche [3],

[1] "*And with my fais,*" is the reading of 1568; the ed. 1574 has "*face;*" the ed. 1592 has "*be my fais;*" foes: Sax. *fah*; Scot. *fae.*

[2] "*of,*" in the ed. 1597.

[3] *fleche*; coax, flatter.

I will nocht flyte, that I conclude,
For crabing[1] of thy celsitude;
And to flatter, I am defamit,
Want I reward, than am I schamit;
Bot, I hope, thow sall do als weill,
As did the father of fameill[2],
Of quhome Christ makis mentioun,
Quhilk for ane certane pensioun,
Feit[3] men to wirk, in his wyne yard,
Bot, quha came last, gat first reward,
Quharethrow the first men wer displeisit;
Bot, he thame prudentlie ameisit[4],
For, thocht the last men first wer servit,
Yit gat the first that thay deservit:
So, am I sure thy majestie,
Sal anis[5] reward me, or I die,
And rub the roust[6] of my ingyne,
Quhilk bene, for languor, lyke to tyne:
Althocht I beir nocht, lyke ane baird[7],
Lang service yairnis[8] ay rewaird.

[1] displeasing. [2] family. [3] fee'd.

[4] *ameisit*; the old reading means *appeased*: So *ameysit*, in Barber's Bruce; and *ametised*, in Chaucer. The ed. 1592 has *appeisit*.

[5] shall once. [6] rub the rust off my genius.

[7] Although I bawl not like a bard.

[8] desires ardently.

I can nocht blame thyne excellence,
That I sa lang want recompence;
Had I solystit, like the lave [1],
My reward had nocht bene to crave;
Bot, now I may weill understand,
Ane dum man yit wan never land [2],
And, in the court, men gettis na thing,
Withoutin opportune asking:
Allace! my sleuth, and schamefulnes [3],
Debarrit fra me all gredines.
Gredie men, that ar diligent,
Richt oft obtenis thair intent,
And failzeis nocht to conqueis landis [4],
And, namelie, at young princis handis:
Bot, I tuke never none uther cure,
In speciall, bot for thy plesure;

[1] Had I solicited, like the rest.

[2] A dumb man never yet obtained land: So, Hoccleve: The proverb is—" *the dumb man no land getteth.*" The Scots proverb is: " A dumb man wan never land." Ray.

[3] shamefacedness: The English have shameful; but they seem not to have shamefulness: We may see in the *Fairy Queen*; " You *shamefac'd* are, but *shamefac'dness* itself is she."

[4] and fails not to conquest lands: *Conquest* is still used, in the English law, for acquisition; as we know from Blackstone: Kersay refers to the Scotish law, for *conquest*, in the same sense.

Bot, now, I am na mair dispaird[1],
Bot, I sall get princely rewaird;
The quhilk to me sal be mair glore,
Nor thame thow did reward afore:
Quhen men dois aske ocht at ane king,
Sulde ask his grace ane nobill thing,
To his excellence honorabill,
And to the asker profitabill;
Thocht I be in my asking lidder[2],
I pray thy grace for to considder;
Thow hes maid baith lordis, and lairdis[3],
And hes gevin mony riche rewairdis,
To thame that was full far to seik,
Quhen I lay nichtly be thy cheik.
I tak the quenis grace, thy mother,
My lord chancellar[4], and mony uther,
Thy nuris, and thy auld maistres,
I tak thame all to beir witnes;
Auld Willie Dillie, wer he on lyve,
My lyfe full weill he could discryve:

[1] *dispaird*, for the rhyme; in despair. [2] slugglish.

[3] landholders, landlords; small *barons*, in the law sense.

[4] James Beaton, archbishop, successively, of Glasgow, and St. Andrew's, held the seal from 1515 to 1527; and died, in 1539: And he was succeeded by Gawin Dunbar, who had been tutor to the king; had become archbishop of Glasgow; and was appointed chancellor on the 21st of August 1528; and he continued in this office, during the king's life.

How as ane chapman beris his pack,
I bure thy grace upon my back:
And sumtymes, stridlingis [1], on my nek,
Dansand with mony bend, and bek [2]:
The first sillabis, that thow did mute [3],
Was pa, da, lyn, upon the lute;
Than playit I twentie springis perqueir [4],
Quhilk was greit plesour for to heir:
Fra play, thow leit me never rest,
Bot gynkertoun [5] thow luffit ay best;
And ay, quhen thow come fra the scule [6],
Than I behuffit to play the fule:
As I, at lenth, into my Dreme [7],
My sundry servyce did expreme.

[1] astride.

[2] *bek*; beck, nod; the motion of nurses, for the amusement of children. Chaucer has the word in something of the same sense:

"Then peine I me to stretchen forth my neck,
"And est and west upon the peple I *beck*."

[3] *mute*; speak.

[4] Then played I twenty tunes, off hand.

[5] *Gynkertoun*; the name of a Scotish tune, which tradition has not preserved.

[6] from the apartment, where the young king studied: we may here see, that Lyndsay was the page, the playfellow, but not the preceptor, of James V.

[7] The preceding poem, Lyndsay's first piece.

Thocht it bene better, as sayis the wyse,
Hap to the court[1], nor gude servyse:
I wat thow luffit me better than,
Nor now sum wyfe dois hir gude man.
Than men till uther did record,
Said[2] Lyndesay wald be maid ane lord,
Thow hes maid lordis, schir, be Sanct Geill[3],
Of sum, that hes nocht servit so weill.
To yow, my lordis, that standis by,
I sall yow schaw the causis quhy,
Gif ye list tary, I sall tell,
Quhow my infortune first befell:
I prayit, daylie, on my kne,
My young maister, that I micht se,
Of eild[4] in his estait royall,
Havand power imperiall;

[1] "*Hap* at *the court*," in the ed. 1592: This wise saying seems not to be among the *Adagia Scotica*. Chaucer uses *happe* for chance, adventure, luck: So, bishop Douglas; "*Hap* helps hardy men." Stewart, a court poet of Lyndsay's time, wrote a poem on *Hap at Court*. Ban. MS. No. 106., which was published by lord Hailes, p. 163. The concluding line of the three first stanzas is

"Better *hap* to [at] court, nor gude servyss."

Here is another instance how the editors make nonsense of the poets, by blundering the text.

[2] "*That*," in ed. 1592.

[3] *be Sanct Geill*; by St. Giles, the patron saint of Edinburgh.

[4] of age.

Than traistit I [1], without demand,
To be promovit, to sum land;
Bot, my asking, I gat over sone,
Because ane clips [2] fell in the mone,
The quhilk all Scotland maid on steir [3];
Than did my purpose ryn arreir [4],
The quhilk war langsum till declair,
And als my hart is wounder sair [5],
Quhen I have in remembrance,
The suddand change, to my mischance.
The king was bot twelf yeiris of age,
Quhen new rewlaris came, in thair rage;
For common-weill makand na cair,
Bot for thair profyte singulair.
Imprudently, lyke witles fulis,
Thay tuke the young prince fra the sculis
Quhare he, under obedience,
Was leirnand vertew, and science,

[1] Then trusted I.

[2] *clips*; eclipse: as Chaucer has *clipsy*, for eclipsed. The allusion is to the revolution, in the Scotish government, during the year 1524, when the king was twelve years of age; and the Douglases gained the ascendancy: The king's old servants were dismissed.

[3] set in a bustle.

[4] *ryn arreir*; fall back: So *arere*, in R. of Brunne, and Chaucer.

[5] wondrous sore.

And haistely pat in his hand,
The governance of all Scotland;
As quha wald, in ane stormie blast,
Quhen marinaris bene all agast,
Throw danger of the seis rage,
Wald take ane chylde of tender age,
Quhilk never had bene upon the sey,
And to his bidding all obey,
Gevyng hym haill the governall,
Of schip, merchand, and marinall[1],
For dreid of rockis, and foreland,
To put the ruther in his hand:
Without Goddis grace, is na refuge:
Gif thare be danger, ye may juge,
I geve thame to the devill of hell[2],
Quhilk first devysit that counsell;
I will nocht say, that it was tresoun,
Bot, I dar sweir, it was na resoun:
I pray God, lat me never se ring,
Into this realme, so young ane king.
I may nocht tary to decyde it,
Quhow than the court ane quhyle was gydit,

[1] mariners; *marinall*, for the rhyme: So, *governance* is *governaille*, in Chaucer.

[2] Lyndsay often breaks out into indignation against the Douglases, who were, for ages, the oppressors of Scotland.

Be thame, that pertlie[1] tuke on hand,
To gyde the king, and all Scotland,
And als langsum, for to declair,
Thair facund, flattering wordis fair:
Schir, sum wald say, your majestie
Sall now ga to your libertie;
Ye sall to na man be coarctit,
Nor to the scule na mair subjectit;
We think thame verray naturall fulis,
That lernis over mekil at the sculis:
Schir, ye mon lerne to ryn ane speir,
And gyde yow, lyke ane man of weir;
For, we sal put sic men about yow,
That all the warld, and mo sall dout yow.
Than, to his grace, thay put ane gaird,
Quhilk haistely gat thair rewaird:
Ilk man efter thair qualitie,
Thay did solist his majestie,
Sum gart him ravell at the rakket[2],

[1] *pertlie*, in the ed. 1568; *partlie*, in the ed. 1574, 1592, and 1597, is nonsense: *Pertlie*; petulantly, audaciously, as in Shakspeare: "Yonder walls that *pertly* front your town."

[2] *ravell*; revel, play,—made him play at the *rakket*; perhaps *tennis*; a play, at which a ball is driven with a *racket*: This game is mentioned by Chaucer:

"But can'st thou playin *racket* to and fro,
"Nettle in, docke out, now this, now that?"

The game appears from the context of Chaucer to have been *tennis*: It seems to have been another word for inconstancy.

Sum harlit him to the hurly hakket[1].
And sum to schaw thair courtlie corsis[2],
Wald ryid to Leith, and ryn thair horsis[3],
And wichtly wallop[4] over the sandis;
Thay nouther spairit spurris, nor wandis,
Castand galmoundis with bendis, and beckis[5],
For wantones, sum brak thair neckis:
Thare was na play, bot cartis[6] and dyce,
And ay schir flatterie bure the pryce[7],
Roundand and rowkand[8], ane till ane uther,
Tak thow my part, quod he, my bruther,
And mak betuix us sicker bandis[9],
Quhen ocht sall vaik[10] amangis our handis,

[1] Some carried him to the *hurly hacket*, a schoolboy sport, which consists in sliding down a precipice.

[2] courtly persons.

[3] Here are the horse-races, on the sands of Leith.

[4] stoutly gallop; they rode, *neck*, or *nothing*.

[5] cutting capers, with bends, and playful gesticulations.

[6] cards; and in the tragedy of the Cardinal, he again satirizes the prelates for playing at *cartis*, and dyce: Old sir Rich. Maitland cries out, in his *Moral Verses*, "Waste nocht thy gudis at the dyce."

[7] bore the prize.

[8] whispering, and crouching, one to another.

[9] sure bonds; *bands*, in the old English.

[10] become vacant.

That ilk man stand to help his fallow:
I hald thareto, man, be alhallow[1],
Swa thow fische nocht within my boundis:
That sall I nocht, by Goddis woundis,
Quod he, but eirar[2] tak thy part:
Swa, sall I thyne, be Goddis hart;
And gif the thesaurer[3] be our freind,
Than sall we get baith tak, and teind[4],
Tak he our part, than quha dar wrang us?
Bot, we sall part the pelf amang us:
Bot, haist us, quhile the king is young,
And lat ilk man keip weill ane toung,
And in ilk quarter, have ane spy,
Us till advertis haistely,
Quhen ony casualiteis
Sall happin intill our cuntreis;
Lat us mak sure provisioun,
Or he cum to discrecioun.
Na mair, he wats[5] nor dois ane sanct,
Quhat thing it bene to haif, or want:

[1] by all saints; *allhallows*; *alhallow*, for the rhyme: So Chaucer uses *hallows*, for saints.

[2] *but eirar*, *erar*; sooner, rather.

[3] This potent treasurer was Archibald Douglas, the uncle of the earl of Angus, who seized the government, in 1524.

[4] farm, and tithe.

[5] *wats*; knows.

So, or he be of perfyte age,
We sal be sicker of our wage;
And syne, lat ilk ane carll crave uther,
That mouth speik mair, quod he, my brother;
For God, nor I rax in ane raip[1],
Thow micht give counsall to the Paip:
Thus lauborit thay within few yeiris,
That thay became no paigis peiris[2],
Swa haistelie thay maid ane hand:
Sum gadderit gold, sum conqueist land,
Schir, sum wald say, be Sanct Dionis,
Geve me sum fat benefyis,
And all the proffyt ye sall have,
Geve me the name, tak yow the lave,
Bot, be his bowis[3], war weill cummit hame,
To mak service, he wald think schame:
Syne slip away, withouttin more,
Quhen he had gottin that[4] he sang fore:
Me thocht, it was ane piteous thing,
To se that fair young tender king,
Of quhome thir gallandis[5] stude nane aw,
To play with him, pluk at the craw[6]:

[1] If I hang in a rope. [2] pages' equals.
[3] "*bullis*," in the ed. 1592: the pope's bulls.
[4] "*what*," in the ed. 1592. [5] gallants.
[6] *Pluk at the craw*; crow; *pigeon him*, in modern phrase: So in G. Douglas's *Palice of Honour*:

"*Pluck at the craw*, they cryit, deplome the ruik,
"Pulland my hair, with blecking face they bruik."

Thay became riche, I yow assure;
Bot ay, the prince remanit pure,
Thare was few of that garnisoun[1],
That lernit hym ane gude lessoun;
Bot, sum to crak, and sum to clatter[2],
Sum maid the fule, and sum did flatter:
Quod ane, The devill stik me with ane knife,
Bot, schir, I knaw ane maide in Fyfe,
Ane of the lustiest wantoun lassis,
Quhareto, schir, be Goddis blude, scho passis[3]:
Hald thy toung, brother, quod ane uther,
I knaw ane fairer, be fyftene futher[4];
Schir, quhen ye pleis to Linlithgow pas,
Thare sall ye se ane lustie las:
Now trittell trattill, trow low[5],
Quod the thrid man, thow dois bot mow[6],
Quhen his grace cummis to fair Stirling,
Thare sall he se ane dayis darling:
Schir, quod the fourt, tak my counsell,
And go all to the hie bordell,

[1] party. [2] some to chat, and some to tattle.

[3] She passes, as one of the lustiest, wanton lasses, in Fyfe: Lyndsay too often obscures, by his verbosity, a plain proposition. By *God's blood*, was a very common oath among the old poets.

[4] *futher* means in general a great quantity, or number.

[5] contemptuous, but unmeaning expressions. [6] jest,

Thare may we lowp at libertie,
Withouttin ony gravitie.
Thus every man said for himself,
And did amang thame part the pelf;
Bot I, allace! or ever I wist[1],
Was trampit doun into the dust,
With hevy charge, withouttin more:
Bot, I wist never, yit, quharefore;
And, haistelie, before my face,
Ane uther slippit in my place,
Quhilk richelie[2] gat his rewaird,
And stylit was the auncient laird.
That tyme, I micht mak na defence,
Bot, tuke perforce, in pacience;
Prayand to send thame ane mischance,
That had the court in governance,
The quhilkis aganis me did maling,
Contrair the plesour of the king;
For weill I knew his gracis mynd,
Was ever to me trew, and kynd;
And contrair thair intentioun,
Gart pay me weill my pensioun[3],

[1] knew.

[2] "*richelie*" is the reading of the ed. 1568; "*lichtlie*," in the ed. 1574; "*full lichtlie*," in the ed. 1592, and 1597.

[3] Here, then, is Lyndsay's honest acknowledgment, that the king was ever kind to him; and gart pay him well his pension.

Thocht I ane'quhyle wantit presence,
He leit me have na indigence;
Quhen I durst nother peip, nor luke,
Yit wald I hyde me in ane nuke,
To se those uncouth vaniteis,
How thay lyke ony besie beis,
Did occupy thir goldin houris,
With help of thair new governouris;
Bot, my complaynt, for to compleit,
I gat the sour, and thay the sweit:
Als Jhone Makrery, the kingis fule[1],
Gat dowbill garmentis agane the yule;
Yit, in his maist tryumphand glore,
For his reward, gat the grandgore[2];
Now, in the court, seindill[3] he gois,
In dreid men stramp upon his tois:
As I that tyme durst nocht be sene,
In Poppin court, for baith my eine.
Allace! I have na tyme to tarie,
To schaw yow all the feirie farie[4].
How, those that had the governance,
Amangis thameselfis raisit variance,

[1] Pitscottie, p. 204, giving an account of James V.'s household servants, mentions John Mackilrie, the king's fool.

[2] *grandgore, glengore*; the venereal disease.

[3] seldom.

[4] bustle, and confusion.

And quha maist to my skaith consentit,
Within few yeiris full sore repentit,
Quhen thay culd mak me na remeid,
For thay wer harlit out be the heid [1],
And utheris tuke the governing,
Weill wors than thay, in all kin thing [2].
Thae lordis tuke na mair regaird,
Bot, quha micht purches best rewaird.
Sum to thair freindis gat beneficeis,
And uther sum gat bischopreis,
For every lord, as he thocht best,
Brocht in ane bird to fill the nest,
To be ane wacheman to his marrow,
Thay gan to draw at the cat harrow [3]:
The proudest prelatis of the kirk
Was fane to hyde thame in the mirk [4],

[1] dragged out by the head. The Douglases were turned out, *neck and shoulders*, in 1528.

[2] full worse than they in all kind of things.

[3] *cat harrow* is an old colloquial word, which is not easily explained. It seems to have some connection with the ancient cry for help, under the interjection *haro*. See *Menage*, in vo. So Chaucer, "Out! help! alas! *harow!* he gan to cry." In the ancient French policy, the *haro* was not unlike the *war cries* of the Scotish clans. The objects of Lyndsay's satire obviously looked to each other for aid.

[4] dark.

That tyme, so failzeit was thair sicht[1].
Sen syne[2] thay may nocht thole the licht
Of Christis trew Gospell to be sene,
So blyndit is thair corporall ene,
With warldlie lustis sensuall,
Taking in realmes the governall,
Baith gyding court, and sessioun[3],
Contrair to thair professioun,
Quhareof I think they sulde have schame,
Of spirituall preistis to tak the name;
For, Esayas into his wark[4],
Callis thame lyke doggis, that can nocht bark,
That callit ar preistis, and can nocht preche,
Nor Christis law to the pepill teche:
Gif for to preche, bene thair professioun,
Quhy suld thay mell[5] with court, or sessioun?

[1] The allusion here is to the flight of archbishop Beaton from the violence of the earl of Angus.

[2] since then.

[3] *gyding court, and sessioun:* The bishops were the most active, because the most able men, both in the court, and in the committees of parliament, for administering justice, before the establishment of the court of session.

[4] This reference to *Esayas* is again mentioned, in his Play; supposing the authority of *Esayas* to have great weight, in such an age. It is often recurred to by John Knox; as it equally suited his purpose of *preachment.*

[5] *mell*; meddle.

Except it war, in spirituall thingis,
Referring unto lordis and kingis,
Temporall causis to be decydit:
Gif thay thair spirituall office gydit,
Ilk man micht say, thay did thair partis,
Bot, gif thay can play at the cartis,
And mollet moylie, on ane mule[1],
Thocht thay had never sene the scule,
Yit, at this day, als weill as than,
Will be maid sic ane spiritual man:
Princis that sic prelatis promovis,
Accompt thareof to geve behovis,
Quhilk sall nocht pas, but punischement,
Without thay mend, and sore repent,
And with dew ministratioun,
Wyrk efter thair vocatioun,
I wis, that thing, quhilk will nocht be,
Thir perverst prelatis ar so hie,
From tyme, that thay bene callit lordis,
Thay ar occasioun of discordis,
And largelie will propynis hecht[2],
To gar ilk lord with uther fecht:

[1] ride softly on a mule: For this luxurious practice, he again attacks the bishops in his Play, where he thinks it very sinful for old men to ride an *amland mule*. All this shows the practice of the age, and the prejudice of the poet.

[2] presents promise.

Gif, for thair part, it may availl,
Swa to the purpose of my taill,
That tyme, in court, rais greit debait,
And everilk lord did stryve for stait,
That all the realme micht mak na redding [1],
Quhill on ilk syde thare was blude schedding,
And feildit uther [2], in land, and burgh,
At Linlithgow [3], Melros [4], and Edinburgh [5]:
Bot, to deplore, I think greit pane,
Of nobill men, that thare was slane,
And als, langsum, to be reportit,
Of thame quhilk to the court resortit,
As tyrrannis, tratouris, and transgressouris,
And commoun publict plane oppressouris,
Men murdresaris [6], and commoun theiffis,
Into that court gat all releiffis [7]:

[1] no settlement.

[2] Fought each other, in the country, and in town.

[3] On the 13th Sept. 1526, where the Douglases defeated the earl of Lenox.

[4] 24th July, 1526, when the Douglases defeated the Scots.

[5] 30th April, 1520, when the Douglases defeated the Hamiltons in a conflict, on the streets of Edinburgh, which was called *cleanse the causey*: For the lords, who were slain, see Pitscottie, 215.

[6] men-murderers.

[7] This is Lyndsay's description of the rule of the Douglases under the earl of Angus.

Thare was few lordis in all thir landis,
Bot, till new regentis maid thair bandis [1],
Than rais ane reik, or ever I wist [2],
The quhilk gart all thair bandis brist [3],
Than thay allane, quhilk had the gyding,
Thay could nocht keip thair feit from slyding:
Bot, of thair lyffis, thay had sic dreid,
That thay war fane till trot over Tweid [4].
Now, potent prince, I say to the,
I thank the haly Trinitie,
That I have levit to se this day,
That all that warld is went away,
And thow to na man art subjectit,
Nor to sic counsalouris coarctit [5]:
The four greit vertues cardinallis,
I se thame, with the principallis;
For, Justice haldis hir sword on hie,
With hir ballance of equitie,

[1] The allusion is to the bonds of *Maurent*, which arose from the feebleness of government, and the turbulence of the times.

[2] Then rose a smoke or ever I knew.

[3] The king made his escape, in 1528, from the Douglases; which circumstance *burst* many *bands*.

[4] The Douglases were attainted, in September 1528; and obliged to flee over the Tweed, into England.

[5] Here, Lyndsay triumphs over his oppressors, who had now *trotted over Tweed*.

And, in this realme, has maid sic ordour,
Baith throw the hieland, and the bordour,
That oppressioun, and all his fallowis,
Ar hangit hich upon the gallowis [1];
Dame Prudence hes the be the heid,
And Temperance dois thy brydill leid,
I se dame Force mak assistance,
Bearand thy targe of assurance,
And lusty lady Chastite,
Hes banischit Sensualite:
Dame Ryches takis on the sic cure,
I pray God, that scho lang indure;
That Povertie dar nocht be sene,
Into thy hous, for baith hir ene [2];
Bot, fra thy grace fled mony mylis,
Amangis the huntaris in the Ilis [3];
Dissimulance dar nocht schaw hir face,
Quhilk wount was to begyle thy grace;
Foly is fled out of the toun,
Quhilk ay was contrair to resoun:
Policie, and peice, beginnis to plant,
That verteous men can na thing want;

[1] With the aid of parliament, James V., in 1529, executed severe justice on the highlanders, and the borderers.

[2] both her eyes.

[3] Among the hunters in the *out isles*, the Hebrides.

And, as for sleuthfull idle lownis[1],
Sall fetterit be, in the galzeownis[2];
Jhone Uponland ben full blyth, I trow[3],
Because the rysche bus keipis his kow[4]:
Swa is thare nocht, I understand,
Without gude ordour in this land,
Except the spiritualitie;
Prayand thy grace, thareto have ee,
Cause thame mak ministratioun,
Conforme to thair vocatioun,
To preche with unfeinzeit intentis,
And trewlie use the sacramentis,
Efter Christis institutionis,
Leving thair vane traditionis.

[1] idle rogues.

[2] galleons, galleys.

[3] John Upland, like John the Commonweal, was a fictitious personage, who was brought in, by the poets of the 14th, 15th, and 16th, century, to complain of grievances: Dunbar has "John Upland's Complaynt." Chaucer introduces him in the Canterbury Tales, to complain of the ignorance of the churchmen, and he appears in several old English pieces.

[4] Because the rush bush keeps the cow: James V. had made such an example of the thieves, and executed justice on rogues so steadily, that it was of him a common saying, "That he made the *rush bush keep the cow.*"

Quhilk dois the sillie scheip illude[1],
Quham for Christ Jesus sched his blude,
As superstitious pilgramagis,
Prayand to gravin imagis,
Expres aganis the Lordis command,
I do[2] thy grace till understand:
Gif thow to mennis lawis assent
Aganis the Lordis commandement,
As Jeroboam, and mony mo,
Princis of Israell, also,
Assentaris to idolatrie,
Quhilkis punist war richt piteouslie,
And from thair realmes wer rutit out;
So sall thow be, withouttin dout,
Baith heir, and hyne[3], withouttin more,
And want the everlasting glore;
Bot, gif thow will thyne hart inclyne,
And keip his blessit law divyne,
As did the faithfull patriarkis,
Baith in thair wordis, and in thair warkis,
And as did mony faithfull kingis
Of Israell, during thair ringis,

[1] to *illude*; to deceive, to mock, to impose on, as in Spenser:
"Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strait,
"And falsed oft his blow, t'*illude* him with such bait."

[2] I *make* your grace.

[3] Here, and hereafter: *hyne*; hence.

As king David, and Salomone,
Quha maist wald suffer none,
In thair riche tempillis for to stand;
Becaus it was nocht Goddis command;
Bot, distroyit all idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thow may sie,
Quhose riche reward was hevinlie blis,
Quhilk sal be thyne, thow doand this.
Sen thow hes chosin sic ane gaird,
Now, am I sure, to get rewaird[1],
And sen thow art the richest king,
That ever, in this realme, did ring,
Of gold, and stonis precious,
Maist prudent, and ingenious,
And hes thy honour done avance,
In Scotland, Ingland, and in France,
Be martiall deidis honorabill,
And art till every vertew abill,
I wat thy grace will nocht misken[2] me,
Bot, thow will outher geve, or len me:
Wald thy grace, len me, to ane day,
Of gold, ane thousand pound, or tway[3],
And I sall fix with gude intent,
Thy grace ane day of payment,

[1] Lyndsay was soon after made lion-king; so that he had the reward, which distinguished him ever after.

[2] misknow, forget. [3] two, twa; *tway*, *metri gratia*.

With seillit [1] obligatioun,
Under this protestatioun,
Quhen the Bas, and the Ile of May [2],
Beis set upon the Mont Sinay:
Quhen the Lowmound besyde Falkland [3],
Beis liftit to Northumberland:
Quhen kirkmen yairnis [4] na dignitie,
Nor wyffis na soveranitie,
Winter but frost, snaw, wynd, or rane,
Than sal I geve thy gold agane;
Or, I sall mak the payment,
Efter the day of jugement,
Within ane moneth, at the leist,
Quhen Sanct Peter sall mak ane feist,
To all the fischaris of Aberladie [5],
Swa thou have myne acquittance reddie;
Failzeand thareof, be Sanct Phillane [6],
Thy grace gettis never ane groat agane;

[1] sealed.

[2] The *Bass*, and the *Isle of May*, are two well-known islets in the Frith of Forth.

[3] The Lowmond hill, near Falkland, in Fife.

[4] desires ardently: Lyndsay loses no opportunity of girding at the kirkmen, a poetical practice, indeed, which began early in England.

[5] The fishers of *Aberladie*, in East Lothian, were more famous then, than they are at present.

[6] St. Phillan is said by legend to have flourished, at the beginning of the 8th century. He is supposed, by the same

Gif thou be nocht content of this,
I man requeist the King of blis,
That he to me have sum regaird,
And cause thy grace me to rewaird:
For, David, king of Israell,
Quhilk was the greit propheit royall,
Sayis, God hes haill[1] at his command,
The hartis of princis in his hand:
Evin as he list[2] thame for to turne,
That man thay do, without sudgeorne[3],
Sum till exalt to dignite,
And sum to depryve in poverte.
Sumtyme, of layit men to mak lordis,
And sumtyme, lordis to bind in cordis,
And thame alluterlie distroy,
As plesis God, that royall roy,

authority, to have aided Robert Bruce, at the battle of Bannockburne. That great prince, certainly, consecrated a monastery to St. Fillan, in Glen Dochart, Perthshire.

[1] all.

[2] As he chooses, wills: So in the *Fairy Queen*:

"To fight in field, or to defend this wall,
"Point what you *list*, I nought refuse at all."

And in Shakspeare:

"Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,
"It shall be moon, or star, or what I *list*."

[3] That *must* they do, without sojourn, delay.

For thow art bot ane instrument,
To that greit King, omnipotent:
So quhen it pleisis his Excellence,
Thy grace sall mak me recompence,
Or he sall cause me stand content,
Of quyet lyfe, and sober rent[1],
And tak me, in my latter age,
Unto my sempil hermitage[2],
And spend that my eldaris wun[3],
As did Diogenes in his tun;
Of this Complaynt, with mynd ful meik,
Thy gracis answeir, schir, I beseik.

QUOD LYNDSAY

TO THE KING.

[1] small estate.

[2] Simple hermitage: I suspect, this was not Lyndsay's word; as where he mentions the thing, in other places, he spells the word differently: The context requires *heretage*.

[3] Garmilton, and the Mount.

THE

TESTAMENT AND COMPLAYNT

OF

OUR SOVERANE LORDIS PAPINGO[1],

KING JAMES THE FYFT;

Quhilk lyes sore woundit[2], and may nocht de, till every man have hard quhat scho sayis: quharefor, gentill redaris, haist yow, that scho[3] wer out of pane.

LYNDSAY'S own *Complaynt* had succeeded so well, that he soon resolved to write a fresh Complaynt of a very different personage. When our poet closed his

[1] *Papingo* was merely the Scotish mode of spelling the English *popingay*; as indeed Lyndsay himself spells the same word, *papingay*, in his *Monarchies:* This is the old English name of the *parrot*; as in Chaucer, "Singeth wel merier than the *popingay*;" also in Shakspeare, "To be so pestered with a *popingay*:" And, Coles explains the *popingay* to be a *greenish* parrot.

[2] "*quhilk lyes sore woundit*" is the reading of the ed. 1558; and is supported by the English ed. 1538, in a different spelling; "*which lyeth sore wounded.*" The ed. 1568, 1574, and 1592, have subatituted, "*Lyand sore woundit.*"

[3] The ed. 1538, and 1558, have *he*, the subsequent ed. *scho:* And Lyndsay himself makes the pye call the papingo *sister.* I suspect the blunder was committed by Lyndsay himself, and not by the first printers.

Complaynt, in 1529, every thing, and every body, seem to have been reformed; there was nocht,

> " Without gude ordour, in this land,
> " Except the *Spiritualitie*."

He now brings out the king's *parrot* to laugh at the *ecclesiastical persons*, and proceedings; approaching in his ambition of satire, and ardour of reform, to the very border of scurrility, and profaneness: It must, however, be allowed that, if his satire be sharp, it is, at the same time, sly; if his reprehensions be vehement, they are often just; and if his design be generous, his views are narrow, and his means are bad. He divides this satirical poem, that is written in seven-line stanzas, with alternate rhymes, and in ten-syllable verse, into several sections, which are judiciously applied to different topics. *The Prolog*, he begins, by apologizing, according to the practice of the poets, for his want of *ingyne*, and for his deficience of *mater*; the *poets auld*, having exhausted, in *termes rethorical*, everilk matter both *tragedie*, and *storie*, and that *sa ornatlie*, that nothing remained for his *dull intelligence*, either of subject, or embellishment. He now breaks out into a just celebration of *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and *Lidgate*, who were conceived to be beyond compare, and said to be inimitable; " Whose sweet sentence through Albion ben sung." From celebrating thus the fathers of English poesy,

Lyndsay proceeds to speak, in *termes aureait* of Dunbar, Douglas, the *bishop of Dunkell,* and other poets of his country, both the dead, and the living, with whose writings, and merits, he seems to have been perfectly acquainted: our author shows, indeed, throughout his various poems, that he had read much, and remembered what he had read; as we might infer from his retrospections, and adaptations. Lyndsay goes on, in his second division, to illustrate an axiom, which is of great importance to mankind, that, "Wha climmis too high, perforce his feet must fail." To establish this position, he perches the parrot on the topmost branch of the highest tree, whence she is thrown down, when Boreas blew a *fretting blast,* and when he gives her not only power of speech, but endows her with the faculty of reflection. Our poet, in his third section, by an easy fiction, makes this unfortunate bird "give her counsall to the king," by spreading out before him the Scotish *Chronikillis,* "Whilk might be *mirrour* to his majestie." Lyndsay makes the papingo, in his fourth division, address her *brether of the court,* on whom she tries to impress this lesson of experience, "Wha sittes maist hie sall "find the sait maist slidder." Our poet, in his last section, introduces "the commoning betwix the "papingo and her haly executoris;" the pye, a canon regular; the raven, a black monk; and the gled, a holy freir: In the conversation of the papingo, with such

executors, the reader will find what might easily be expected, in such a place, from such parties, much retrospective history, many elegant fictions, and some useful satire. The *Complaynt of the Papingo*, which is one of the most finished of Lyndsay's pieces, was written by him, at the age of forty, in the year

1530.

The PROLOG.

Livor post fata quiescit.

SUPPOSE I had ingyne angelicall,
With sapience mair than Salamonicall [1],
I not [2], quhat mater put in memorie;
The poetis auld, in style heroicall,
In breve subtell termes rethoricall,
Of everilk mater, tragedie, and storie,
Sa ornatlie [3], to thair heich laud, and glorie,

[1] *Salomonical* was the English spelling of that age.

[2] *I not;* an abbreviation, for *I know not;* as in Chaucer: "But, soth to sayn, *I not* how men him callis."

[3] Milton has "*ornate,*" in the same sense; but, the English writers seem to have dropped the adverb, *ornatlie.* In the *Agonistes,* it is asked:—

"What thing of sea, or land,
"Female of sex, it seems,
"That so bedeck'd, *ornate,* and gay,
"Comes this way, sailing?"

Haith[1] done indyte, quhais supreme sapience
Transcendith far the dull intelligence[2]

Of poetis now, intill our vulgar toung:
For quhy? the bell of rethorick bene roung,
Be Chawcer, Gower, and Lidgate laureat.
Quha dar presume thir poetis till impung?
Quhais sweit sentence throuch Albion ben sung;

[1] "*Haith*," in the ed. 1558, is generally changed to "*hes*," in the subsequent editions.

[2] I have added here the first stanza of the English ed. 1538, in order to show the more critical reader how this stanza stands, in that early edition:

Suppose I had ingyne angelicall
With sapience never Salomonical
I not what mater put in memory
The poetis olde in stile heroycal
In breve subtile termes rethoricall
Of everylk mater tragedie and story
So ornatly to their hie laude and glory
Hath done indite whose supreme sapience
Transcendeth far, the dull intelligence.

In this stanza, there are only two points; the (,) in the last line, after far, and the (.), after intelligence: And, they are both wrong, particularly, the last, which shuts up the sense, though the sense be carried over to the next stanza. But, pointing was not understood then, either in Scotland, or in England. We may infer, then, that the pointing of Lyndsay is not his own.

Or quha can now the warkis contrefait,
Off Kennedie [1] with termes aureait?
Or of Dunbar [1], quha language had at large,
As may be sene, intill his goldin Targe:

Quintyn, Merser, Rowl, Henderson [3], Hay, and Holland,
Thocht thay be deid, thair libellis bene levand,
Quhilkis, to reherse, makith reidaris to rejose,
Allace! for ane, quhilk lamp was of this land [4],
Of eloquence the flowand balmy strand;
And, in our Inglis rethorick, the rose,
As of rubeis, the carbunckle bene chose;
And, as Phebus dois Cynthia precell;
Sa, Gawin Dowglas, bischop of Dunkell,

[1] The ed. 1538 and 1558 begins those two lines "*Off Kennedie; Or of Dunbar;*" The ed. 1568, 1574, and 1597, blunderingly print those expressions "*Or of Kennedie; Of Dunbar.*"

[3] All the ed., including the English ed. of 1538, speak of this poet by the name of *Henderson:* He was called Robert *Henderson*, by the earl of Kelly, and other aged Scotish scholars. Tyr. Chaucer, v. 5. p. 17: Yet, has the late Mr. Sibbald called him *Henryson*, in opposition to Lyndsay: and Mr. Sibbald has, contrary to all the editions, omitted "*and*" between Hay, and Holland: But, of the interpolations, and blunders, of this chronological editor, there is no end.

[4] "*was* of *this land*" is the reading of the ed. 1538, 1558, and 1568; the ed. 1574, 1592, 1597, and Sibbald have interpolated "in *this land.*"

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Had, quhen he wes into this lande, on lyve,
Abufe vulgar poetis prerogatyve,
Baith in practick, and speculatioun.
I say na mair, gude reidaris may discryve,
His worthy werkis, in noumer mo than fyve:
And, speciallie, the trew translatioun
Of Virgill, quhilk bene consolatioun
To cunning men, to knaw his greit ingyne,
Als weill in naturall science, as devyne.

And, in the courte, bene present, in thir dayis,
That ballatis, brevis, lustelie, and layis,
Quhilkis till our prince daylie thay do present.
Quha can say mair, than schir James Inglis sayis
In ballatis, farsis [1], and in plesand playis?
Bot, Culross haith his pen maid impotent [2],
Kid, in cunnyng [3] and practik, richt prudent;
And Steward, quhilk desyrith ane staitly style,
Full ornate warkis daylie dois compyle.

Stewart of Lorne will carpe richt curiouslie,
Galbraith, Kinlouch, quhen thay list thame applie

[1] *farse*, in that age, signified any drollery, or droll action, adventure, pleasantry. Dict. Comique, in vo. Farce.

[2] His promotion to the abbacy of Culross had made him too impotent to write.

[3] knowledge.

Into that art, ar craftie of ingyne:
Bot, now of late, is starte up haistelie,
Ane cunnyng clark, quhilk wrytith craftelie,
Ane plant of poetis, callit Ballendyne[1],
Quhose ornat warkis, my wit can nocht defyne:
Get he into the courte auctoritie,
He will precell Quintyn, and Kennedie.

Sa, thocht I had ingyne, as I have none,
I wat nocht quhat to wryt, be sweit Sanct Jhone:
For quhy? in all the garth[2] of eloquence,
Is na thing left, bot barrane stok, and stane,
The polite termis ar pullit everilk ane,
Be thir forenaimit poetis of prudence;
And sen I find na uther new sentence,
I sall declare, or I depart yow fro,
The Complaynt of ane woundit Papyngo:

Quharefor, because myne mater bene sa rude
Of sentence, and of rethorick denude,
To rurall folk, myne dyting bene directit,
Far flemit[3] from the sicht of men of gude;
For cunnyng men, I knaw will sone conclude,

[1] This is the archdene of Moray, who translated the Scotish Chronycles, for the use of James V.

[2] *garth* is garden: Mr. Sibbald has printed "*eirth*," for *garth*.

[3] *Far flemit; far removed* from the sight of respectable men.

It dow[1] na thing, bot for to be dejectit:
And quhen I heir myne mater bene detractit,
Than sall I sweir, I maid it, bot in mowis[2],
To landwart lassis[3], quhilkis keipith ky and yowis.

THE COMPLAYNT
OF
THE PAPINGO.

Quha climmis to hych, perforce, his feit mon faill;
Expreme[4] I sall that, be experience,
Gif that yow pleis to here ane piteous taill;
How ane fair bird, be fatall violence,
Devorit was, and micht mak na defence,
Contrair the deith[5], sa failzeit naturall strenth,
As efter, I sall schaw yow, at mair lenth.

[1] *It dow*; it deserves. [2] in jest.

[3] country lasses, who keep kyne, and ewes: Sibbald hath repeated the interpolation of the ed. 1592, in substituting *milkis*, for *keipith*.

[4] *Expreme* is "*Expresse*," in the ed. 1538: *Expreme* means here to explain; to express.

[5] "*Contrair* the *deth*" is the reading of the ed. 1538: Lyndsay almost always places, as here, the article *the*, before death: Like better writers of more recent times, he knew not the proper use of the article.

Ane Papingo, richt plesand, and perfyte,
Presentit was till our maist nobill king,
Of quhome his grace ane lang tyme had delyte,
Mair fair of forme, I wat, flew never on wing:
This proper bird, he gave in governing,
To me, quhilk was his simpyll serviture,
On quhome, I did my diligence, and cure:

To lerne hir language artificiall,
To play platfute, and quhissill futebefore[1]:
Bot, of hir inclinatioun naturall,
Scho countrafaitit all fowlis les, and more,
Of hir curage[2], scho walde without my lore,
Sing lyke the merle, and craw lyke to the cok,
Pew lyke the gled, and chant lyke the laverok;

Bark lyke ane dog, and kekill lyke ane kae[3],
Blait lyke ane hog[4], and buller lyke ane bull;

[1] These were probably two popular tunes, which the papingo learned to whistle. *Platfute* is in Christ's Kirk on the Green: "*Platfute he bobbit up with bends.*" It had its name, no doubt, from the cross motion of the feet, in dancing to this tune. In *Cowkelbie's Sow*, *ow'rfute* is mentioned, as the name of a popular dance, when that piece was written.

[2] *curage*; cure, care;—of her own head, or management.

[3] The jackdaw, and not the *jay*, as in Sibbald: Lyndsay, in his Play, makes Folly's bairns *cry like a kae.*

[4] *hog*, here, and in other places of Lyndsay, means a young sheep.

Gaill lyke ane goik [1], and greit quhen scho wes wae [2],
Clim on ane cord, syne lauch, and play the fule:
Scho micht have bene ane menstral aganis yule [3];
This blyssit bird was to me sa plesand,
Quhare ever I fure [4], I bure hir on my hand.

And sa befell, in till ane mirthfull morrow,
Into my garth, I past me to repose:
This bird, and I, as we war wount aforrow,
Amang the flowris fresche, fragrant, and formose [5]:
My vitall spreitis dewlie did rejose,
Quhen Phebus rose, and rave [6] the cloudis sabyll,
Throuch brichtnes of his bemis amyabyll.

Without vapour, was weill purificate
The temperate air, soft, sober, and serene:
The eirth, be nature, sa edificate,
With holsum herbis, blew, quhyte, reid, and grene;
Quhilk elevate my spreitis from the splene,

[1] the gouk, or cuckoo.

[2] and cry when she was *wae*, or woe: Shakspeare has "I am *woe* for it; *sorry* for it, as in the old English writers. Dodsley's Old Plays, v. i. p. 21.

[3] Here is a fine intimation of the menstral practice, at Christmas, in that age.

[4] Wherever I *went*, I bore her on my hand, according to the practice of that period, as to hawks.

[5] beautiful; as *formous* in Chaucer. [6] pierced.

That day, Saturne, nor Mars, durst nocht appeir,
Nor Eole, of his cove[1], he durst nocht steir[2].

That day, perforce, behuffit to be fair,
Be influence, and cours celestiall:
Na planeit preisit[3], for to perturbe the air;
For Mercurius, be moving naturall,
Exaltit wes into the throne tryumphall
Of his mansioun unto the fyftene gre[4],
In his awin soverane signe of Virgine.

That day did Phebus plesandlie depart,
From Gemini, and enterit in Cancer:
That day Cupido did extend his dart;
Venus that day conjunit with Jupiter;
That day Neptunus hid him, lyke ane sker[5];
That day dame Nature, with greit besynes,
Fortherit Flora, to kyith hir craftynes[6].

[1] "*cove*" is the reading of the earliest editions: Sibbald has changed it to "*cave.*"

[2] stir.

[3] attempted: *Pressit* was mistakingly substituted in the ed. 1592.

[4] fifteenth degree.

[5] *sker*, is a rock, which is concealed only at some time of the tide.

[6] Helped Flora to show her craftiness, her skill, her gay attire: In the same sense, Chaucer says, "*Kithe your almesse upon me poure wretche.*"

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne:
And Cynthia in Sagittar asseisit[1]:
That day dame Ceres, goddes of the corne,
Full joyfullie Jhone Uponland appleisit[2]:
The bad aspect of Saturne wes appeisit,
That day, be Juno, of Jupiter the joy,
Perturband spreitis causing to hald coy[3].

The sound of birdis, surmontit all the skyis,
With melodie of notis musicall:
The balmy droppis of dew Titan updryis,
Hingand upon the tender twistis small,
The hevinlye hew, and sound angelicall,
Sic perfyte plesour prentit in my hart,
That with greit pyne, from thyne I micht depart;

So, still amang those herbis amiabill,
I did remane ane space, for my pastance[4],
Bot, warldlye plesour bene sa variabill,
Mixit with sorrow, dreid, and inconstance,
That thairintill is na continuance:

[1] *asseisit*; fixed, settled.

[2] John Uponland, John the Countryman, like John Bull; *appleisit*; pleased.

[3] *hald coye*; hold quiet: Chaucer has *coye*, in the same sense; and he has *coye*, as a verb: "And *coyen* 'hem, that thei saie no harm of me."

[4] pastime.

Sa, micht I say, my schort solace, allace!
Was drevin in dolour, in ane lytill space:

For, in that garth, amang those fragrant flouris,
Walking allane, nane bot my bird, and I:
Unto the tyme, that I had said myne houris[1],
This bird I set upon ane branche me by,
Bot, scho began to speill[2] richt spedilye,
And in that tre scho did sa heich ascend,
That, be na way, I micht hir apprehend.

Sweit bird, said I, bewar, mont nocht over hie,
Returne, in tyme, perchance thy feit may failze,
Thow art richt fat, and nocht weill usit to flie,
The gredie gled, I dreid scho the assailze.
I will, said scho, ascend, vailze quod vailze[3],
It is my kyne[4] to clim ay to the hicht,
Of fether, and bone, I wat weill, I am wicht:

Sa, on the heichest lytill tender twist,
With wing displayit, scho sat full wantounlye;
Bot, Boreas blew ane blast, or ever scho wist,

[1] his morning prayers; his matins.

[2] *to speill*; to climb.

[3] *vailzie quod vailzie*; happen what may: Fr. *vaille qui vaille*. Dict. Comique: Lyndsay repeats this phrase, in his Hist. of Squyr Meldrum.

[4] my nature.

Quhilk brak the branche, and blew hir suddanlye,
Down to the ground, with mony carefull crye,
Upon ane stob [1], scho lichtit on hir breist,
The blude ruschit out, and scho cryit for ane preist [2].

God wat, gif than my hart wes wo begone [3],
To se that fowll flychter [4] amang the flouris,
Quhilk with greit murnyng, gan to mak hir mone:
Now, cummin ar, said scho, the fatall houris;
Of bitter deith now mon I thole the schouris [5]:
O dame Nature, I pray the of thy grace,
Len me laiser, to speik ane lytill space:

For to complene my fate infortunate,
And to dispone my geir [6], or I departe,
Sen of all comfort, I am desolate,

[1] *a stob*; a sharp pointed stump.

[2] she cried for a priest: This is one of Lyndsay's sly strokes at auricular confession.

[3] *wo begone*; overwhelmed with woe; as in all the old poets, and dramatists: So in Chaucer, "Tho was this wretched woman *wo-begone*." Cant. Tales, v. 5338; and in Kyd's *Cornelia*, "Wretches, they are *woebegone*." Dodsley's O. P. v. ii. p. 289.

[4] flutter; flap its wings in pain.

[5] *schouris*; sorrows.

[6] *dispone my geir* are properly law expressions of the Scotish jurisprudence;—to dispose of her goods and geir: Chaucer

Allane, except the deith, heir with his dart,
With awfull cheir[1], reddy to perse myne hart:
And with that word, scho tuke ane passioun,
Syne flatlyngis fell, and swappit into swoun[2].

With sory hart, persit with compassioun,
And salt teiris, distilling from myne ene,
To here that birdis lamentatioun,
I did approche, under ane hauthorne grene,
Quhare I micht heir and se, and be unsene:
And quhen this bird had swounit twyse, or thryse,
Scho gan to speik, saying on this wyse:

O! fals Fortune, quhy hes thow me begylit?
This day, at morne, quha knew this careful cace;
Vane hope, in the my resoun haith exylit[3],
Havyng sic traist into thy fenzeit face,
That ever I was brocht into the court, allace!

uses *dispone*, in the same sense; "Gode *disponeth* 'hem all:"—*Geir, gear, gere;* goods, chattels, as in Shakspeare: Heywood talks in his Four Ps. of certain characters "Pynnynge up theyr *gere:*" Sibbald has foisted in *gudis*, for *geir*, after the ed. 1592.

[1] countenance.

[2] She fell into a swoon: *Swappe* means *to fall down suddenly* in Chaucer: *Swapt*; squatted; an old word, says Coles.

[3] Vain hope had banished her reason.

Had I, in forrest, flowin amang my feiris [1],
I micht full weill haif levit mony yeiris.

Prudent counsall, allace! I did refuse,
Agane resoun usyng myne appetyte:
Ambitioun did sa myne hart abuse,
That Eolus had me in greit dispyte;
Poeitis of me haith mater to indyte,
Quhilk clam sa heich, and wo is me, tharefore,
Nocht douting, that the deith durst me devore.

This day, at morne, my forme, and feddrem [2] fair,
Abufe the proude pacok, war precelland,
And now ane catyve carioun full of cair,
Bathand in blude, doun from my hart distelland,
And in myne eir, the bell of deith bene knelland;
O fals warld, fy on thy felicitie!
Thy pryde, avarice, and immundicitie [3].

In the, I se, na thing bene permanent,
Of thy schort solace, sorrow is the end:
Thy fals infortunate giftis bene bot lent,
This day full proud, the morne na thing to spend:
O ye that doith pretend, ay till ascend!

[1] equals, companions; as in Lyndsay's Play: and Chaucer uses *fere*, in the same sense.

[2] *feddrem*; her feathers.

[3] uncleanness, corruption.

My fatall ende have in remembrance,
And yow defende, from sic unhappy chance.

Quhidder, that I wes strickin in extasie,
Or throuch ane stark [1] imaginatioun:
Bot, it appeirit in myne fantasie,
I hard this dolent lamentatioun:
Thus dullit into desolatioun [2],
Me thocht this bird did breve [3] in hir maneir,
Hir counsall to the king, as ye sall heir.

The First Epistill of the Papingo,

Direct [4] till our soverane lorde king James the Fyft.

Prepotent prince, peirles of pulchritude [5]!
Glore, honour, laud, tryumphe, and victorie,

[1] *stark*; strong.

[2] Thus thrown into sorrowfulness.

[3] *Breve*, here, in the French sense, means, I believe, to write down, in her own manner, punctually, what had come into her mind. See the Dict. Comique in vo. *Breve*, in law, is a writ; *brevet*, a brief, a pope's bull.

[4] *Direct* is the reading of the ed. 1538, and 1558.

[5] *Prepotent* is coined by Lyndsay for *most potent*; as he has formed *preplesand*, and *precordial*: *Peirles of pulchritude*; of unequalled beauty, handsomeness: In the Epistle Dedicatory to his Dreme, Lyndsay addresses James V.: "Richt potent prince of hie imperiall blude."

Gaill lyke ane goik [1], and greit quhen scho wes wae [2],
Clim on ane cord, syne lauch, and play the fule:
Scho micht have bene ane menstral aganis yule [3];
This blyssit bird was to me sa plesand,
Quhare ever I fure [4], I bure hir on my hand.

And sa befell, in till ane mirthfull morrow,
Into my garth, I past me to repose:
This bird, and I, as we war wount aforrow,
Amang the flowris fresche, fragrant, and formose [5]:
My vitall spreitis dewlie did rejose,
Quhen Phebus rose, and rave [6] the cloudis sabyll,
Throuch brichtnes of his bemis amyabyll.

Without vapour, was weill purificate
The temperate air, soft, sober, and serene:
The eirth, be nature, sa edificate,
With holsum herbis, blew, quhyte, reid, and grene;
Quhilk elevate my spreitis from the splene,

[1] the gouk, or cuckoo.

[2] and cry when she was *wae*, or woe: Shakspeare has "I am *woe* for it; *sorry* for it, as in the old English writers. Dodsley's Old Plays, v. i. p. 21.

[3] Here is a fine intimation of the menstral practice, at Christmas, in that age.

[4] Wherever I *went*, I bore her on my hand, according to the practice of that period, as to hawks.

[5] beautiful; as *formous* in Chaucer. [6] pierced.

That day, Saturne, nor Mars, durst nocht appeir,
Nor Eole, of his cove[1], he durst nocht steir[2].

That day, perforce, behuffit to be fair,
Be influence, and cours celestiall:
Na planeit preisit[3], for to perturbe the air;
For Mercurius, be moving naturall,
Exaltit wes into the throne tryumphall
Of his mansioun unto the fyftene gre[4],
In his awin soverane signe of Virgine.

That day did Phebus plesandlie depart,
From Gemini, and enterit in Cancer:
That day Cupido did extend his dart;
Venus that day conjunit with Jupiter;
That day Neptunus hid him, lyke ane sker[5];
That day dame Nature, with greit besynes,
Fortherit Flora, to kyith hir craftynes[6].

[1] "*cove*" is the reading of the earliest editions: Sibbald has changed it to "*cave.*"

[2] stir.

[3] attempted: *Pressit* was mistakingly substituted in the ed. 1592.

[4] fifteenth degree.

[5] *sker*, is a rock, which is concealed only at some time of the tide.

[6] Helped Flora to show her craftiness, her skill, her gay attire: In the same sense, Chaucer says, "*Kithe your almesse upon me poure wretche.*"

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne:
And Cynthia in Sagittar asseisit[1]:
That day dame Ceres, goddes of the corne,
Full joyfullie Jhone Uponland appleisit[2]:
The bad aspect of Saturne wes appeisit,
That day, be Juno, of Jupiter the joy,
Perturband spreitis causing to hald coy[3].

The sound of birdis, surmontit all the skyis,
With melodie of notis musicall:
The balmy droppis of dew Titan updryis,
Hingand upon the tender twistis small,
The hevinlye hew, and sound angelicall,
Sic perfyte plesour prentit in my hart,
That with greit pyne, from thyne I micht depart;

So, still amang those herbis amiabill,
I did remane ane space, for my pastance[4],
Bot, warldlye plesour bene sa variabill,
Mixit with sorrow, dreid, and inconstance,
That thairintill is na continuance:

[1] *asseisit*; fixed, settled.

[2] John Uponland, John the Countryman, like John Bull; *appleisit*; pleased.

[3] *hald coye*; hold quiet: Chaucer has *coye*, in the same sense; and he has *coye*, as a verb: "And *coyen* 'hem, that thei saie no harm of me."

[4] pastime.

Sa, micht I say, my schort solace, allace!
Was drevin in dolour, in ane lytill space:

For, in that garth, amang those fragrant flouris,
Walking allane, nane bot my bird, and I:
Unto the tyme, that I had said myne houris[1],
This bird I set upon ane branche me by,
Bot, scho began to speill[2] richt spedilye,
And in that tre scho did sa heich ascend,
That, be na way, I micht hir apprehend.

Sweit bird, said I, bewar, mont nocht over hie,
Returne, in tyme, perchance thy feit may failze,
Thow art richt fat, and nocht weill usit to flie,
The gredie gled, I dreid scho the assailze.
I will, said scho, ascend, vailze quod vailze[3],
It is my kyne[4] to clim ay to the hicht,
Of fether, and bone, I wat weill, I am wicht:

Sa, on the heichest lytill tender twist,
With wing displayit, scho sat full wantounlye;
Bot, Boreas blew ane blast, or ever scho wist,

[1] his morning prayers; his matins.

[2] *to speill*; to climb.

[3] *vailzie quod vailzie*; happen what may: Fr. *vaille qui vaille*. Dict. Comique: Lyndsay repeats this phrase, in his Hist. of Squyr Meldrum.

[4] my nature.

Quhilk brak the branche, and blew hir suddanlye,
Down to the ground, with mony carefull crye,
Upon ane stob[1], scho lichtit on hir breist,
The blude ruschit out, and scho cryit for ane preist[2].

God wat, gif than my hart wes wo begone[3],
To se that fowll flychter[4] amang the flouris,
Quhilk with greit murnyng, gan to mak hir mone:
Now, cummin ar, said scho, the fatall houris;
Of bitter deith now mon I thole the schouris[5]:
O dame Nature, I pray the of thy grace,
Len me laiser, to speik ane lytill space:

For to complene my fate infortunate,
And to dispone my geir[6], or I departe,
Sen of all comfort, I am desolate,

[1] *a stob*; a sharp pointed stump.

[2] she cried for a priest: This is one of Lyndsay's sly strokes at auricular confession.

[3] *wo begone*; overwhelmed with woe; as in all the old poets, and dramatists: So in Chaucer, "Tho was this wretched woman *wo-begone*." Cant. Tales, v. 5338; and in Kyd's *Cornelia*, "Wretches, they are *woebegone*." Dodsley's O. P. v. ii. p. 289.

[4] flutter; flap its wings in pain.

[5] *schouris*; sorrows.

[6] *dispone my geir* are properly law expressions of the Scotish jurisprudence;—to dispose of her goods and geir: Chaucer

Allane, except the deith, heir with his dart,
With awfull cheir[1], reddy to perse myne hart:
And with that word, scho tuke ane passioun,
Syne flatlyngis fell, and swappit into swoun[2].

With sory hart, persit with compassioun,
And salt teiris, distilling from myne ene,
To here that birdis lamentatioun,
I did approche, under ane hauthorne grene,
Quhare I micht heir and se, and be unsene:
And quhen this bird had swounit twyse, or thryse,
Scho gan to speik, saying on this wyse:

O! fals Fortune, quhy hes thow me begylit?
This day, at morne, quha knew this careful cace;
Vane hope, in the my resoun haith exylit[3],
Havyng sic traist into thy fenzeit face,
That ever I was brocht into the court, allace!

uses *dispone*, in the same sense; "Gode *disponeth* 'hem all:"—*Geir, gear, gere;* goods, chattels, as in Shakspeare: Heywood talks in his Four Ps. of certain characters "Pynnynge up theyr *gere:*" Sibbald has foisted in *gudis*, for *geir*, after the ed. 1592.

[1] countenance.

[2] She fell into a swoon: *Swappe* means *to fall down suddenly* in Chaucer: *Swapt*; squatted; an old word, says Coles.

[3] Vain hope had banished her reason.

Had I, in forrest, flowin amang my feiris[1],
I micht full weill haif levit mony yeiris.

Prudent counsall, allace! I did refuse,
Agane resoun usyng myne appetyte:
Ambitioun did sa myne hart abuse,
That Eolus had me in greit dispyte;
Poeitis of me haith mater to indyte,
Quhilk clam sa heich, and wo is me, tharefore,
Nocht douting, that the deith durst me devore.

This day, at morne, my forme, and feddrem[2] fair,
Abufe the proude pacok, war precelland,
And now ane catyve carioun full of cair,
Bathand in blude, doun from my hart distelland,
And in myne eir, the bell of deith bene knelland;
O fals warld, fy on thy felicitie!
Thy pryde, avarice, and immundicitie[3].

In the, I se, na thing bene permanent,
Of thy schort solace, sorrow is the end:
Thy fals infortunate giftis bene bot lent,
This day full proud, the morne na thing to spend:
O ye that doith pretend, ay till ascend!

[1] equals, companions; as in Lyndsay's Play: and Chaucer uses *fere*, in the same sense.

[2] *feddrem*; her feathers.

[3] uncleanness, corruption.

My fatall ende have in remembrance,
And yow defende, from sic unhappy chance.

Quhidder, that I wes strickin in extasie,
Or throuch ane stark [1] imaginatioun:
Bot, it appeirit in myne fantasie,
I hard this dolent lamentatioun:
Thus dullit into desolatioun [2],
Me thocht this bird did breve [3] in hir maneir,
Hir counsall to the king, as ye sall heir.

The First Epistill of the Papingo,

Direct [4] till our soverane lorde king James the Fyft.

Prepotent prince, peirles of pulchritude [5]!
Glore, honour, laud, tryumphe, and victorie,

[1] *stark*; strong.

[2] Thus thrown into sorrowfulness.

[3] *Breve*, here, in the French sense, means, I believe, to write down, in her own manner, punctually, what had come into her mind. See the Dict. Comique in vo. *Breve*, in law, is a writ; *brevet*, a brief, a pope's bull.

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Be to thy heich excellent celsitude[1],
With martiall deidis, digne[2] of memorie,
Sen Atropos consumit haith my glorie,
And dolent deith, allace! mon us depart,
I leif to the my trew unfenzeit hart:

Togidder with this cedule[3] subsequent,
With maist reverend recommendatioun:
I grant, thy grace gettis mony ane document,
Be famous fatheris predicatioun,
With mony notabill narratioun,
Be plesand poetis, in style heroicall,
Quhow thow sulde gyde thy sait imperiall[4].

Sum doith deplore the greit calamiteis,
Of divers realmes transmutatioun;
Sum piteouslie doith treit of tragedeis,
All for thy graces informatioun:
So I intend, but[5] adulatioun,

[1] *celsitude*; highness, eminence: So Chaucer "Goddes of love and to thy *celsitude*."

[2] worthy; as in Cartwright's Ordinary, Dodsley's O. P. v. x. p. 236. "Make cheer much *digne*, good Robert."

[3] schedule, writing.

[4] how thou should guide thy kingly government; seat imperial.

[5] without.

Into my barbour[1], rusticall, indyte,
Amang the rest, schir, sum thing for to wryte.

Soverane, consave this simpyll similitude
Of officiaris, serving thy senzeorie[2]:
Quha gydis thame weil gettis of thy grace greit gude;
Quha bene injust, degradit ar of glorie,
And cancellat out of thy memorie;
Providing syne mair plesand, in thair place,
Beleve richt sa, sall God do with thy grace.

Considder weill thow bene bot officiare,
And wassal to[3] that King incomparabill:
Preis[4] thow to pleis that puissant prince preclare,
Thy riche reward sal be inestimabill,
Exaltit heich in glore interminabill,
Abone archangellis, virtues, potestatis,
Plesandlie placit amang the principatis.

Of thy vertew, poetis, perpetuallye,
Sall mak mentioun unto the warld be endit:
So thow exerce thyne office prudentlye,
In hevin, and eirth, thy grace sal be commendit;
Quharefor effeir[5], that he be nocht offendit,

[1] barbarous. [2] seigniory.

[3] The ed. 1592, and Sibbald, have substituted *of*.

[4] endeavour. [5] *effeir*; beware.

Quhilk hes exaltit the to sic honour,
Of his pepill to be ane governour:

And in the eirth, hath maid sic ordinance,
Under thy feit all thing terrestriall,
At subject to thy plesour, and pastance[1],
Baith fowll, and fische, and beistis pastorall,
Men to thy service, and wemen, thay bene thrall,
Halking, hunting, armes, and leifull[2] amour,
Preordinat ar, be God, for thy plesour.

Maisteris of musike to recreat thy spreit,
With dantit[3] voce, and plesand instrument:
Thus may thow be of all plesouris repleit;
Sa in thyne office thow be diligent:
Bot, be thou fund sleuthfull, or negligent,
Or injust, in thyne executioun,
Thow sall nocht faill devine punitioun:

Quharefor, sen thow hes sic capacitie,
To lerne to playe sa plesandlye, and sing,
Ryde hors, rin speirs, with greit audacitie.

[1] pastime.

[2] lawful: For "*leiful*," the ed. 1592, and Sibbald, have substituted "*leisum*."

[3] *dantit*; trained, taught.

Schute with handbow, crosbow, and culvering,
Amang the rest, schir, lerne to be ane king;
Kyith[1] on that craft, thy pregnant fresche ingyne[2],
Grantit to the, be influence devyne.

And sen the definitioun of ane king
Is for to haif of pepill governance,
Addres the first[3], abufe all uther thing,
Till put thy bodye till sic ordinance,
That thy vertew, thyne honour may avance:
For how suld princis governe greit regionis,
That can nocht dewlie gyde thair awin personis?

And, gif thy grace wald leif richt plesandlie,
Call thy counsall, and cast on thame the cure:
Thair just decreitis defende, and fortifie,
But[4] gude counsall, may na prince lang indure;
Wyrk with counsall, than sall thy wark be sure:
Cheis thy counsall of the maist sapient,
Without regarde to blude, ryches, or rent.

[1] show.

[2] *thy* vigorous intellect, or genius: The ed. 1592, and Sibbald, have interpolated "*that*," for "*thy*," whereby the sense is marred.

[3] Prepare thee, first.

[4] without.

Amang all uther pastyme, and plesour,
Now, in thy adolescent yeiris ying[1],
Wald thow ilk day studie bot half ane hour,
The regiment of princely governing,
To thy pepill, it war ane plesand thing:
Thare micht thow fynd thy awin vocatioun,
How thou suld use thy sceptour, swerd, and croun.

The Cronikillis, to knaw, I the exhort,
Quhilk may be mirrour to thy majestie:
Thare sall thou find baith gude, and evill report,
Of everilk prince, efter his qualitie:
Thocht thay be deid, thair deidis sall nocht dee;
Traist weill thow sal be stylit, in that storie,
As thow deservis, put in memorie.

Requeist that roy, quhilk rent wes on the rude[2],
The to defend, from deidis of defame,
That na poeit report of the bot gude;
For princis dayis induris bot ane drame:
Sen first king Fergus bure ane dyadame,
Thow art the last king of fyve score and fyve[3],
And all ar deid, and nane bot thow on lyve.

[1] *ying*, for the rhyme, is often used by Lyndsay; young: The king was then eighteen years of age.

[2] Lyndsay's description of our Lord.

[3] Lyndsay reckons from the fabulous Fergus.

Of quhose noumer fyftie and fyve bene slane,
And most part, in thair awin misgóvernance[1]:
Quharefor, I the beseik, my soverane,
Considder of thair lyvis the circumstance;
And quhen thou knawis the cause of thair mischance,
Of vertew than, exalt thy saillis on hie,
Traisting to chaip that fatall destenie.

Treit ilk trew barron, as he war thy brother,
Quhilk mon at neid[2], the, and thy[3] realme defend,
Quhen suddandlie ane doeth oppres ane uther,
Lat justice mixit with mercy thame amend:
Have thou thair hartis, thow hes yneuch to spend;
And be the contrair, thow art bot king of bone,
From tyme thyne heiris[4] hartis bene from the gone.

[1] The fact is, that few of the Scotish kings died quietly in their beds: But, it was the fault of the *constitution*, and not of their *awin misgovernance:* Lyndsay only retailed the fictitious cant of Boece, whose *Chronikillis* were translated by Bellendene, for the use of James V. Lidgate, and the other old English poets, had shown Lyndsay the way to instruct living kings, by raking up the misdeeds of the dead.

[2] who must in need.

[3] The ed. 1592, and Sibbald, have foisted in "*the*" for "*thy*."

[4] *Heiris* mean here lords, or barons, from the A.-S. *hearra* of Somner.

I have na laiser, for to wryte at lenth,
Myne haill intent untill thyne excellence;
Decressit sa I am, in wit, and strenth,
My mortall wound doith me sic violence:
Pepill of me may have experience;
Because, allace! I was incounsolabill,
Now, mon I dee, ane catyve miserabill.

The Secund Epistill of the Papingo,

Directit to hir[1] brether of court.

Brether of court, with mynde precordiall[2],
To the greit God, hartlie I commend yow:
Imprent my fall, in your memoriall,
Togidder with this cedule, that I send yow,
To preis over heich, I pray yow nocht pretend yow;
The vane ascens of court, quha will considder,
Quha sittith most hie, sal find the sait maist slidder[3].

[1] The ed. 1597 has put "*his*," for "*hir*;" and has completely left out the fifth line of the first stanza.

[2] *precordial*, like *prepotent*, and *preplesand*, is perhaps a word of Lyndsay from the old French.

[3] slippery.

Sa ye that now, be lansing up the ledder[1],
Tak tent in tyme, festinning your fingaris fast:
Quha climmith maist heich, maist dint hes of the wedder[2],
And leist defence aganis the bitter blast,
Of fals Fortune, quhilk takith never rest:
Bot, maist redoutit, daylie, scho doun thringis[3];
Not sparing paipis, conquerouris, nor kingis.

Thocht ye be montit up abone the skyis,
And haith baith king, and court in governance,
Sum was als heich, quhilk now richt lawly lyis,
Complanyng sore the courtis variance:
Thare preterit tyme may, be experience,
Quhilk, throuch vane hope of court, did clim sa hie,
Syne wantit wingis, quhen thay wend best to flie[4].

Sen ilk court bene untraist, and transitorie,
Changing als oft as weddercock in wynd,
Sum makand glaid, and uther sum richt sorie,
Formaist this day, the morne may ga behynd,
Lat nocht vane hope of court your resone blynd;

[1] tripping up the ladder.

[2] who climbs most high is most exposed to the weather.

[3] she down throws.

[4] When they thought best to fly: So *wend*, in Chaucer. "For therby *wend* he to ben gracious."

Traist weil sum men wil geif yow laud, as lordis,
Quhilk wald be glaid to se yow hang in cordis.

I durst declare the miserabilitie[1],
Of divers courtis, war nocht my tyme bene schort,
The dreidfull change, vane glore, and vilitie[2];
The painfull plesour, as poeitis doith report,
Sumtyme in hope, sumtyme in disconfort[3]:
And how sum men doith spend thair youtheid haill,
In court, syne endis, in the hospitaill:

How sum, in court, bene quiet counsalouris,
Without regard to commoun-weill, or kingis,
Casting thair cure, for to be conquerouris:
And quhen thay bene heich raisit, in thair ringis[4],
How change of court thame dulefully doun thringis;

[1] miserableness; *miserabilitie*, for the rhyme.

[2] *vilitie*; vileness: *vility*; baseness, cheapness.—Coles. The ed. 1592, and Sibbald, have absurdly substituted "*utilitie*," for "*vilitie*:" This comes of consulting only one edition, which is fancied to be the best.

[3] *disconfort* is the old reading.

[4] *ringis*, for the rhyme; stations; reigns; royal authority; as in Pope,

"—He who like a father held his *reign*,
"So soon forgot, was just, and wise, in vain."

And quhen thay bene from thair estait deposit,
How mony, of thair fall, bene richt rejosit.

And how fond, fenzeit, fulis, and flatteraris,
For small service, obtenith greit rewardis:
Pandaris, pykthankis, custronis, and clatteraris[1],
Loupis up, from laddis, syne lichtis amang lardis[2],
Blasphematouris, beggaris, and commoun bardis;
Sumtyme, in court, hes mair authoritie,
Nor devote doctouris in divinitie.

How, in sum courte[3], bene barnis of Beliall,
Full of dissimulit payntit flatterie,
Provocand, be intoxicat counsall,
Princis till huredome, and till hasardrie[4];
Quha dois, in princis, prent[5] sic harlotrie,
I say, for me, sic pert provocatouris
Suld punischit be, abufe all strang tratouris.

[1] Chaucer has *pandars:* in Henry IV., Shakspeare speaks of "smiling *pickthanks*, and base newsmongers:" *custrons*, are shallow pretenders; and *clatterers*, are tatlers, telltales.

[2] Leaps up from lads, and lights among lords: "amang *the* lardis," is the reading of the ed. 1558.

[3] The ed. 1568, 1592, and 1574, have "*countrie.*"

[4] gaming: So in Chaucer *hasard* is put for *dicing.*

[5] The ed. 1592, and Sibbald, have "*put,*" for "*prent.*"

Quhat travers[1], troubyll, and calamitie,
Haith bene, in court, within thir hundreth yeiris!
Quhat mortall changis, quhat miseritie[2];
Quhat nobill men bene brocht upon thair beiris[3],
Traist weil, my freindis, follow ye mon your feiris[4];
Sa, sen in court, bene na tranquillitie,
Set nocht on it your haill felicitie.

The court changith sumtyme, with sic outrage,
That few, or none, may makin resistence,
And spairis nocht the prince mair than the page,
As weill appeirith, be experience[5]:
The duke of Rothesay micht mak na defence,
Quhilk wes perteinand roy of this regioun,
Bot, dulefully devorit in presoun[6].

[1] The ed. 1592, and Sibbald, have substituted "*travellis*," for "*travers*," which means cross, cross accident; and so, in the old English: In Chaucer, *travers* is overthwart.

[2] "*what miseritie*," is the reading of the ed. 1558; and this was changed, in the ed. 1568, 1574, 1592, and 1597, to "*and* what *miserie*;" *miseritie* is often used by Lyndsay, for the rhyme.

[3] *Beiris*; biers; the carriage, whereon the dead are borne to the grave.

[4] your fellows.

[5] Lyndsay had much experience of all this, during a turbulent minority.

[6] The duke of Rothsay, the heir apparent of Robert III.,

Quhat dreid, quhat dolour, had the nobill king
Robert the Thrid, from tyme he knew the cace,
Of his twa sonnis dolent departing!
Prince David deid, and James captyve, allace[1]!
Till trew Scottis men, quhilk wes ane carefull cace:
Thus, may ye knaw, the court bene variand,
Quhen blude royall, the change may nocht ganestand:

Quha rang, in court, mair heich and triumphand,
Nor duke Murdok, quhyl that his day indurit?
Was he nocht greit protectour of Scotland?
Yit of the court, he was nocht weill assurit,
It changit sa, his lang service was smurit[2]:

was imprisoned by the duke of Albany, the regent, in the tower of Falkland; wherein he died of want, on the 26th of March 1402: The simple fact is made very unintelligible, by the obscure manner, in which Lyndsay mentions it.

[1] Robert III., after losing his eldest son, as above, by assassination, and his youngest son James, by captivity, died on the 4th of April 1406.

[2] Duke Murdok succeeded his father, the duke of Albany, as regent of Scotland, on the 3d September, 1419: James I. succeeded to the throne of his father, in 1424; on the 25th of May, Murdok, the duke of Albany, was executed, and his family ruined: His long service was *smurit;* smothered; here it means *overlooked:* Such were their treasons, that they merited punishment.

He, and his sone, fair Walter, but[1] remeid,
Forfaltit war, and put to dulefull deid.

King James, the First, the patrone of prudence[2],
Gem of ingyne, and perle of policie,
Well of Justice, and flude of eloquence[3],
Quhose vertew doith transcend my fantasie,
For till discryve, yit quhen he stude maist hie,
Be fals exorbitant conspiracioun,
That prudent prince was piteouslie put doun[4].

Als James, the Secund, roy of greit renoun,
Beand in his superexcellent glore,
Throuch rakles schuting of ane greit cannoun,
The dolent deith, allace! did him devore[5].
Ane thing thare bene, of quhilk I marvell more,

[1] without.

[2] *patrone*, for pattern: Lyndsay's *patrone* is the French *patron*.

[3] Gawin Douglas calls Virgil "*Gem of ingyne*, and *flude of eloquence*:" Lyndsay had this before him.

[4] He was assassinated, at Perth, on the 21st February 1437, by the earl of Athol, Grahan, and other conspirators, who were most severely punished for their odious crime.

[5] James II. was slain, by the bursting of a cannon, at the siege of Roxburgh, on the 3d of August 1460: *rakles schu-*

That Fortune had at him sic mortall feid,
Throuch fyftie thousand, to waill him, be the heid [1].

My hart is perst, with painis, for to pance [2],
Or wryte, that courtis variatioun,
Of James the Thrid, quhen he had governance,
The dolour, dreid, and desolatioun,
The change of court, and conspiracioun [3];
And quhow that Cochrane, with his companye;
That tyme, in court, clam sa presumptuouslye.

It had bene gude, tha bairnis had bene unborne,
Be quhome that nobill prince was sa abusit:
Thay grew, as did the weid abufe the corne,
That prudent lordis counsall was refusit,
And held him quiet, as he had bene inclusit,
Allace! that prince, be thair abusioun,
Was finallye brocht to confusioun.

ting; careless firing: Lyndsay is fond of *devore*, for devour, figuratively.

[1] *to waill him by the heid;* to pick him out by the head, or particularly.

[2] My heart is pierced with pains, for to think.

[3] James III., after much civil contest, was slain at the battle of Bannockburn, on the 11th of June, 1488: He seems to have been rather assassinated, after the battle.

Thay clam sa heich, and gat sic audience,
And with thair prince grew sa familiar,
His Germane brother micht get na presence,
The duke of Albanie, nor the erle of Mar,
Lyke baneist men, war haldin at the bar,
Till in the king thare grew sic mortall feid,
He flemit the duke, and pat the erle to deid.

Thus Cochrane, with his catyve companie,
Forsit[1] thame to fle, bot yit thay wantit fedderis,
Abufe the heich cederis of Lybanie,
Thay clam so heich, till thay lap ovir thair leddaris;
On Lawder brig, syne keippit wer in tedderis[2],
Stranglit to deith, thay gat nane uther grace,
Thair king captive, quhilk wes ane careful cace[3]:

Till put in forme, that fait infortunate,
And mortall change perturbith myne ingyne,
My wit bene waik, my fingeris fatigate[4],

[1] The ed. 1592, and Sibbald, have substituted "*sortit*," for "*forsit*."

[2] Cochrane, and other favourites of James III., were hanged over the bridge of Lauder, in July 1488.

[3] All this relates to the civil war under James III. But, no one will look into Lyndsay's rhyming chronicle, for true history, which is distorted by his purpose.

[4] *waik*; clouded: *fatigate*, for the rhyme; fatigued.

To dyte, or wryte, the rancour, and rewyne,
The civill weir, the battell intestyne:
How that the sonne, with baner braid displayit
Aganis the father, in battell come arrayit[1].

Wald God that prince had bene that day confortit
With sapience of the prudent Salomon:
And with the strenth of strang[2] Sampson supportit,
With the bauld oste of the greit Agamemnon.
Quhat suld I wis, remedie was thare none,
At morne ane king, with sceptour, swerd, and croun,
At evin ane deid deformit carioun.

Allace! quhare bene that richt redoutit roye,
That potent prince, gentyll king James the Feird[3]!
I pray to Christ his saull for to convoye,
Ane greiter nobill rang nocht into the eird[4].
O Atropus! warye we may thy weird[5]:

[1] The son of James III. fought against his father.

[2] "*with the strenth of strang Sampson,*" is the old reading: The ed. 1592, and Sibbald, have left ont "*strang.*"

[3] the fourth.

[4] reigned not in the earth: James IV. was slain at the battle of Flodden, on the 9th of September 1513.

[5] curse we may thy destiny.

For, he was mirrour of humilitie,
Lodesterre[1], and lamp, of liberalitie.

During his tyme, sa justice did prevaill,
The savage iles trymblit for terrour[2]:
Eskdale, Euisdale, Liddisdale, and Annandaill[3],
Durst nocht rebell, douting his dintis dour[4];
And of his lordis had sic perfyte favour,
Sa for to schaw, that he affeirit not ane[5],
Out throuch his realme, he wald ryde him allane:

And of his court, throuch Europe sprang the fame,
Of lustie lordis, and lufesum ladyis ying,
Tryumphand tornayis, justing, and knichtly game,

[1] *Lodesterne, lodesterre*, are used, by Lyndsay, in the old form of Maundeville; lodestar, from the A.-S. *laedan*, to lead, says Johnson. It was so used by Chaucer. Sydney, Spenser, and Shakspeare, are studious to use the word, and the figure, in this sense. Of Elizabeth, Davis says, she was "the *lodestar* to all eyes." Bishop Douglas had already spoken of Virgil, as "the lanterne, *lodesterne*, mirrour, and a *per se*."

[2] The western isles trembled for terror of his justice.

[3] Those border districts were not so famous for *rebellion*, as for *theft* and *robbery*.

[4] hard blows; rather, here, severe correction.

[5] *affeirit not ane*; feared not one.

With all pastyme, according for ane king:
He wes the glore of princelie governing,
Quhilk throuch the ardent lufe he had to France,
Agane Ingland did move his ordinance[1].

Of Floddoun feild, the rewyne to revolve,
Or that maist dolent day, for till deplore,
I nyll[2], for dreid that dolour yow dissolve,
Schaw quhow that prince, in his triumphand glore,
Distroyit was, quhat neidith proces more;
Nocht be the vertew of Inglis ordinance,
Bot, be his awin wilfull misgovernance.

Allace! that day had he bene counsolabill,
He had obtenit laud, glore, and victorie;
Quhose piteous proces bene sa lamentabill,
I nyll at lenth, it put in memorie;
I never red, in tragedie, nor storie,
At ane tornay, sa mony nobillis slane,
For the defence, and lufe of thair soverane.

[1] his cannon: *ordinance* was the old form of *ordnance:* So, Shakspeare:

"Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock,
In second accent to his *ordinance.*"

[2] *I nyll*, for I will not; as in Chaucer, and Shakspeare: Lyndsay repeats this, as a favourite expression.

Now, brether, mark in your remembrance,
Ane mirrour of those mutabiliteis:
Sa may ye knaw, the courtis inconstance,
Quhen princis bene thus pullit from thair seis[1]:
Efter quhose deith, quhat strange adversiteis;
Quhat greit misrewill, into this regioun rang,
Quhen our young prince could nother speik, nor gang:

During his tender youth, and innocence,
Quhat stouth, quhat reif[2], quhat murther, and mischance!
Thare was nocht ellis bot wraking of vengeance,
Into that court, thare rang sic variance:
Divers rewlaris maid divers ordinance;
Sumtyme our quene rang in authoritie,
Sumtyme the prudent duke of Albanie.

Sumtyme, the realme wes rewlit be regentis;
Sumtyme, lufetenentis, leidaris of the law,
Than rang so mony inobedientis,
That few, or none, stude of ane uther aw:
Oppressioun did so lowd his bugill blaw[3],

[1] *seis*; seats, government.

[2] what stealth, what robbery.

[3] horn blow.

That none durst ryde, bot into feir of weir[1],
Jok Uponland, that tyme, did mis his meir[2].

Quha was mair heich, in honour elevate,
Nor was Margaret, our heich and mychtie princes!
Sic power was to hir appropriate,
Of king, and realme, scho wes governoures[3],
Yit, come ane change, within ane schort proces,
That perle preclare, that lustie plesand quene,
Lang tyme durst nocht into the court be sene[4].

The archebischop of Sanct Andros, James Betoun,
Chancellar, and primate, in power pastorall,
Clam next the king, maist heich in this regioun,
The ledder schuke, he lap, and gat ane fall,
Authoritie, nor power spirituall,
Riches, freindschip, micht not that tyme prevail,
Quhen dame Curia began to steir hir taill[5].

[1] *feir of weir*; warlike form.

[2] John, the Countryman, then, lost his mare by stealth.

[3] *governoures*; governess, in the ed. 1592.

[4] The allusion is to her great power, after the sad demise of James IV., and her fall, after her quarrel with the earl of Angus, her second husband.

[5] He was overthrown by the Douglases, and obliged to flee: *Dame Curia* are far-fetched expressions, for the ruling faction at court.

His heich prudence avalit him nocht ane myte,
That tyme the court bair him sic mortall feid,
As presoneir thay keipt him in dispyte,
And sumtyme wist not, quhare to hide his heid,
Bot disagysit, lyke Jhone, the reif, he geid[1];
Had nocht bene hope bair him sic companye,
He had bene stranglit be melancholye.

Quhat cummer, and care, was in the court of France,
Quhen king Francis was takin presoneir[2] !¦
The duke of Burboun, amid his ordinance,
Deid at ane straik, richt bailfull brocht on beir:
The court of Rome, that tyme, ran all areir,
Quhen Pape Clement was put in strang presoun,
The nobyll citie put to confusioun[3].

In Ingland, quha had greiter governance,
Nor thair triumphand courtly cardinall[4],

[1] He skulked, like John, the robber; yet was he supported by hope, and lived to see the Douglases expelled.

[2] What distraction prevailed, when Francis I. was taken prisoner, at the battle of Pavia!

[3] The fall of the apostate duke of Bourbon; the sack of Rome by him, on the 6th of May, 1527; and the surrender of the Pope, who, was taken in the castle of St. Angelo, on the 5th of June thereafter.

[4] Wolsey.

The common-weill, sum sayis he did avance,
Be equall justice, baith to greit, and small,
Thare wes na prelate to him peregall [1]:
Inglismen sayis, had he roung langer space,
He had deposit Sanct Peter of his place [2]:

His princely pompe, nor papall gravitie,
His palyce royall, riche, and radious:
Nor yit the flude of superfluitie,
Of his riches, nor travell tedious,
From tyme dame Curia held him odious,
Avalit him nocht, nor prudence maist profound,
The ledder brake, and he fell to the ground.

Quhare bene the douchtie erlis of Dowglas [3],
Quhilkis royallie, into this regioun rang!
Forfalt, and slane, quhat neidith mair proces!

[1] *peregal*; equal; as in Chaucer: and Spenser says, "Whilom thou wast *peregal* to the best."

[2] *roung langer*; reigned longer: The stroke of satire is here excellent.

[3] The allusion is, particularly, to the two last earls of Douglas; William, earl of Douglas, who fell by the king's dagger, in 1452; and James, his brother, who, after rebellion, and forfeiture, died quietly in the abbey of Lindores, in 1488

The erle of Marche wes merschellit thame amang[1],
Dame Curia thame dulfullie down thrang:
And now of late, quha clam mair heich amang us,
Nor did Archebald, umquhyle the erle of Angus[2]:

Quha, with his prince, wes mair familiar,
Nor of his grace had mair authoritie!
Was he nocht greit wardain, and chancellar?
Yit, quhen he stude upon the hychest gre[3],
Traisting na thing, bot perpetuitie,
Was suddanlie deposit from his place,
Forfalt, and flemit[4], he gat nane uther grace:

Quharefor, traist nocht intill auctoritie,
My deir brether, I pray yow hartfullie,
Presume nocht in your vane prosperitie;

[1] Probably George, the 12th earl of March, who was forfeited by parliament, in 1434.

[2] Archibald, who succeeded his grandfather, in 1514, became chancellor in 1527, and assumed all power, was forfeited, and obliged to flee into England; he returned in 1543, when his attainder was reversed; and he died, in 1551: The term *umquhyle*; some time, must be applied to his title, and not to his existence; as he was then living in England, under attainder.

[3] step. [4] banished.

Conforme your traist in God alluterlie[1]:
Syne serve your prince with enteir hart trewlie;
And quhen ye se the court bene at the best;
I counsall yow, than draw yow to your rest.

Quhare ben the heich tryumphand court of Troye[2],
Or Alexander, with his twelf prudent peiris,
Or Julius, that richt redoutit roye,
Agamemnon, most worthy in his weiris?
To schaw thair fyne[3], my frayit hart affeiris:
Sum murdrest war, sum poysonit piteouslie,
Thair carefull courtis dispersit dulefullie.

Traist weill thare is na constant court, bot ane,
Quhare Christ bene king, quhose tyme interminabill
And heich tryumphand glore beis never gane:
That quiet court, mirthfull, and immutabill;
Bot variance, standith, ay ferme, and stabill:
Dissimulance, flattrie, nor fals report,
Into that court sall never get resort.

Traist weill my freindis, this is na fenzeit fair[4];
For quha that bene, in the extreme of deid,

[1] *alluterlie;* only.

[2] Neither research, nor learning, has yet discovered where Troy town stood.

[3] to show their end.

[4] *fenzeit fair* must, from the context, mean here, feigned

The veritie, but dout[1], thay suld declair,
Without regarde, to favour, or to feid[2],
Quhyll ye have tyme, deir brether, mak remeid:
Adew! for ever, of me ye get no more;
Beseikand God to bring yow to his glore.

Adew Edinburgh, thou heich tryumphand toun,
Within quhose boundis, richt blythful have I bene,
Of trew merchandis, the rute[3] of this regioun,
Most reddy to ressave, court, king, and quene;
Thy policie, and justice, may be sene,
War[4] devotioun, wysedome, and honestie,
And credence, tint, thay micht be found in the.

Adew fair Snawdoun, with thy towris hie[5],

affair: It is the frequent practice of Lyndsay, like his predecessors, to take away, or add a syllable, to suit his measure.

[1] without doubt. [2] enmity. [3] foundation.

[4] were; if devotion, &c. were lost, they might be found in Edinburgh: This is high praise from a professed satirist: I do not concur with Mr. Sibbald, in his loose talk about the name of the celebrated metropolis of Scotland: *Edwynesburgh* is the original name; the other appellations are only derivatives: I mean to give a dissertation, on this name, in a more proper place.

[5] *Snawdoun* means Stirling Castle. We here see, that Lyndsay transmits a tradition, which was known to William of Worcester, in the preceding age, about *Arthur* and his *round table*; about Stirling being called *Snowdon*, or West Castle.

Thy chapell royall[1], park, and tabill round,
May, June, and July, wald I dwell in the,
War I ane man, to heir the birdis sound,
Quhilk doith agane thy royall roche redound[2].
Adew Lythquo, quhose palyce of plesance,
Micht be ane patrone[3], in Portugall, or France.

It was called West Castle, I believe, in contradistinction to the Castle of Blackness. That tradition is now lost; at least, it is very faintly remembered, whatever Mr. Sibbald may assert. Stirling is merely a corruption of the original British name of *Strivlin*. The Castle of Stirling does not stand upon a hill, or down, but upon a ragged rock of no great height. Mr. Sibbald has perverted the word *Snawdoun*, which is Lyndsay's original, to *Sneddon*, to suit his absurd etymology: And, by a variety of groundless assumptions, he tries to convert *Edwinsburgh* into East Sneddon Castle, which never had any existence, but in his imagination. After stating, that William of Worcester calls Stirling, Snowdon West Castle, Mr. Sibbald adds that, "in later times sir David Lyndsay "gives it the same appellation." No: Lyndsay simply calls it *Snawdoun*. There is no end to the shifts of Sibbald, to support his system!

[1] The chapel royal of Stirling Castle was founded by James IV., and richly endowed by him, with the dilapidations of several monasteries. Spottiswood 527; Keith 288.

[2] "*Quhilk doith agane thy royal roche redound,*" is the old reading of the earliest editions: The ed. 1592, and Sibbald, have "Quhilk *dois aganis* the *rayal* roche *resound,*"

[3] The palace of Linlithgow was no doubt a pleasant residence, in the age of Lyndsay; and might possibly have been

Fare weill Falkland, the forteress of Fyfe[1],
Thy polite park, under the Lowmound law:
Sum tyme in the, I led ane lustie lyfe,
The fallow deir, to se thame raik, on raw[2].
Court men to cum to the, thay stand greit aw,
Sayand, thy burgh bene, of all burrowis baill[3],
Because, in the, thay never gat gude aill[4].

a *patrone*, which is the old word, or *patren*, which is the reading of the ed. 1592 and Sibbald, for *pattern*: The old word is nearest the Fr. *patron*, and still nearer to the Dutch *patroon*.

[1] Lyndsay, we see, speaks feelingly of the palaces and places, where he had *led a lustye lyfe* with James V. This palace of Falkland had certainly once a tower, or keep, wherein the duke of Rothsay was starved to death; and so, might well be called a fortress, or strength, by Lyndsay, who knew it, in its antient state.

[2] range, or walk in a row, as is the custom of deer and sheep: So in Henderson's Robene and Mawkyn, Robene, speaking of his sheep, says "Lo quhare thay *raik on raw*." *Raik* is frequently used for walk, in the old romances.

[3] The village of Falkland was, no doubt, very *bail*, or wretched, in the days of Lyndsay: It was made a royal borough by James II., in 1458, by a charter, which recites the damage to the prelates, peers, barons, and other subjects who came to the king's *country-seat*, for want of *victuallers*.

[4] Lyndsay gives the browsters a sly stroke, as they never gave *gude aill*: He also kicks the brewers of Couper, in his Play, for their bad ale.

The COMMONING betwix the PAPINGO, and hir HALY EXECUTORIS.

THE Pye persavit the Papingo in pane,
He lichtit doun, and fenzeit him to greit[1]:
Sister, said he, allace! quha hes yow slane?
I pray yow, mak provisioun, for your spreit,
Dispone your geir[2], and yow confes compleit:
I have power, be your contritioun,
Of all your mis[3], to geve yow full remissioun.

I am, said he[4], ane chanoun regulare,
And of my brether pryor principall:
My quhyte rocket, my clene lyfe doith declare,
The blak bene of the deith memoriall[5]:
Quharefor, I think your guddis naturall,
Sulde be submittit haill into my cure;
Ye knaw, I am ane haly creature,

[1] feigned him to weep: In the *Sompnour's Tale*, Chaucer ridicules the artifices of the *freirs*, in *legacy hunting*.

[2] *dispone your geir*; dispose of your goods.

[3] *mis*; faults.

[4] "*he*" is the old reading; "*scho*" is substituted in the ed. 1592, and by Mr. Sibbald.

[5] The satire throughout this Communing is admirable.

The Ravin came rowpand, quhen he hard the rair[1];
Sa did the Gled, with mony piteous pew[2];
And fenzeitlye[3] thay contrafait greit cair:
Sister, said thay, your raklesnes we rew[4],
Now best it is, our just counsall ensew,
Sen we pretend to heich promotioun,
Religious men, of greit devotioun.

I am ane blak monk, said the ruttilland Ravin[5];
Sa said the Gled, I am ane haly freir,
And hes power to bring yow quick to hevin:
It is weill knawin, my conscience bene full cleir,
The blak bybill[6], pronunce I sall, perqueir;
Sa, till our brether, ye will geve sùm gude,
God wat gif we have neid of lyves fude.

The Papingo said, Father, be the rude[7],
Howbeit, your rayment be religious lyke,
Your conscience, I suspect, be nocht gude;
I did persave, quhen prively ye did pyke
Ane chickin from ane hen, under ane dyke:

[1] *roupand*; croaking; when he heard the *rair*, or noise.
[2] The peculiar *cry* of the *gled*, or kite.
[3] feignedly.
[4] Your carelessness we pity.
[5] croaking raven.
[6] the funereal dirge; the mass.
[7] by the cross.

I grant, said he, that hen was my gude freind,
And I, that chickin, tuke, bot for my teind.

Ye knaw the faith be us mon be susteind,
Sa be the Pape it is preordinate,
That spirituall men suld leve upon thair teind,
Bot weill wat I, ye bene predestinate,
In your extremis to be sa fortunate:
To have sic haly consultatioun;
Quharefor, we mak yow exhortatioun.

Sen dame Nature haith grantit yow sic grace,
Laiser to mak confessioun generall,
Schaw furth your sin in haist; quhyl ye haif space,
Syne of your geir mak ane memoriall:
We thre sall mak your feistis funerall,
And with greit blis, burie we sall your banis,
Syne trentalis twentie, trattill all at anis[1].

The rukkis sall rair, that men sall on thame rew[2],
And cry, *commemoratio animarum:*
We sall gar chickinnis cheip, and gaislingis pew[3],
Suppose the geis, and hennis, suld cry alarum,

[1] Then masses twenty prattle all at once.

[2] The rooks shall roar, that men shall pity them,

[3] cause chickens chirp, and goslins cry.

And we sall serve *secundum usum Sarum*[1]:
And mak yow saif, we find Sanct Blase to broch[2]
Cryand for yow, the carefull corenoch[3].

And we sall sing about your sepulture,
Sanct Mungois[4] matynis, and the mekill creid:
And syne devotelie say, I yow assure,
The auld placebo, backwart, and the beid[5],
And we sall were, for yow, the murning weid,
And thocht your spreit, with Pluto war profest,
Devotelie sall your *dirige* be drest.

[1] The old Scotish liturgy was according to the usage of *Sarum*, in England: The satire is obvious: It became proverbial to say of any thing done in a formal manner, that it was executed "secundum usum Sarum:" It is a Wiltshire proverb, to say, "It is done *secundum usum Sarum.*"

[2] In the same strain, Lyndsay brings in St. Blase as *cautioner*, or surety, for the faithful performance of their promises: *Broch* is a varied spelling of *borgh*, for the rhyme; as *borwe*, *borrowe*, for the same word: Chaucer brings Saint John to *borwe*: and after him, James I., in his *Quair*, calls Sanct John to *borowe*.

[3] The *corenoch* was the old Irish, and Scotish, outcry, made, by the women, at funerals.

[4] St. Mungo, the popular name of St. Kentigern, the patron saint of Glasgow.

[5] *beid*; a prayer: So, *bede*, in R. of Glocester, R. of Brunne; and Shakespeare—"When holy and devout religious men are at their *beads*, 'tis hard to draw them thence."

Father, said scho, your facund wordis fair,
Full sore I dreid, be contrair to your deidis:
The wyffis of the village cryis with cair,
Quhen thay persave yow maw [1] ovirthort thair meidis,
Your fals consait, baith duke, and draik, sore dreidis;
I marvell suithlie, ye be nocht eschamit,
For your defaltis, being sa defamit:

It doith abhor, my pure perturbit spreit,
Till mak to yow ony confessioun:
I heir men say, ye bene ane hypocreit,
Exemptit from the seinze, and sessioun [2];
To put my geir [3] in your possessioun,
That will I nocht, sa help me dame Nature,
Nor of my corps, I will yow geif na cure [4].

[1] *maw, mow*; query this. It seems to mean, to skim or fly in a skimming manner, as the gled does.

[2] the consistory, and the old court of session:—In Robertson's Parliamentary Record, p. 14. it is said, "The hail clergy "has wilfully grantit, that ilk bishop of the realme shall, in "the next *senze*, gar ordaine, &c." The abbot of Crossragwel wrote to the archbishop of Glasgow, in 1559, "I sall "nocht fail to meit your lordship, at your *seynze*, according "to your writing."—MS. in my library. In Knox's History, we may see *seinge*, for synod. Lyndsay's object is to ridicule the *freirs*, for being exempted from every jurisdiction; the ecclesiastical consistory, and the civil session.

[3] goods, effects.

[4] give you no care.

Bot, had I heir, the nobill Nichtingall,
The gentill Ja, the Merle [1], and Turtur trew,
My obsequies, and feistis funerall,
Ordour thay wald, with notis of the new,
The plesand Pawn [2], maist angellyk of hew;
Wald God, I war, this day with him confest,
And my devyse dewlie be him addrest [3]!

The mirthfull Maveis, with the gay Goldspink,
The lustie Larke, wald God thay war present;
My infortune forsuith, thay wald forthink,
And confort me, that bene sa impotent;
The swift Swallow, in practik maist prudent,
I wat scho wald my bleiding stem [4] belyve,
With hir most vertuous stane restringityve.

Compt me the cace, under confessioun,
The Gled said proudlie to the Papingo,
And we sall sweir, be our professioun,

[1] the blackbird. [2] the peacock. [3] prepared.

[4] "*stem*," is the old reading: the ed. 1592, and Mr. Sibbald have substituted "*stent:*" The meaning is, that she, the swallow, would *stem* or *stop* her bleeding immediately: to *stem* the tide is to *stop* the tide:—*belyve*, is *soon*, *by and by*. The swallow is the emblem of equity, and justice; but, I did not know, that she practised the healing art, with a *vertuous stane* of a restringent quality; *restringityve* for the rhyme.

Counsall to keip, and schaw it to no mo:
We the beseik, or thow depart us fro,
Declare to us sum causis resonabill,
Quhy we bene haldin sa abhominabill.

Be thy travell, thow hes experience,
First beand bred into the orient,
Syne be thy gude service, and diligence,
To princis maid heir in the occident:
Thow knawis the vulgar pepillis jugement,
Quhare thow transcurrit the hote meridionall,
Syne nixt the pole, the plage[1] septentrionall.

Sa be thyne heich ingyne superlatyve,
Of all cuntreis thow knawis the qualiteis:
Quharefor, I the conjure, be God of lyve,
The veritie declare, withouttin leis[2],
Quhat thow hes hard, be landis, or be seis,
Of us kirkmen, baith gude, and evill report,
And how thay juge, schaw us, we the exhort.

Father, said scho, I catyve creature,
Dar nocht presume, with sic mater to mell,

[1] *plage* is a region, or climate; and is so used by Chaucer:
"Thurgh Payens, that conquereden all aboute
The *plages* of the north, by lond, and see."

[2] without lies.

Of your caces, ye knaw, I have na cure,
Demand thame quhilk, in prudence, doith precell,
I may nocht pew, my panes bene sa fell[1]:
And als, perchance, ye will nocht stand content,
To knaw the vulgar pepillis jugement.

Yit will the deith a lyte[2] withdraw his dart,
All that lyis in my memoriall,
I sall declare with trew unfeinzeit hart:
And first, I say to yow, in generall,
The commoun pepill saith, ye bene all
Degenerit from your haly primityvis,
As testifyis the proces of your lyvis.

Of your peirles prudent predecessouris,
The beginning, I grant, wes verray gude:
Apostolis, martyris, virginis, confessouris,
The sound of thair excellent sanctitude,
Was hard over all the warld, be land, and flude,
Plantyng the faith, be predicatioun,
As Christ had maid to thame narratioun.

To fortifie the faith, thay tuke na feir,
Afore princis, preching full prudentlie,

[1] I may not *chatter*, my *pains* are so *severe*.

[2] *a lyte*; a little: Yet, if death would a little withdraw his dart.

Of dolourous deith, thay doutit nocht the deir[1],
The veritie declaring ferventlie,
And martyrdome thay sufferit pacientlie:
Thay tuke na cure of land, riches, nor rent,
Doctryne, and deid, war baith equivalent.

To schaw at lenth thair warkis, wer gret wounder,
Thair miraklis, thay war sa manifest;
In name of Christ, thay haillit[2] mony hounder,
Rasing the deid, and purging the possest,
With perverst spreitis, quhilkis had bene oppresi;
The crukit[3] ran, the blind men gat their ene[4],
The deif men hard, the lypper war maid clene.

The prelatis spousit war, with Povertie,
Those dayis, quhen sà thay flurisit in fame,
And with hir generit lady Chaistitie,
And dame Devotioun, notabill of name:
Humill thay war, simpyll, and full of schame;
Thus Chaistitie, and dame Devotioun,
War principall cause of thair promotioun;

Thus, thay continewit, in this lyfe devyne,
Ay till thare rang[5], in Rome's greit cietie,
Ane potent prince was namit Constantyne[6],

[1] hurt. [2] healed. [3] lame. [4] eyes. [5] there reigned.
[6] Constantine, the Great, died on the 22d of March, 337.

Persavit the kirk had spousit Povertie,
With gude intent, and movit of pitie,
Cause of divorce he fand betwix thame two,
And partit thame, withouttin wordis mo.

Syne schortlie with ane greit solempnitie,
Withouttin ony dispensatioun,
The kirk he spousit, with dame Propertie,
Quhilk, haistely, be proclamatioun,
To povertie gart mak narratioun,
Under the pane of persing of hir ene,
That with the kirk scho suld na mair be sene.

Sanct Sylvester, that tyme rang Pape in Rome[1],
Quhilk first consentit to the mariage,
Of Propertie, the quhilk began to blome,
Taking on hir the cure, with heich curage.
Devotioun drew hir till ane heremitage,
Quhen scho considerit lady Propertie,
Sa heich exaltit into dignitie.

O! Silvester, quhare was thy discretioun?
Quhilk Peter did renunce, thow did ressave:
Androw, and Jhone, did leif thair possessioun,

[1] Sylvester became Pope, on the 31st January 314; and died, on the 31st December, 335. A. D.

Thair schippis, and nettis, lynis, and all the lave,
Of temporall substance, na thing wald thay have,
Contrarious to thair contemplatioun,
Bot, soberlie, thair sustentation.

Jhone, the Baptist, went to the wildernes,
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalane,
Left heritage, and gudis, mair, and les:
Prudent Sanct Paule, thocht propertie prophane,
From toun to toun he ran in wynd, and rane,
Upon his feit, teching the word of grace,
And never was subjectit to riches.

The Gled said, Yit I heir nathing bot gude,
Proceid schortlye, and thy mater avance.
The Papingo said, Fader, be the rude,
It wer to lang to schaw the circumstance,
How Propertie, with hir new alliance,
Grew greit with chyld, as trew men to me tald,
And bure twa dochteris gudlye to behald:

The eldest dochter namit was Riches,
The secund sister, Sensualitie;
Quhilkis did incres, within ane schort proces,
Preplesand[1] to the spiritualitie,

[1] *Preplesand*; very pleasant.

In gret substance, and excellent bewtie,
Thir ladyis twa grew sa within few yeiris,
That in the warld, war nane micht be thair peiris:

This royall Riches, and lady Sensuall,
From that tyme furth, tuke haill the governance,
Of the maist part of the state spirituall:
And thay agane, with humill observance,
Amorouslye thair wittis did avance,
As trew luffaris, thair ladyis, for to pleis,
God wat, gif than thair hartis war at eis.

Sone thay foryet to study, pray, and preche,
Thay grew sa subject to dame Sensuall,
And thocht bot pane, pure pepill for to teche,
Yit thay decretit, in their greit counsall,
Thay wald na mair, to mariage be thrall,
Traistyng surely, till observe Chaistitie,
And all begylit, quod[1] Sensualitie.

Apperandlye thay did expell thair wyffis,
That thay micht leif at large, without thirlage[2],
At libertie to leid thair lustie lyffis,
Thinkand men thrall, that bene in mariage;
For new faces provokith new curage:

[1] quoth. [2] restriction.

Thus Chaistitie, thay turne into delyte;
Wanting of wyffis bene cause of appetyte.

Dame Chaistitie did steill away for schame,
From tyme scho did persave thair proviance[1];
Dame Sensuall, ane letter gart proclame,
And hir exylit Italie, and France,
In Inglande, couth scho get nane ordinance,
Than to the king, and court of Scotlande,
Scho markit hir, withouttin mair demande:

Traisting into that court, to get conforte,
Scho maid hir humill supplicatioun.
Schortlye thay said, scho sulde get na supporte,
Bot bostit hir[2], with blasphematioun,
To preistis ga mak your protestatioun:
It is, said thay, mony ane hundreth yeir,
Sen Chaistitie had ony entres heir.

Tyrit for travell, scho to the preistis paste,
And to the rewlaris of religioun:
Of hir presence, schortlye thay war agaste;
Sayand thay thocht it bot abusioun,
Hir to resave, sa with conclusioun,

[1] "*proviance*," in the old editions; "*purveyance*," in the ed. 1592: The word means management, here.

[2] *bostit hir*; threatened her.

With ane avyse, decretit, and gave dome,
Thay wald resset na rebell out of Rome.

Sulde we resave, that Romanis hes refusit,
And banist Inglande, Italye, and France,
For your flattrye, than war we weill abusit,
Pas hyne[1], said thay, and fast your way avance,
Amang the nunnis, ga seik your ordinance;
For we have maid aith of fidelitie,
To dame Riches, and Sensualitie.

Than, pacientlie, scho maid progressioun,
Towart the nunnis, with hart siching full sore,
Thay gaif hir presence, with processioun,
Resavand hir with honour, laud, and glore,
Purposing to preserve hir ever more:
Of that novellis came to dame Propertie,
To Riches, and to Sensualitie:

Quhilkis sped thame at the post richt spedilye,
And set ane sege, proudlye about the place:
The sillie nunnis did yeild thame haistelye,
And humillye of that gilt askit grace,
Syne gaif thair bandis of perpetuall pace:
Resavand thame, thay kest up wikketis wyde[2],
Than Chaistitie thare na langer wald abyde:

[1] hence. [2] They *threw* open their *gates*.

Sa for refuge, fast to the freiris scho fled,
Quhilkis said, thay wald of ladyis tak na cure:
Quhare bene scho now, than said the gredie Gled?
Nocht amang yow, said scho, I yow assure:
I traist scho bene, upon the Burrow-mure,
Besouth Edinburgh, and that richt mony menis[1],
Profest amang the sisteris of the Schenis[2].

Thare hes scho fund hir mother Povertie,
And Devotioun hir awin sister carnall:
Thare hath scho fund Faith, Hope, and Cheritie,
Togidder with the vertues cardinall:
Thare hes scho fund ane convent, yit unthrall,
To dame Sensuall, nor with Riches abusit,
Sa quietlye those ladyis bene inclusit.

The Pyot said, I dreid, be thay assailzeit,
Thay rander thame, as did the haly nunnis.
Dout nocht, said scho, for thay bene sa artailzeit[3],

[1] moans.

[2] The monastery of the sisters of the Shenis was founded on the *Burrow*, or common moor of Edinburgh, by the countess of Caithness, for Dominican nuns, whose life was strict, and whose conduct was reformed by St. Catharine of Sienna, to whom this monastery was dedicated; and from whom the place got the name of *Siennes*, or *Sheens*.—Spotswood, p. 509.

[3] artilleried, fortified.

Thay purpose to defend thame with thair gunnis,
Reddy to schute, thay have sax greit cannonnis;
Perseverance, Constance, and Conscience,
Austeritie, Laubour, and Abstinence.

To resiste subtyll Sensualitie,
Stronglye thay bene enarmit feit, and handis,
Be Abstinence, and keipit Povertie,
Contrair Riches, and all hir fals servandis.
Thay have ane bumbard, braissit up in bandis[1],
To keip thair port, in middis of thair clois[2],
Quhilk is callit, *Domine custodi nos.*

Within quhose schot thare dar na enemeis
Approche thair place, for dreid of dintis dour[3];
Baith nicht, and day, thay wyrk lyke besie beis,
For thair defence, reddye to stand in stour[4],
And hes sic watchis, on thair utter tour,
That dame Sensuall, with seige dar nocht assailze,
Nor cum within the schote of thair artailze[5].

[1] The *bumbard*, which was braced up with bands, or hoops, is mentioned by Chaucer, as a piece of ordnance; and so, in the Jew of Malta,

"Which, with our *bombards*, shot, and basilisk,
We rent in sunder.——————"

[2] close, inclosure. [3] heavy blows.

[4] in battle. [5] artillery; *artailze*, for the rhyme.

The Pyot said, Quhareto sulde thay presume,
For till resist sweit Sensualitie,
Or dame Riches, quhilkis rewlaris bene in Rome;
Ar thay mair constant in thair qualitie,
Nor the princis of Spiritualitie,
Quhilkis plesandlye, withouttin obstacle,
Haith thame ressavit, in thair habitacle[1]?

How lang, traist ye, those ladyis sall remane,
Sa solitar, in sic perfectioun?
The Papingo said, Brother, in certane,
Sa lang as thay obey correctioun,
Cheising thair heidis be electioun,
Unthrall to riches, or to povertie,
Bot, as requyrith thair necessitie.

O prudent prelatis, quhare was your prescience,
That tuke on hand, till observe Chastitie,
But[2] austeir lyfe, laubour, and abstinence?
Persavit ye nocht the greit prosperitie,
Apperandlye, to cum of Propertie?
Ye knaw greit cheir, greit eis, and Idilnes,
To Lecherie was moder, and maistres.

Thou ravis unrockit[3], the Rayin said, be the rude,
So to reprove Riches, or Propertie:

[1] habitation: So *habitacle*, in Chaucer. [2] without.
[3] You rave, or dream, without being rocked asleep.

Abraham, and Isaac, wer riche, and veray gude,
Jacob, and Joseph, had prosperitie.
The Papingo said, That is veritie:
Riches, I grant, is nocht to be refusit,
Providing alwayis, it be nocht abusit.

Than laid the Ravin ane replicatioun;
Syne said, Thy reson is nocht worth ane myte,
As I sall preve, with protestatioun,
That na man tak my wordis in despyte,
I say, the temporall princis hes the wyte,
That in the kirk sic pastouris dois provyde,
To governe saulis, that nocht thamselfis can gyde.

Lang time efter the Kirk tuke Propertie,
The prelatis levit in gret perfectioun,
Unthrall to Riches, or Sensualitie,
Under the haly Spreitis protectioun,
Orderlye chosin, be electioun,
As Gregore, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustyne,
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Clete, and Lyne.

Sic pacient prelatis enterit be the porte,
Plesand[1] the pepill, be predicatioun,
Now dyke lowparis[2] dois in the kirk resorte,

[1] pleasing.

[2] men leaping over law and rule.

Be symonie, and supplicatioun,
Of princis, be thair presentatioun:
Sa sillie saulis, that bene Christis scheip,
Ar gevin to hungrye gormand wolfis to keip.

Na marvell is, thocht we religious men,
Degenerit be, and in our lyfe confusit:
Bot sing, and drink, nane uther craft we ken,
Our spirituall fatheris hes us sa abusit,
Aganis our will, those trukouris[1] bene intrusit:
Lawit men hes now religious men in curis,
Profest virginis, in keiping of strang huris[2].

Princis, princis, quhare bene your heich prudens,
In dispositioun of your beneficeis?
The guerdoning of your courticiens[3],
Is sum caus of thir greit enormiteis,
Thare is ane sort, waitand lyke hungrye fleis,
For spirituall cure, thocht thay bene na thing abill,
Quhais gredie thristis bene insatiabill.

Princis, I pray yow, be na mair abusit,
To verteous men having sa small regard;
Quhy sulde vertew, throuch flatterye be refusit,

[1] truckers, buyers and sellers of benefices.

[2] rank whores.

[3] The rewarding of your courtiers: Shakespeare has *guerdon*, and *guerdoned*.

That men for cunning can get na rewarde?
Allace! that ever ane bragger, or ane barde[1],
Ane hure maister, or commoun hasardure[2],
Suld, in the kirk, get ony kynd of cure.

War I ane man, worthy to weir ane croun,
Ay quhen thare vaikit[3] ony beneficeis,
I sulde gar call ane congregatioun,
The principall of all the prelaceis,
Maist cunning clerkis of universiteis,
Maist famous fatheris of religioun,
With thair advyse, mak dispositioun.

I sulde dispone[4] all offices pastorallis,
Till doctouris of divinitie, or jure[5];
And cause dame Vertew pull up all hir saillis[6],
Quhen cunning men had in the kirk maist cure;
Gar lordis send thair sonnis, I yow assure,
To seik science, and famous sculis frequent,
Syne thame promove, that war maist sapient.

[1] Lyndsay often contemns the *bards*, as sycophants, or worthless wretches.

[2] a gamester: So, Chaucer, "For to ben hold a commun *hasardour*."

[3] Always when there *vacated*, or became vacant.

[4] dispose. [5] law.

[6] *pull up all hir saillis*; exert herself.

Gret plesour war to heir ane bischope preche,
Ane dene, or doctour in divinitie,
Ane abbot, quhilk could weill his convent teche;
Ane persone, flowing in philosophie:
I tyne my tyme, to wis quhilk will nocht be[1];
War nocht the precheing of the begging freris,
Tint war[2] the faith amang the seculeris.

As for thair preching, quod the Papingo,
I thame excuse, for quhy, thay bene sa thrall
To Propertie, and hir ding[3] dochteris two,
Dame Riches, and fair lady Sensuall;
Thay may nocht use na pastyme spirituall,
And in thair habitis, thay tak sic delyte,
Thay have renuncit russet, and raploch[4] quhyte:

Cleikand[5] to thame skarlot, and cramosye[6],
With menever, martrik, grys, and ryche armyne[7];

[1] I lose my time, to wish what will not be.

[2] lost were. [3] *digne*; worthy, as in Chaucer.

[4] *raploch* was a coarse woollen cloth of home manufacture, made from the wool in its natural state.

[5] snatching. [6] crimson.

[7] *menever*; a kind of white fur: *martrik*; the fur of the martrick, or martin: *grys*; a valuable fur mentioned by Chaucer, as ornamenting the dress of his monk: *armyne*; means the fur of the ermine. By a stat. of James II., in 1457, the *claithing* of the *clerkes* is regulated: Lyndsay ridicules them, for using ornaments, inconsistent with the allowance by law,

Thair lawe[1] hartis exaltit ar sa hye;
To se thair papall pomp, it is ane pyne,
Mair riche array is now with freinzeis[2] fyne,
Upon the barding[3] of ane bischopis mule,
Nor ever had Paule, or Peter, agane Yule[4].

Syne fair ladyis, thair chene[5] may nocht eschape
Dame Sensuall sic seid haith in thame sawin;
Les skaith it war, with lycence of the Pape,
That ilk prelate ane wyfe had of his awin,
Nor se thair bastardis overthort the cuntre blawin;
For now, be thay be weill cummin from the sculis,
Thay fall to wark, as thay war commoun bullis[6].

Pew, quod the Gled, thou prechis all in vane,
Ye secular folkis hes of our cace na curis;
I grant, said scho, yit men will speik agane,
How ye haif maid a hundreth thousand huris,
Quhilkis never had bene, war nocht your lecherus luris;

[1] low, lowly. [2] fringes.

[3] *barding, bardes, barbes*; horsetrappings.—Coles: We see from several passages in Lyndsay, that the bishops rode on mules, in his time.

[4] Christmas.

[5] *chene*; chain, fetters, allurements.

[6] They are scarcely come from school, when they fall to work, as if they were common bulls.

And gif I lee, hartlye I me repent;
Was never bird, I wat, mair penitent.

Than scho hir schrave[1], with devote contenance,
To that fals Gled, quhilk fenzeit him ane freir;
And quhen scho had fulfillit hir pennance,
Full subtellye at hir he gan inqueir:
Cheis yow[2], said he, quhilk of us brether heir,
Sall have of all your naturall geir the curis,
Ye knaw nane bene mair haly creaturis.

I am content, quod the pure Papingo,
That ye freir Gled, and Corbie monk, your brother,
Have cure of all my gudis, and no mo,
Sen, at this tyme, freindschip, I find nane uther:
We sal be to yow trew, as till our mother,
Quod thay, and sweir till fulfill hir intent:
Of that, said scho, I tak ane instrument.

The Pyot said, Quhat sall myne office be?
Overman, said scho, unto the uther twa.
The rowpand Ravin said, Sweit sister, lat se,
Your haill intent, for it is tyme to ga:
The gredie Gled said, Brother, do nocht so,
We will remane, and haldin up hir heid,
And never depart, from hir, till scho be deid.

[1] Then she confessed her. [2] choose you.

The Papingo thame thankit tenderlye,
And said, Sen ye have tane on yow this cure,
Depart [1] myne naturall gudis equallye,
That ever I had, or hes of dame Nature:
First, to the Howlet, indigent, and pure,
Quhilk, on the day, for schame, dar nocht be sene,
Till hir, I leve my gay galbert [2] of grene.

My bricht depurit [3] ene, as crystall cleir,
Unto the Bak [4], ye sall thame baith present;
In Phebus presence, quhilk dar nocht appeir,
Of naturall sicht, scho bene sa impotent:
My birneist beik, I leve with gude entent,
Unto the gentill, piteous Pellicane,
To help to pers hir tender hart in twane.

I leve the Goik, quhilk hes na sang bot ane,
My musike, with my voce angelicall;
And to the Gouse ye geve, when I am gane,
My eloquence, and toung rethoricall;
And tak, and drye my banis gret, and small,
Syne clois thame in ane case of ebure [5] fyne,
And thame present unto the Phenix syne.

[1] *depart;* divide: So in Chaucer, and Spenser.
[2] *galbert, galbert, gabardine;* a mantle.—Cotgrave.
[3] transparent eyes. [4] bat.
[5] ivory.

To byrne with hir, quhen scho hir lyfe renewis,
In Arabie, ye sall hir fynde, but weir[1],
And sal knaw hir, be hir maist hevinlye hewis,
Gold, asure, gowles[2], purpour, and synopeir[3];
Hir dait is for to leif fyve hundreth yeir[4];
Mak to that bird my commendatioun:
And als, I mak yow supplicatioun,

Sen, of my corps, I have yow gevin the cure,
Ye speid yow to the court, but tarying[5],
And tak my hart of perfyte portrature,
And it present unto my soverane king,
I wat he will it close into ane ring;
Commend me to his grace, I yow exhorte,
And of my passioun, mak him trew reporte.

Ye thre my trypis[6] sall have, for your travell,
With luffer, and lowng[7], to part equall amang yow;
Prayand Pluto, the potent prince of hell,
Gif ye failze, that in his feit he fang yow[8],
Be to me trew, thocht I nathing belang yow;

[1] without doubt.
[2] gules; red, a term in heraldry.
[3] *synopeir*; synople, the green, in heraldry.
[4] Of the phœnix, it is feigned, that she is to live 500 years.
[5] without delay. [6] guts. [7] liver and lungs.
[8] gripe you.

Sore I suspect your conscience be to large:
Dout nocht, said thay, we tak it with the charge.

Adew, brether, quod the pure Papingo,
To talking mair, I haif na tyme to tarye:
Bot, sen my spreit mon fra my body go,
I recommend it to the quene of Farye,
Eternallye, intill hir court to tarye,
In wyldernes, amang the holtis hair[1];
Than, scho inclynit hir heid, and spak na mair.

Plungit intill hir mortall passioun,
Full grevouslie scho grippit to the grounde:
It war to lang to mak narratioun,
Of sichis sore, with mony stang, and stounde[2],
Out of hir wound, the blude did sa abounde,
Ane compas round, was with hir blude maid reid,
Without remeid, thare was na thing bot deid.

[1] *holtis hair*, common terms among the old poets, means woods gray; the wilderness in the fall of the leaf; as in *Sir Orpheo*:

"In wylderness now wyl y be,
And wonne there, in *holtys hore*,
In wilderness, for ever more."

[2] sting, and shooting pain: *stound* is used by Spenser for pain, sorrow.

And be scho had, *In manus tuas*, said [1],
Extinctit war [2] hir naturall wittis fyve:
Hir heid full softlye on hir schulder laid,
Syne yeild the spreit, with panes pungityve [3],
The Ravin began rudlye to rug, and ryve [4],
Full gormoundlyke, his emptie throte he fed:
Eit softlye, brother, said the gredie Gled;

Quhyl scho is hote, depart hir evin [5] amang us,
Tak thow ane half, and reik [6] to me ane uther,
Intill our richt I wat, na wicht dar wrang us [7]:
The Pyot said, The feind resave the fother [8],
Quhy mak ye me stepbarne [9], and I your brother?
Ye do me wrang, schir Gled, I schrew [10] your harte,
Tak thare, said he, the puddingis [11] for thy parte.

Than, wat ye well, my hart was wounder sair,
For to behald that dolent departing,
Hir angell fedderis fleing in the air,
Except the hart was left of hir na thing.
The Pyot said, this pertenith to the king,

[1] By the time she had said, *In manus tuas.*

[2] extinguished were: So, in Shakespeare's Othello: "Give renew'd fire to our *extincted* sprites."

[3] pungent. [4] pull and tear. [5] equal.

[6] reach. [7] I know no person dare wrong us.

[8] Lyndsay was fond of this phrase: The *devil* receive the *pack.*

[9] step-child. [10] I curse. [11] entrails.

Quhilk till his grace, I purpose, to present:
Thow, quod the Gled, sall fail of thyne intent.

The Ravin said, God! nor I rax in ane rape[1],
And[2] thou get this till either king, or duke:
The Pyot said, Plene I nocht to the Pape[3],
Than, in ane smidie[4], I be smorit with smuke[5]:
With that, the Gled the pece claucht in his cluke[6];
And fled his way, the lave with all thair micht,
To chace the Gled, flewe all out of my sicht.

Now have ye hard, this lytill tragedye[7],
The sore complaynt, the testament, and mischance
Of this pure bird, quhilk did ascend sa hye:
Beseikand yow, excuse myne ignorance,
And rude indyte, quhilk is nocht till avance.
And to the quair[8], I geif commandement,
Mak na repair, quhare poetis bene present:

[1] God! may I hang in a rope. [2] If.

[3] Complain I not to the Pope.

[4] *smidie*; smithy; as in Dryden:

"His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound,
And hiss'd, like red-hot iron, within the *smithy* drown'd."

[5] smothered with smoke. [6] snatched in his claw.

[7] Now, have you heard *this lytill tragedye*: So Chaucer calls his *Troilus and Cresseide*, "A lytill tragedie."

[8] *quair*; a pamphlet; as, at the conclusion of his Black Knight, Chaucer says:

"Go litil *quaire* unto my livis' quene."

Because thow bene, but rethorik, sa rude,
Be never sene, besyde nane uther buke,
With king, nor quene, with lord, nor man of gude;
With cote unclene, clame kinrent to sum cuke,
Steill in ane nuke[1], quhen thay list on the luke[2],
For smell of smuke, men will abhor to beir the;
Heir, I manesweir[3] the; quharefor, to lurk ga leir the[4].

[1] *nuke*; corner; as Chapman:

" And through it sought some inmost *nook* to save
The gold——————."

[2] When they please on thee to look. [3] *manesweir*; forswear.

[4] Wherefore, to lurk go learn ye: It was quite the vogue, in Scotland, during that age, as it had been, in England, for ages before, to dismiss thair *quairs* with dispraise and disparagement; as Gawin Douglas, when he presented his *Palice of Honour* to James IV.:

" Thy barrane termis, and thy vile indyte
Sall not be myne, I will not have the wyte;
For, as for me, I quyt clame, that I ken the."

AND

PLESANT SATYRE

OF

THE THREE ESTAITIS

IN COMMENDATIOUN OF VERTEW AND VITUPERATIOUN OF VYCE.

OBSCURE as the origin of the drama is in England, as well as in Scotland, inquiry will find, that their dramatic exhibitions were derived from the same source; as the progenitors of the people of both were the same. In England, perhaps, in all the Gothic countries of Europe, the *Mysteries* were the first productions of the dramatic muse, representing usually the most mysterious parts of Scripture story. If they were originally little better than dumb show, with the intermixture of some speeches, they became, at length, somewhat improved, by the formation of regular dialogues, which were divided of course, into acts, and scenes. The first drama, in Scotland, whereof we have any satisfactory evidence, was a *Mystery*, called the *Haliblude*, which was acted on the Windmill-hill, at Aberdeen, in 1445, as we know from the city records. Such representations of mysterious stories continued to be performed, on festivals, and rejoicings, in the principal towns, till the

age of Lyndsay: In 1540, the queen rode to Aberdeen, which received her with pageants, *verses*, and *playes*; as we learn from Holinshed. John Bale is supposed to have written the last of the *Mysteries*, about the year 1538. Soon after the reformation, the church of Scotland prohibited the representation of Scripture stories. These representations, in which the Bible was burlesqued, and religion was profaned, from motives of piety, as the historian of the English poetry remarks, were followed by *Moralities*, a sort of natural succession, which, as they were not devoid of invention, exhibit the outlines of the dramatic art, as doctor Percy has observed. Under the severe reign of Henry VIII. appeared *moral plays*, which almost approached to tragedies, and comedies. In 1503, at the marriage of James IV. with Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., a *Moralitie* was played, after *dynar*, by some English actors, who had accompanied the queen from Wyndsor. But, it was reserved for Lyndsay to exhibit a *Morality*, which was intended, by the poet, as *Ane Satyre of the Three Estaitis*, in *commendatioun* of *vertew*, and in *vituperatioun* of *vyce*. None of the earliest English dramatists, Parfre, Bale, or Heywood, would have been permitted to go the length of ridiculing every order in the state; yet, in England, the reformers, and their opponents, were brought upon the stage by their several partisans: And, Heath, the archbishop of York, in opposing

the act of uniformity, in 1559, complained, in parliament, of the stage plays, which had been made in mockery of the catholick religion. The Satyre of Lyndsay was acted at Coupar in Fife, in 1535; at Linlithgow, in 1539; and at Edinburgh, in 1554. Whether the matter, or the manner, of this drama be considered, it must be allowed to be a very singular performance; and to have carried away the palm of dramatic composition from the contemporary *moralities* of England, till the epoch of the first tragedy, in *Gorboduc*, and of the first comedy, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle:* Lyndsay's play has certainly as much *moral*, as *Gorboduc*, and as much wit, as *Gammer Gurton's Needle.* The earliest dramas of both these countries were defiled with extraordinary grossness, as they were represented before a rude people. "To talk of the grossness, and absurdity, of such "manners," says Warton, "is little to the purpose; "the poet is only concerned in the justness, and "faithfulness, of the representation." Such must be the apology of Lyndsay, whose picture is faithful, though it represents vulgar manners, in *vulgar* language. We may learn, from the length of the perusal of Lyndsay's Satyre of the Three Estates, that its representation must have consumed "the live-long "day, with patient expectation:" It began, about nine, in the morning, and continued, during nine hours, with little intermission, as we are told by Henry

Charteris, the bookseller, who saw "this play, playit "besyde Edinburgh, in 1554, in presence of the "quene regent; lestand fra nyne houris afoir none "till sex houris at evin." But, what is this length of representation to the length of the English mysteries, during the persevering curiosity of antient times? In 1391, as we learn from honest Stow, "a play was playde by the parish clerks of London, which continued three days together, the king, queene, and nobles of the realme, being present: And, another was plaide, in 1409, which lasted eight daies, and was of matter, from the creation of the worlde, whereat was present most of the nobilitie and gentrie of England." That the king, in 1540, and much more, that the queen, who was a woman of elegance, and a sovereign of policy, should have allowed Lyndsay's *Satyre of the Three Estates* to be acted, in such a country, during a period of perturbation, is quite wonderful: of them it cannot be said that,

"They had a sharp *foresight*, and working wit,
"That never idle was, ne once could rest a whit."

What Lyndsay's intentions were, more than the gratification of his present humour, it is not easy to discover: Like other great reformers, he probably did not foresee that, when he had prompted a passion for novelty, with a contempt for order,

"The hearts of all his people should revolt from him,
"And kiss the lips of unacquainted change."

From every intimation, it is apparent, that this *moralitie*, which cannot be equalled in the English drama, during that age, must have been written, towards the end of the year

1535.

PART THE FIRST.

DILIGENCE.

THE Father, and founder, of faith and felicitie,
That your fashioun formed to his similitude;
And his Sone, our Saviour, scheild in necessitie,
That bocht yow from baillis ranson [1] rude,
Repledgeand [2] his presonaris with his hart-blude;
The Halie Gaist [3], governour, and grounder [4] of grace,
Of wisdome, and weilfair, baith fontane, and flude,
Gif [5] yow all that I se seisit [6] in this place,

[1] from sorrow's ransom: So, *bale* is sorrow, misery, in Minot, and Chaucer.

[2] repledging, redeeming. [3] Holy Ghost.

[4] *grounder*, for *founder*.

[5] give: So, *gif*, in Rob. of Brunne, and Minot.

[6] seated: So *seisid*, in R. of Brunne, and *sesid*, in Chaucer.

And scheild yow from sinne;
And with his spreit yow inspyre,
Till I have shawin my desyre:
Silence! soverane, I requyre:
For now I begin.

TAK tent[1] to me, my freinds, and hald yow coy[2],
For I am sent to yow as messingeir,
From ane nobill, and richt redoubtit roy[3];
The quhilk hes bene absent this monie yeir,
Humanite, gif ye his name wald speir[4],
Quha bade me shaw to yow but[5] variance,
That he intendis amang yow to compeir,
With ane triumph, and awfull ordinance;
With crown, and swerd, and scepter, in his hand,
Temperit with mercie, quhen penitence appeiris:
Howbeit, that he lang tyme hes bene sleipand,
Quharethrow misreull hes rung[6] thir monie yeiris;

[1] take heed; pay attention.

[2] *hald yow coy;* be quiet: So, *coye, coy,* in Chaucer, for quiet: And in the old French of Lacombe; *coi, coye,* tranquille, *quietus:* Se tenir *coi* signifie n'oser remuer, &c.

[3] redoubted king.

[4] *speir;* ask, or inquire: So, *speris,* asks, in Chaucer.

[5] *but,* for *without,* is the old English of Wiclif, and Maundeville.

[6] reigned.

That innocentis hes bene brocht on thair beiris,
Be fals reporteris of this natioun;
Thocht young oppressouris at the elder leiris[1];
Be now assurit of reformatioun.
Se no misdoeris be sa bauld,
As to remane into this hauld[2]:
For quhy[3], be him, that Judas sauld[4],

[1] learns. [2] in this place.

[3] *For why?* Wiclif uses this expression for *inasmuch as.*

[4] The one half of conversation, in that age, both in England, and in Scotland, was made up by *swearing:* The following is a list of the most fashionable oaths, which have been gleaned from this Play:

Be Cokis passion; Be Godis passion; Be Coks deir passion.
Be Coks tois; Be Gods wounds.
Be Gods croce.
Be Gods mother.
Be Gods breid; i. e. the altar.
Be Gods goun.
Be God himsell.
Be greit God that all has wrocht.
Be him that all the warld has wrocht.
Be him that the warld wrocht.
Be him that has us wrocht.
Be him that made the mone.
Be the gude Lord.
Be him that wore the croun of thorn.

Thay will be heich hangit;
Now faithfull folk for joy may sing:

Be him that bure the cruel croun of thorn.
Be him that herryit hell.
Be him that Judas sauld.
Be the rude; i. e. the cross.
Be the Trinity; Be the haly Trinity.
Be the sacrament; Be the haly sacrament.
Be the messe; the mass.
Be him that our Lord Jesus sauld.
Be him that deir Jesus sauld.
Be our Ladie; Be Sanct Mary; Be sweit Sanct Mary;
Be Mary bricht.
Be Alhallows.
Be Sanct James.
Be Sanct Michell.
Be Sanct Ann.
Be Sanct Bryde; Be Brydes bell.
Be Sanct Geill; Be sweit Sanct Geill.
Be Sanct Blais.
Be Sanct Blane.
Be Sanct Clone; Be Sanct Clune.
Be Sanct Allan.
Be Sanct Fillane.
Be Sanct Tan.
Be Sanct Dyonis of France.
Be Sanct Mavene.
Be the gude lady that me bare.
Be my saul.
Be my thrift.

For quhy, it is the just bidding [1]
Of my soverane lord the king,
That na man be wrangit [2].
Thocht he ane quhyll into his flouris [3],
Be governit be vyle trompouris [4];
And sumtyme lufe his paramouris;
Hald ye him excusit:
For quhen he meittis with Correctioun,
With Verite, and Discretioun,
Thay will be banischit aff the toun [5],
Quhilk [6] hes him abusit.
And heir, be oppin proclamatioun,
I warne, in name of his magnificence,

Be my Christendom.
Be this day.

The parliament, at length, interposed; and by an act, "Anent them that swearis abhominable aithes," *5* parl. Mary [*1551*], ch. 16, this odious practice, which continued, notwithstanding *frequent preachings*, was prohibited, under severe penalties. A similar practice came down from the old moralities to the dramas of England, till it was prohibited by one of the first statutes of king James.

[1] order, command. [2] wronged.

[3] Though he a while in his youth.

[4] *trompouris*; deceivers.

[5] *aff the toun*; out of the town.

[6] *quhilk*; which; who have him abused.

The thre estaitis of this natioun,
That thay compeir, with detfull[1] diligence,
And till his grace mak thair obedience.
And first, I warne the Spritualite,
And se the burgessis spair nocht for expence[2],
Bot speid thame heir, with Temporalite.
Als I beseik yow famous auditouris,
Convenit in this congregatioun,
To be patient the space of certane houris,
Till ye have hard our short narratioun:
And als we mak yow supplicatioun,
That na man tak our wordis intill disdane;
Althocht ye heir be declamatioun,
The common-weill richt piteouslie complane.
Richt so the verteous ladie Verite
Will mak ane piteous lamentatioun:
Als for the treuth scho will impresonit be,
And banischit lang tyme out of the toun:
And Chastitie will mak narratioun,
How scho can get na lugeing in this land,
Till that the hevinlye king Correctioun
Meit with the king, and commoun hand for hand.

[1] *detfull;* dueful d utiful.

[2] *And se the burgessis spair nocht for expence.* This is a satiric stroke of Lyndsay at the representatives of the burghs, who then considered their duty, in parliament, as a burden, and expected to be paid their expenses.

Prudent pepill I pray yow all,
Tak na man greif, in speciall;
For we sall speik in generall,
For pastyme, and for play:
Tharefor till all our rymis be rung,
And our mistoinit sangis [1] be sung,
Let everilk man keip weill ane tung,
And everilk woman tway [2].

REX HUMANITAS.

O Lord of lordis, and King of kingis all,
Omnipotent of power, Prince but peir [3],
Ever ringand [4], in glore celestial,
Quha be gret micht, and haifing na mateir [5],
Maid hevin, and eird [6], fyre, air, and watter cleir:
Send me thy grace, with pece perpetuall,
That I may rewll my realme to thy pleseir,
Syne bring my saull to joy angelicall.
Sen thow hes givin me dominatioun,
And rewll of pepill subject to my cure,

[1] mistuned songs.

[2] *tway*; two, as in Wiclif: Lyndsay is ever happy to have a sly stroke at the women.

[3] *but peir*; without an equal. [4] reigning.

[5] having no matter.

[6] *eird* is earth; as it is *erth*, and *erthe*, in Wiclif, and in Maundeville.

Be I nocht rewlit[1] be counsall, and resoun,
In dignite I may nocht lang indure.
I grant my stait my self may nocht assure,
Nor yit conserve my lyfe in sickernes:
Have pitie, Lord, on me, thy creature,
Supportand me in all my besynes[2].
I thee requeist, quha rent wes on the rude[3],
Me to defend from the deids of defame;
That my pepill report of me bot gude,
And be my saifgaird baith from sin, and schame.
I knaw my dayis induris bot as ane dreme;
Tharefor, O Lord, I hartlie the exhort,
To gif me grace to use my diademe
To thy plesour, and to my gret confort.

WANTONNES.

My soverane lord, and prince, but peir,
Quhat garris yow mak sic dreirie cheir?
Be blyth, sa lang as ye ar heir,
And pas tyme, with plesour:
For als lang leifis[4] the mirrie man,
As the sorye for ocht he can[5],

[1] If I be not ruled, or governed. [2] *besynes*, for business.
[3] who torn was on the cross.
[4] as long lives the merry man.
[5] So in Fleming's ballad "of Evil Wyffis:"
"For als lang leivis the mirry man;
As dois the wrech, for ocht he can."

His banis full sair, schir, sall I ban[1],
That dois yow displesour.
Sa lang as Placebo, and I,
Remainis into your company,
Your grace sall leif richt mirrely;
Of this haif ye na dout.
Sa lang as ye haif us in cure,
Your grace, schir, sall want na plesure:
War Solace heir, I yow assure,
He wald rejoyse this rout[2].

PLACEBO.

Gude brother myne, quhare is Solace,
The mirrour of all mirrynes,
I haif gret mervell, be the mes[3],
He taryes sa lang.
Byde he away we ar bot shent[4],
I ferlie[5] how he fra us went:
I trow[6] he hes impediment,
That lettis him nocht gang.

This appears to have become a common saw in Lyndsay's time; but whether he was the original author is not certain: I do not observe that this *saw* is among the *Adagia Scotica*.

[1] His bones full sore, sir, shall I curse.

[2] *rout*; crowd, or company.

[3] by the mass; a common oath in Lyndsay's time.

[4] ruined, disgraced: So *shent* in Chaucer, and Spenser.

[5] wonder. [6] believe.

WANTONNES.

I left Solace, that same greit loun[1],
Drinkand into the burrows toun;
It will cost him halfe of ane croun,
Althocht he had na mair.
And als he said, he wald gang se
Fair ladye Sensualitie,
The beriall of all bewtie[2],
And portratour preclair[3].

PLACEBO.

Be God, I see him at the last,
As he war chaist[4], rinnand richt fast,
He glowris[5], evin as he war agast,
Or fleyit[6] of ane gaist.
Na, he is wod[7] drunkin, I trow,
Se ye not that he is wod fow[8]:

[1] rogue.

[2] *The beriall of all bewtie*, means the *brightest* of all beauty: So in Candlemas-day. Hawkins O. P. v. 1. 24: "Brighter than *berall* outhir clere crystal." In Dunbar's *Golden Terge*: "The ruby skyis kest *berial* bemis on emerant bewis grene." Dunbar speaks of Aberdeen as, "Blyth Aberdene, thou *beriall* of all towns." The root is in *beryl* (Gr.), an Indian green stone, of great brightness.—Coles.

[3] portraiture excellent, celebrated.

[4] As if he were chased. [5] stares.

[6] frightened by a ghost. [7] *wod*; mad; as in Wiclif.

[8] *wod fow*; mad drunk.

I ken weill, be his creischie mow[1],
He hes bene at ane feist.

SOLACE.

Now, quha saw ever sic ane thrang?
Me thocht sum said I had gane wrang,
Had I help, I wald sing ane sang,
With ane richt mirrie noyse.
I have sic plesour at my hart,
That garris me sing the troubill[2] part,
Wald sum gude fallow fill the quart,
It wald my hart rejoyse.
Howbeit, my coat be schort, and nippit[3],
Thankis be to God, I am weill hippit,
Thocht all my gold may sone be grippit[4]
Intill ane pennie pursse;
Thocht I ane servand lang haif bene,
My purchais is nocht worth ane prene[5],
I may sing, Peblis on the Grene[6],
For ocht that I may tursse[7].
Quhat is my name, can ye not gesse,
Schirs, ken ye nocht Sandie Solace?
Thay callit my mother bonie Besse,

[1] greasy mouth. [2] treble part. [3] pinched.
[4] soon be griped. [5] a pin.
[6] *sing, Peblis on the grene:* The allusion is to some popular song, quite different from the ludicrous poem of *Peblis at the Play.* [7] truss, or purse up.—MS. Glos.

That dwelt betwene the bowis.
Of twelf yeir auld scho lernit to swyve [1],
Thankit be the gret God on lyve!
Scho maid me fatheris four, or fyve,
But dout, this is na mowis [2].
Quhen ane was deid scho gat ane uther,
Was never man had sic ane mother,
Of fatheris scho maid me ane futher [3],
Of lawit men, and leirit [4]:
Scho is baith wyse, worthie, and wicht,
For, scho spairis nouther kuke, nor knicht;
Yea, four and twentie on ane nicht,
And ay thair eine scho bleirit [5].
And gif I lie, schirs, ye may speir:
Bot, saw ye nocht the king cum heir?
I am ane sportour, and playfeir [6]
To that royall young king.
He said, he wald within schort space,
Cum pas his tyme into this place:

[1] *swyve*; to whore.—Percy. In a satirical song of the age of Henry III., we may see, [Warton Hist. Poet. vol. i. 44.]

" Richard of Alemaigne, while that he was kyng,
He spende al his tresour opon *swyving*."

[2] without doubt, this is no jest.

[3] *ane futher*; a plenty, a-great number.

[4] of ignorant men, and learned; or it may mean, of *laymen*, and of *clergy*.

[5] and aye their eyes she bleared. [6] playmate, playfellow.

I pray the Lord to send him grace,
That he lang tyme may ring.

PLACEBO.

Solace, quhy taryit ye sa lang?

SOLACE.

The feind a faster I micht gang[1]:
I micht not thrist out throw the thrang[2],
Of wyfes fyftene fudder:
Than for to rin I tuke ane rink[3],
Bot, I felt never sik ane stink:
For our lordis lufe gif me ane drink,
Placebo, my deir brother.

REX HUMANITAS.

My servant, Solace, quhat gart yow tarie?

SOLACE.

I wait nocht, schir, be sweit Sanct Marie,
I have bene in ane feirie farie[4],
Or ellis intill ane trance:
Schir, I have sene, I yow assure,
The fairest erthlie creature,

[1] The devil a faster I could go.
[2] I could not thrust through the throng.
[3] a course, a race. [4] a bustle, a confusion.

That ever was formit be nature,
And maist for till avance.
To luke on hir is gret delyte,
With lippis reid, and cheikis quhyte,
I wald renunce all this warld quyte,
For till stand in hir grace:
Scho is wantoun, and scho is wyse:
And cled scho is on the new gyse [1],
It wald gar all your flesche up ryse,
To luke upon hir face.
War I ane king it suld be kend [2],
I suld nocht spair [3] on hir till spend;
And this same nicht for hir till send,
For my plesure.
Quhat rak [4] of your prosperite,
Gif ye want Sensualite?
I wald nocht gif ane sillie fle,
For your tresure.

REX HUMANITAS.

Forsuith, my freindis, I think ye ar nocht wyse,
Till counsall me to brek commandement,

[1] And clothed she is in the new fashion.

[2] *kend;* known.

[3] *I suld nocht spair*; I should not omit, or forbear; as in Milton: "We might have *spared* our coming."

[4] wreck.

For quhy, it is the just bidding[1]
Of my soverane lord the king,
That na man be wrangit[2].
Thocht he ane quhyll into his flouris[3],
Be governit be vyle trompouris[4];
And sumtyme lufe his paramouris;
Hald ye him excusit:
For quhen he meittis with Correctioun,
With Verite, and Discretioun,
Thay will be banischit aff the toun[5],
Quhilk[6] hes him abusit.
And heir, be oppin proclamatioun,
I warne, in name of his magnificence,

Be my Christendom.
Be this day.

The parliament, at length, interposed; and by an act, "Anent them that swearis abhominable aithes," 5 parl. Mary [1551], ch. 16, this odious practice, which continued, notwithstanding *frequent preachings*, was prohibited, under severe penalties. A similar practice came down from the old moralities to the dramas of England, till it was prohibited by one of the first statutes of king James.

[1] order, command. [2] wronged.

[3] Though he a while in his youth.

[4] *trompouris*; deceivers.

[5] *aff the toun*; out of the town.

[6] *quhilk*; which; who have him abused.

The thre estaitis of this natioun,
That thay compeir, with detfull[1] diligence,
And till his grace mak thair obedience.
And first, I warne the Spritualite,
And se the burgessis spair nocht for expence[2],
Bot speid thame heir, with Temporalite.
Als I beseik yow famous auditouris,
Convenit in this congregatioun,
To be patient the space of certane houris,
Till ye have hard our short narratioun:
And als we mak yow supplicatioun,
That na man tak our wordis intill disdane;
Althocht ye heir be declamatioun,
The common-weill richt piteouslie complane.
Richt so the verteous ladie Verite
Will mak ane piteous lamentatioun:
Als for the treuth scho will impresonit be,
And banischit lang tyme out of the toun:
And Chastitie will mak narratioun,
How scho can get na lugeing in this land,
Till that the hevinlye king Correctioun
Meit with the king, and commoun hand for hand.

[1] *detfull;* dueful d utiful.

[2] *And se the burgessis spair nocht for expence.* This is a satiric stroke of Lyndsay at the representatives of the burghs, who then considered their duty, in parliament, as a burden, and expected to be paid their expenses.

Prudent pepill I pray yow all,
Tak na man greif, in speciall;
For we sall speik in generall,
For pastyme, and for play:
Tharefor till all our rymis be rung,
And our mistoinit sangis[1] be sung,
Let everilk man keip weill ane tung,
And everilk woman tway[2].

REX HUMANITAS.

O Lord of lordis, and King of kingis all,
Omnipotent of power, Prince but peir[3],
Ever ringand[4], in glore celestial,
Quha be gret micht, and haifing na mateir[5],
Maid hevin, and eird[6], fyre, air, and watter cleir:
Send me thy grace, with pece perpetuall,
That I may rewll my realme to thy pleseir,
Syne bring my saull to joy angelicall.
Sen thow hes givin me dominatioun,
And rewll of pepill subject to my cure,

[1] mistuned songs.

[2] *twoy*; two, as in Wiclif: Lyndsay is ever happy to have a sly stroke at the women.

[3] *but peir*; without an equal. [4] reigning.

[5] having no matter.

[6] *eird* is earth; as it is *erth*, and *erthe*, in Wiclif, and in Maundeville.

Be I nocht rewlit[1] be counsall, and resoun,
In dignite I may nocht lang indure.
I grant my stait my self may nocht assure,
Nor yit conserve my lyfe in sickernes:
Have pitie, Lord, on me, thy creature,
Supportand me in all my besynes[2].
I thee requeist, quha rent wes on the rude[3],
Me to defend from the deids of defame;
That my pepill report of me bot gude,
And be my saifgaird baith from sin, and schame.
I knaw my dayis induris bot as ane dreme;
Tharefor, O Lord, I hartlie the exhort,
To gif me grace to use my diademe
To thy plesour, and to my gret confort.

WANTONNES.

My soverane lord, and prince, but peir,
Quhat garris yow mak sic dreirie cheir?
Be blyth, sa lang as ye ar heir,
And pas tyme, with plesour:
For als lang leifis[4] the mirrie man,
As the sorye for ocht he can[5],

[1] If I be not ruled, or governed. [2] *besynes*, for business.
[3] who torn was on the cross.
[4] as long lives the merry man.
[5] So in Fleming's ballad "of Evil Wyffis:"

"For als lang leivis the mirry man;
As dois the wrech, for ocht he can."

His banis full sair, schir, sall I ban[1],
That dois yow displesour.
Sa lang as Placebo, and I,
Remainis into your company,
Your grace sall leif richt mirrely;
Of this haif ye na dout.
Sa lang as ye haif us in cure,
Your grace, schir, sall want na plesure:
War Solace heir, I yow assure,
He wald rejoyse this rout[2].

PLACEBO.

Gude brother myne, quhare is Solace,
The mirrour of all mirrynes,
I haif gret mervell, be the mes[3],
He taryes sa lang.
Byde he away we ar bot shent[4],
I ferlie[5] how he fra us went:
I trow[6] he hes impediment,
That lettis him nocht gang.

This appears to have become a common saw in Lyndsay's time; but whether he was the original author is not certain: I do not observe that this *saw* is among the *Adagia Scotica.*

[1] His bones full sore, sir, shall I curse.
[2] *rout*; crowd, or company.
[3] by the mass; a common oath in Lyndsay's time.
[4] ruined, disgraced: So *shent* in Chaucer, and Spenser.
[5] wonder. [6] believe.

WANTONNES.

I left Solace, that same greit loun[1],
Drinkand into the burrows toun;
It will cost him halfe of ane croun,
Althocht he had na mair.
And als he said, he wald gang se
Fair ladye Sensualitie,
The beriall of all bewtie[2],
And portratour preclair[3].

PLACEBO.

Be God, I see him at the last,
As he war chaist[4], rinnand richt fast,
He glowris[5], evin as he war agast,
Or fleyit[6] of ane gaist.
Na, he is wod[7] drunkin, I trow,
Se ye not that he is wod fow[8]:

[1] rogue.

[2] *The beriall of all bewtie*, means the *brightest* of all beauty: So in Candlemas-day. Hawkins O. P. v. 1. 24: "Brighter than *berall* outhir clere crystal." In Dunbar's *Golden Terge*: "The ruby skyis kest *berial* bemis on emerant bewis grene." Dunbar speaks of Aberdeen as, "Blyth Aberdene, thou *beriall* of all towns." The root is in *beryl* (Gr.), an Indian green stone, of great brightness.—Coles.

[3] portraiture excellent, celebrated.

[4] As if he were chased. [5] stares.

[6] frightened by a ghost. [7] *wod*; mad; as in Wiclif.

[8] *wod fow*; mad drunk.

I ken weill, be his creischie mow[1],
He hes bene at ane feist.

SOLACE.

Now, quha saw ever sic ane thrang?
Me thocht sum said I had gane wrang,
Had I help, I wald sing ane sang,
With ane richt mirrie noyse.
I have sic plesour at my hart,
That garris me sing the troubill[2] part,
Wald sum gude fallow fill the quart,
It wald my hart rejoyse.
Howbeit, my coat be schort, and nippit[3],
Thankis be to God, I am weill hippit,
Thocht all my gold may sone be grippit[4]
Intill ane pennie pursse;
Thocht I ane servand lang haif bene,
My purchais is nocht worth ane prene[5],
I may sing, Peblis on the Grene[6],
For ocht that I may tursse[7].
Quhat is my name, can ye not gesse,
Schirs, ken ye nocht Sandie Solace?
Thay callit my mother bonie Besse,

[1] greasy mouth. [2] treble part. [3] pinched.
[4] soon be griped. [5] a pin.
[6] *sing, Peblis on the grene:* The allusion is to some popular song, quite different from the ludicrous poem of *Peblis at the Play.* [7] truss, or purse up.—MS. Glos.

That dwelt betwene the bowis.
Of twelf yeir auld scho lernit to swyve [1],
Thankit be the gret God on lyve!
Scho maid me fatheris four, or fyve,
But dout, this is na mowis [2].
Quhen ane was deid scho gat ane uther,
Was never man had sic ane mother,
Of fatheris scho maid me ane futher [3],
Of lawit men, and leirit [4]:
Scho is baith wyse, worthie, and wicht,
For, scho spairis nouther kuke, nor knicht;
Yea, four and twentie on ane nicht,
And ay thair eine scho bleirit [5].
And gif I lie, schirs, ye may speir:
Bot, saw ye nocht the king cum heir?
I am ane sportour, and playfeir [6]
To that royall young king.
He said, he wald within schort space,
Cum pas his tyme into this place:

[1] *swyve*; to whore.—Percy. In a satirical song of the age of Henry III., we may see, [Warton Hist. Poet. vol. i. 44.]

"Richard of Alemaigne, while that he was kyng,
He spende al his tresour opon *swyving*."

[2] without doubt, this is no jest.

[3] *ane futher*; a plenty, a great number.

[4] of ignorant men, and learned; or it may mean, of *layen*, and of *clergy*.

[5] and aye their eyes she bleared. [6] playmate, playfellow.

I pray the Lord to send him grace,
That he lang tyme may ring.

PLACEBO.

Solace, quhy taryit ye sa lang?

SOLACE.

The feind a faster I micht gang[1]:
I micht not thrist out throw the thrang[2],
Of wyfes fyftene fudder:
Than for to rin I tuke ane rink[3],
Bot, I felt never sik ane stink:
For our lordis lufe gif me ane drink,
Placebo, my deir brother.

REX HUMANITAS.

My servant, Solace, quhat gart yow tarie?

SOLACE.

I wait nocht, schir, be sweit Sanct Marie,
I have bene in ane feirie farie[4],
Or ellis intill ane trance:
Schir, I have sene, I yow assure,
The fairest erthlie creature,

[1] The devil a faster I could go.
[2] I could not thrust through the throng,
[3] a course, a race. [4] a bustle, a confusion.

That ever was formit be nature,
And maist for till avance.
To luke on hir is gret delyte,
With lippis reid, and cheikis quhyte,
I wald renunce all this warld quyte,
For till stand in hir grace:
Scho is wantoun, and scho is wyse:
And cled scho is on the new gyse [1],
It wald gar all your flesche up ryse,
To luke upon hir face.
War I ane king it suld be kend [2],
I suld nocht spair [3] on hir till spend;
And this same nicht for hir till send,
For my plesure.
Quhat rak [4] of your prosperite,
Gif ye want Sensualite?
I wald nocht gif ane sillie fle,
For your tresure.

REX HUMANITAS.

Forsuith, my freindis, I think ye ar nocht wyse,
Till counsall me to brek commandement,

[1] And clothed she is in the new fashion.

[2] *kend;* known.

[3] *I suld nocht spair*; I should not omit, or forbear; as in Milton: "We might have *spared* our coming."

[4] wreck.

Directit be the Prince of Paradyse:
Considdering ye knaw that my intent
Is for till be to God obedient,
Quhilk do's forbid men to be lecherous:
Do I nocht sa, perchance, I will repent;
Tharefor, I think your counsall odious.
The quhilk ye gaif me till;
Becaus I haif bene to this day
Tanquam tabula rasa:
That is als mekill as to say,
Redie for gude, and ill.

PLACEBO.

Beleive ye, that we will begyle yow,
Or from your vertew we will wyle yow[1],
Or with evill counsall oversyle yow,
Both into gude and evill:
To tak your graces part we grant,
In all your deidis participant;
Sa, that ye be nocht ane young sanct,
And syne ane auld devill.

WANTONNES.

Beleive ye, schir, that lecherie be sin?
Na, trow nocht that, this is my ressoun quhy;

[1] wheedle you.

First, at the Romane kirk will we begin,
Quhilk is the lemand[1] lamp of lechery:
Quhare cardinalis, and bischopis, generally,
To lufe ladies, thay think ane plesand sport,
And out of Rome hes baneist Chastity,
Quha, with our prelatis, can get na resort.

SOLACE.

Schir, quhyll ye get ane prudent quene,
I think your majestye serene[2]
Suld haif ane lustie concubene,
To play yow withall:
For, I knaw, be your qualite,
Ye want the gift of chastite;
Fall to *in nomine Domini:*
This is my counsall.
I speik, schir, under protestatioun,
That nane at me haif indignatioun:
For all the prelatis of this natioun,
For the maist part,
Thay think na schame to haif ane hure,
And sum hes three under thair cure:
This to be trew, I'll[3] yow assure,
Ye sall heir efterwart.

[1] *lemand;* flaming.

[2] *serene;* gracious.—MS. Glos. The usual title, which was then given to the kings of Scotland, and England, was *grace.*

[3] *I'll;* I will.

Schir, knew ye all the mater throch,
To play ye wald begin;
Speir at the monks of Balmirinoch[1],
Gif lecherie be sin.

PLACEBO.

Schir, send ye for Sandie Solâce,
Or ells your minzeoun[2] Wantonnes,
And pray my ladie priores,
The suth till declair:
Gif it be sin to tak Kaity[3],
Or to leif like ane bummill baty[4];
The buke sayis, *Omnia probate*,
And nocht for to spair.

SENSUALITE.

Lufferis awalk, behald the fyrie spheir,
Behald the naturall dochter of Venus:
Behald lufferis, this lustie ladie cleir,
The fresche fontane of knichtis amorous,

[1] *Balmirinoch*; a well-known monastery, in Fife, whence, the Elphinstons, in 1604, derived an unfortunate title. The satire is sly, and severe.

[2] minion.

[3] *Kaity*, is the familiar name of Catharine; and is also applied to any wanton girl.

[4] Or to live like a *booby*.

Repleit with joyis dulce, and delicious;
Or quha wald mak to Venus observance,
In my mirthfull chalmer melodious?
Thare sall thay find all pastyme, and plesance;
Behald my heid, behald my gay attyre,
Behald my halse lufsum[1], and lilie quhyte;
Behald my visage flammand as the fyre,
Behald my papis of portratour perfyte.
To luke on me lufferis hes greit delyte,
Richt sa hes all the kingis of Christindome:
To thame I haif done plesouris infinyte,
And speciallie unto the court of Rome.
Ane kis of me war worth, in ane morning,
A mĩzioun of gold to knicht, or king:
And yit, I am of nature sa towart[2],
I lat na luffer pas with ane sair hart[3].
Of my name, wald ye wit[4] the verite,
Forsuith, thay call me Sensualite.
I hald it best now, or we farther gang,
To dame Venus, let us go sing ane sang.

HAMELINES.

Madame but tarying,
For to serve Venus deir,

[1] neck lovesome, lovely neck. [2] so toward, yielding.
[3] I let no lover pass, with a sore heart.
[4] *wald ye wit*; would ye know.

We sall fall to, and sing,
Sister Danger, cum neir.

DANGER.

Sister, I was nocht sweir[1],
To Venus observance,
Howbeit, I mak Dangeir:
Yit, be continuance,
Men may haif thair plesance:
Tharefor let na man fray[2],
We will tak it, perchance,
Howbeit, that we say nay.

HAMELINES.

Sister, cum on your way,
And let us nocht think lang,
In all the haist we may,
To sing Venus ane sang.

DANGER.

Sister, sing this sang I may not,
Without the help of gude Fund-Jonet:
Fund-Jonet, hoaw! cum tak a part.

FUND-JONET.

That sall I do, with all my hart,

[1] backward.

[2] *fray*; fear, or be frightened, as in Spenser.

Sister, howbeit, that I am hais [1],
I am content to beir a bais.
Ye twa suld lufe me as your lyfe,
Ye knaw I lernit yow baith to swyfe:
In my chalmer, ye wat weill quhare,
Sen syne the feind ane man ye spare [2],

HAMELINES.

Fund-Jonet, fy, ye ar to blame!
To speik foull wordis, think ye not schame?

FUND-JONET.

Thare is ane hundreth sitand by,
That luffis jaiping [3] als weill as I,
Micht thay get it in privitie:
Bot, quha begins the sang let se.

REX HUMANITAS.

Up, Wantonnes, thow sleipis to lang!
Me thocht I hard ane mirrye sang:
I thee command, in haist to gang [4],
Se quhat yon mirth may mene.

WANTONNES.

I trow, schir, be the Trinite,

[1] *hais*, for the rhyme, properly *hairse*; hoarse.
[2] Since then the devil a man ye spare.
[3] *Venus warkis.*—MS. Glos. [4] go.

Yon same is Sensualite,
Gif it be scho sune sall I se
That soverane serene.

REX HUMANITAS.

Quhat war thay yon, to me declair?

WANTONNES.

Dame Sensuall baith gude, and fair.

PLACEBO.

Schir, scho is mekill to avance,
For scho can baith play, and dance:
That perfyt patron of plesance,
Ane perle of pulchritude:
Soft as the silk is hir quhyte lyre[1],
Hir hair is like the goldin wyre:
My hart burnis, in ane flame of fyre,
I sweir yow, be the rude.
I think scho is sa wonder fair,
That in erth scho hes na compair,
War ye weill lernit at luffis lair[2]
And syne had hir anis sene;

[1] *quhyte lyre*; white skin: So, in Christ Kirk on the Green: "Hir *lyre* wes lyk the lillie;" And, in Chaucer, "Next his *white lire*." "The mayden with the *lilie lyre*," occurs in old English romances.

[2] Were ye well learned at love's school.

I wat, be cokis passioun [1],
Ye wald mak supplicatioun,
And spend on hir ane millioun,
Hir lufe for till obtene.

SOLACE.

Quhat say ye, schir, ar ye contènt,
That scho cum heir incontinent?
Quhat vails your kingdome, and your rent [2],
And all your gret tresure:
Without ye haif ane mirrie lyfe,
And cast asyde all sturt [3], and stryfe;
And sa lang as ye want ane wyfe,
Fall to, and tak your plesure.

REX HUMANITAS.

Gif that be trew, quhilk ye me tell,
I will not langer tarie:
Bot will gang preif [4] that play my sell,
Howbeit the warld me warie [5].
Als fast as ye may carie,
Speid with all diligence:

[1] *be cokis passioun:* So, in Shakspeare: "*Cocks passion!* silence; I hear my master." Such oaths are cõmmon in the old poets.

[2] What avails your kingdom, and your income.

[3] *sturt*; trouble. [4] *gang preif*; go try.

[5] Howbeit the world revile me.

Bring Sensualitie,
Fra hand[1] to my presence.
Forsuth, I wait not how it stands,
Bot, sen I hard of your tythands[2],
My bodie trimlis feit, and hands,
And quhyles is hait, as fyre:
I trow Cupido, with his dart,
Hes woundit me out-throw the hart,
My spreit will fra my bodie part,
Get I nocht my desyre.
Pas on away, with diligence,
And bring hir heir to my presence:
Spair nocht[3] for travell, nor expence,
I cair not for na cost.
Pas on your way sone Wantonnes,
And tak with yow Sandie Solace,
And bring that ladie to this place,
Or els I am bot lost.
Commend me to that sweitest thing,
And present hir with this same ring:
And say I ly in languisching,
Except scho mak remeid:
With siching sair, I am bot schent[4],
Without scho cum incontinent,
My hevie langour to relent,
And saif me now fra deid[5].

[1] *Fra hand;* out of hand, instantly. [2] tidings.
[3] spare not. [4] ruined. [5] from death.

WANTONNES.

Or ye tuke skath[1] be Godis goun,
I lever[2] thare war not up nor doun
Ane tume[3] cunt[4] intill this toun,
Nor twentie myle about.
Dout ye nocht, schir, bot we will get hir,
We sall be feirie[5] for till fetch hir,
Bot, faith we wald speid all the better,
Till gar our purses rout[6].

SOLACE.

Schir, let na sorrow in yow sink,
Bot, gif us ducats, for till drink;
And we sall never sleip ane wink,
Till it be back, or edge[7]:
Ye ken weill, schir, we haif no cunzie[8],

REX HUMANITAS.

Solace, sure that sall be no sunzie[9],

[1] harm, as in Chaucer.

[2] *I lever*; I had rather, as in Wiclif, and the old English writers. [3] *tume*; empty.

[4] This is the "*queint*" of Chaucer, the "*belle chose*" of the Wife of Bathe. Tyrwhit simply refers to Junius in vo.—Sibbald sends the curious reader to the Swedish, to the Icelandic, to the Saxon, and to the Gothic: It may be found, in the British, *cont*, a tail; and secondarily is applied to the *pudenda*.

[5] *feirie*; active. [6] to make our purses abound.

[7] till the business be done. [8] coin, money. [9] excuse.

Beir ye that bag upon your lunzie[1],
Now, schirs, win weill your wage[2];
I pray yow speid yow sone agane.

WANTONNES.

Ye[3], of this sang, schir, we ar fane,
We sall nother spair wind, nor rane,
Till our dayis wark be done:
Fairweill, for we ar at the flicht,
Placebo rewll our roy at richt:
We sall be heir, man, or midnicht,
Thocht we marche with the mone.

WANTONNES.

Pastyme, with plesance, and gret prosperite,
Be to yow, soverane Sensualite.

SENSUALITE.

Schirs, ye ar welcum, quhare go ye? eist, or west?

WANTONNES.

In faith, I trow we be at the farr est.

SENSUALITE.

Quhat is your name, I pray you, schir, declair?

[1] loins, the back. [2] wages, hire. [3] yea.

WANTONNES.

Marie; Wantonnes, the kingis secretair!

SENSUALITE.

Quhat king is that, quhilk hes sa gay a boy?

WANTONNES.

Humanite, that richt redoutit roy,
Quhilk dois commend him to yow hartfullie,
And sendis yow heir ane ring with ane rubie,
In takin, that abufe all cretour,
He hes chosen yow to be his paramour:
He bade me say, that he will be bot deid,
Without that ye mak haistelie remeid.

SENSUALITE.

How can I help him, althocht he suld forfair[1],
Ye ken richt weill, I am na medecinair.

SOLACE.

Yes, lustie ladye, thocht he war never sa seik,
I wat ye bere his health into your breik[2]:
Ane kis of your sweit mow, in ane morning,
Till his seiknes micht be gret conforting,

[1] perish: So, afterwards: "Gif I be leifit, my name suld nocht *forfair*:" *Forfair*, in Chaucer, means *faring ill, forlorn, to go to ruin.*

[2] breech.

And als he maks yow supplicatioun,
This nicht, to mak with him collatioun [1].

SENSUALITE.

I thank his grace, of his benevolence,
Gude schirs, I sall be reddie evin fra hand:
In me, thare sall be fund na negligence,
Baith nicht, and day, quhen his grace will demand.
Pas ye befoir, and say, I am cummand,
And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane sicht:
And I to Venus do mak ane faithfull band,
That in his armis I think to ly all nicht.

WANTONNES.

That sal be done, bot yit, or I hame pas,
Heir I protest, for Hamelynes, your las.

SENSUALITE.

Scho sal be at command, schir, quhen ye will,
I traist [2], scho sall find yow flinging your fill.

WANTONNES.

Now hay for joy, and mirth, I dance,
Tak thare ane gay gamond [3] of France:
Am I nocht worthie till avance?

[1] to have dalliance with him. [2] trust.

[3] *gamond*; gambol, dance: It was then the rage in Scotland to copy France, in their dancing, music, and dress.

That am sa gude a page;
And that sa spedelie can rin,
To tyst[1] my maister unto sin,
The feind a penny he will win
Of this his mariage.
I rew richt sair, be Sanct Michell,
Nor I had perst hir my awin sell:
For quhy, yon king, be Brydis bell,
Kennis na mair of ane cunt,
Nor dois the noveis of ane freir:
It war bot almis to pull my eir,
That wald not preif yon gallant geir:
Fy! that I am sa blunt.
I think, this day, to win greit thank,
Hay! as ane brydlit cat I brank[2]:
Alace! I haif wrestit my schank[3],
Yit, gangis, be Sanct Michaell.
Quhilk of my leggis, schirs, as ye trow,
Was it that I did hurt evin now?
Bot, quhareto suld I speir at yow,
I think thay baith ar haill[4].
Gude morrow, maister, be the Mes:

[1] *tyst*; entice.

[2] Hey! as a bridled cat I prance: To "*brank* like a bridled cat," is still a common expression.

[3] dislocated my leg. [4] whole, sound.

REX HUMANITAS.

Welcum, my minzeon, Wantonnes,
How hes thow sped, in thy travell?

WANTONNES.

Richt weill, be him that herryit hell[1]:
Your erand is weill done.

REX HUMANITAS.

Then, Wantonnes, how weill is mee,
Thow hes deservit baith meit, and fee,
Be him that maid the Mone:
Thare is ane thing that I wald speir,
Quhat sall I do quhen scho cums heir?
For I knaw nocht the craft, perqueir[2]!
Of lufferis gyn[3]:
Tharefor, at lenth, ye mon me leir[4],
How to begin.

WANTONNES.

To kis hir, and clap hir, schir, be not affeard,

[1] *Be him that herryit hell:* This was a common oath, among the old poets; as in Chaucer:

"Say what thou wolt, I shal it never telle
To child, ne word, *by him that harwed helle.*"

[2] I know not the craft perfectly.
[3] of lovers' art. [4] must me learn.

Sho will not schrink, thocht ye kis hir, ane span within the beard:
Gif ye think, that scho thinks shame, then hyd the bairns eine[1],
With hir taill, and tent hir weil, ye wat quhat I meine:
Will ye leif me, schir, first for to go to,
And I sall lerne yow all kewis[2] how to do.

REX HUMANITAS.

God forbid, Wantonnes, that I gif the leife;
Thou art over perillous ane page, sic practiks to preife.

WANTONNES.

Now, schir, preife as ye pleis, I se hir cumand,
Use yourself gravelie, we sall by yow stand.

SENSUALITE.

O quene Venus! unto thy celsitude[3],
I gif glore, honour, laud, and reverence:
Quha grantit me sic perfyte pulchritude[4],
That princis of my persone haif plesance.
I mak ane vow, with hummill observance,
Richt reverentlie thy tempill to visie[5],
With sacrifyce unto thy dyosie[6],

[1] the girl's eyes: *with hir taill;* with her *skirt,* or *train: and tent hir weil*; and be attentive to her.
[2] teach you how to play your part. [3] highness.
[4] beauty. [5] visit. [6] circuit, or power.

Till everilk stait I am so greabill,
That few or nane refusis me at all;
Paipis, patriarkis, or prelatis venerabill,
Common pepill, and princis temporall,
Ar subject all to me dame Sensuall:
Sa sall it be ay quhyll the warld indures,
And speciallie quhare youthage hes the cures[1].
Quha knawis the contrair?
I traist few in this companie,
Wald thay declair the veritie,
How thay use Sensualitie:
Bot, with me maks repair.
And now my way I man avance,
Unto ane prince of gret puissance,
Quhom young men hes in governance,
Rolland into his rage:
I am richt glaid I yow assure,
That potent prince to get in cure;
Quhilk is of lustines the lure[2],
And greitest of curage.
O potent prince, of pulchritude preclair[3],
God Cupido, preserve your celsitude:
And dame Venus mot[4] keip your court from cair;
As I wald scho suld keip my awin hart-blude.

[1] where youthhood have the care, or management.

[2] of pleasantness the attraction.

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Welcum to me peirles in pulchritude;
Welcum to me thow sweiter nor the lamber[1],
Quhilk hes maid me of all dolour denude[2],
Solace, convoy this ladie to my chamber.

SENSUALITE.

I gang this gait with richt gude will,
Schir Wantonnes, tarie ye stil:
And Hamelines the cap yeis fill[3]
And beir him cumpanie.
That sall I do, withoutin dout,
And he, and I sall play cap out.

WANTONNES.

Now, ladie, len me that batye tout[4];
Fill in for I am dry.
Your dame, be this trewly,
Hes gotten upon the gumis;

[1] sweeter than the amber. Before the days of Shakspeare, *amber* was highly prized as a *perfume*. Milton alludes to the *fragrance* of *amber*: "An *amber scent* of *odorous perfume*."

[2] free from all sorrow.

[3] the bowl ye shall fill: the *cap* is a wooden bowl: play *cap out*, means cup it heartily, or push about the bowl.

[4] *batye tout*; play drink.

Quhat rak[1] thocht ye, and I,
Go junne our justing lumis[2].

HAMELINES.

Content I am, with gude will,
Quhenever ye ar reddie,
Your plesure to fulfill.

WANTONNES.

Now, weill said, be our Ladie,
I'le beir my maister cumpanie,
Till that I may indure[3]:
Gif ye be quhisland[4] wantounlie,
We sall fling on the flure[5].

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Immortall God! maist of magnificence,
Quhais majeste na clark can comprehend:
Must saif yow all that givis sic audience,
And grant yow grace him never till offend,
Quhilk, on the croce, did willinglie ascend,
And sched his precious blude, on everilk side:

[1] what matter, care.

[2] go shake our playful limbs: *lumis* is a perversion of *limmis*, for the rhyme.

[3] while I can hold out. [4] If ye be whistling.

[5] We shall dance on the floor.

Quhais piteous passioun from danger yow defend,
And be your gracious governour, and gyde.
Now, my gude freindis considder, I yow beseik,
The caus maist principall of my cumming,
Princis, or potestatis, ar nocht worth anē leik,
Be thay not gydit, be my gude governing:
Thare was never empriour, conquerour, nor king,
Without my wisdome, that micht thair wil avance,
My name is Gude-Counsall, without feinzeing[1],
Lordis, for lack of my lair[2], ar brocht to mischance.

Finallie, for conclusioun,
Quha haldis me at delusioun
Sall be brocht to confusion:
And this I understand,
For I haif maid my residence,
With hie princis of greit puissance,
In Ingland, Italie, and France,
And monie uther land.
Bot, out of Scotland wa[3], alace!
I haif bene fleimit[4] lang tyme space,
That garris our gyders all want grace[5],
And die, befoir thair day[6];

[1] feigning, dissembling. [2] learning, counsel.
[3] woe. [4] banished.
[5] That makes our guiders, or rulers, all want *grace*, the effect of God's influence.
[6] *die befoir thair day*: The allusion is to the Scotish kings, who mostly all died prematurely.

And als he maks yow supplicatioun,
This nicht, to mak with him collatioun [1].

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[1] feigning, dissembling. [2] learning, counsel.
[3] woe. [4] banished.
[5] That makes our guiders, or rulers, all want *grace*, the effect of God's influence.
[6] *die befoir thair day*: The allusion is to the Scotish kings, who mostly all died prematurely.

Becaus thay lichtlyit [1] gude counsall,
Fortune turnit on thame hir saill,
Quhilk brocht this realme to mekill baill [2],
Quha can the contrair say?
My lordis, I came nocht heir to lie:
Wais me! for King Humanitie,
Ovirset with Sensualitie,
In th' entrie of his ring [3].
Throw vicious counsall insolent,
Sa thay may get riches, or rent,
To his weilfair thay tak na tent [4],
Nor quhat sal be th' ending.
Yit, in this realme, I wald mak sum repair,
Gif I beleifit my name suld nocht forfair [5],
For wald this king be gydit yit with resoun,
And on misdoars mak punitioun:
Howbeit, I haif lang tyme bene exylit,
I traist in God my name suld yit be stylit:
Sa till I se, God send mair of his grace,
I purpois til repois me in this place.

FLATTRIE.

Mak roume, schirs, hoaw [6]! that I may rin,
Lo se quhare I am new cum,

[1] slighted. [2] much sorrow.
[3] at the commencement of his reign.
[4] pay no attention. [5] should not perish, or fail.
[6] *hoaw;* a common interjection, as *ho! hoa!* in Shakspeare.

Begaryit all with sindrie hewis[1]:
Lat be your din[2], till I begin,
And I sall schaw you of my newis.
Throuchout all Christindome I haif past,
And am cum heir now at the last,
Tossit on sey, ay sen Yule day[3]:
That we war faine to hew our mast,
Nocht half ane myle beyond the May[4],
Bot, now amang yow, I will remane,
I purpois never to sail agane;
To put my lyfe, in chance of watter:
Was never sene sic wind, and rane,
Nor of schipmen sic clitter clatter.
Sum bade haill, and sum bade stand by,
On steirburd, hoaw! aluiff! fy! fy[5]!
Quhyll all the raipis begouth[6] to rattil:
Was never roy sa fleyd as I[7],
Quhen all the sails playd brittill brattill.

[1] streaked with various colours.

[2] Stop your noise, be silent.

[3] tossed on sea, ever since Christmas day.

[4] The isle of *May*, in the entrance of the Forth.

[5] On the. *Tempest* of Shakspeare, Johnson remarks that, it furnishes the *first* example of *seamen's language*, on the English stage: But, we thus see, that Lyndsay gave specimens of *schipmen's* speech, and described a tempest, long before Shakspeare was born.

[6] While all the ropes began to rattle.

[7] Was never person so frightened as I.

To se the wawis[1] it was ane wonder,
And wind, that raif[2] the sails in sunder,
Bot, I lay braikand[3] like ane brok:
And shot sa fast above, and under,
The devill durst not cum neir my dok[4].
Now, am I scapit fra that effray[5],
Quhat say ye, sirs, am I nocht gay?
Se ye not, Flatterie, your awin fule,
That yeid[6], to mak this new array,
Was I not heir with yow at Yule?
Yes, be my faith, I think on weill.
Quhare ar my fallows, that wald nocht feill?
We suld have cum heir for ane cast[7]:
Hoaw! Falset, hoaw!——

FALSET.

——Wa fair the devill[8]!
Quha is that, that cryis for me sa fast?

FLATTRIE.

Quhy Falset, brother knawis thou not me?
Am I nocht thy brother Flatterie?

[1] *wawis;* waves, as in Wiclif. [2] tore.
[3] breaking wind, stinking: a *brok* is a *badger*, as in Wiclif.
[4] backside. [5] escaped from that fright.
[6] *yeid;* geid, went. [7] *cast;* contrivance, for the nonce.
[8] Woe befal the devil!

FALSET.

Now, welcome, be the Trinitie,
This meitting cumis for gude:
Now, let me braisse[1] the in my armis,
Quhen freindis meits hartis warmis[2],
Quod Jok, that frelie fude[3],
How happinit yow into this place?

FLATTRIE.

Now, be my saul, evin on a cace[4],
I come in sleipand[5] at the port,
Or ever I wist, amang this sort.
Quhare is Dissait, that limmer loun[6]?

[1] embrace. [2] a Scots proverb.

[3] *frelie fude*; hearty fellow: *Frelie* is free, liberal, worthy, from A.-Sax. *freolic*: and *fude, fode*, is a person, man, woman, or child. So, in Rhymour's Prophecy, "With him cummis mony *frelie fude*;" Again, "Defouled is mony doughtie *fude*." The romance of the Kyng of Tars, describing the battle, says, the soudan,

"Feolde the Cristene to the grounde,
Mony a *freoly feode*."

Minot calls king Edward a "*frely fode*;" and so Wyntown terms queen Mald:

"Syne Saxon and the Scottis blude,
Togydder is in yhon *frely fude*."

[4] *on a cace*; by chance: So Chaucer, *upon cas*.

[5] I came in sleeping.

[6] Where is *Deceit*, that knavish rogue?

FALSET.

I left him drinkand in the toun,
He will be heir incontinent.

FLATTRIE.

Now, be the haly sacrament,
Thay tydingis conforts all my hart:
I wat Dissait will tak my part.
He is richt craftie, as ye ken,
And counsallour to the merchand-men:
Let us ly doun heir baith, and spy,
Gif we persave him cummand by.

DISSAIT.

Stand by the gait, that I may steir,
Aisay! Coks bons[1]! how cam I heir?
I can nocht mis, to tak sum feir,
Into sa greit ane thrang:
Marie! heir ane cumlie congregatioun,
Quhat ar ye, sirs, all of ane natioun?
Maisters, I speik be protestatioun,
In dreid ye tak me wrang.

[1] *Aisay! Coks bons!* Easy! God's bones! So "*Cockes bones*," in Chaucer. Cocks bones, Cocks wounds, Cocks passion, and others, were common exclamations, and oaths, from the time of Chaucer to that of Lyndsay, and Shakspeare: *God's 'ounds* is now the representative of the whole.

Ken ye nocht, sirs, quhat is my name?
Gude faith, I dar nocht schaw it for schame:
Sen I was clekit of my dame [1],
Yit was I never leill [2]:
For, Katie unsell [3] was my mother,
And Common-Theif my father-brother:
Of sic freindship I had ane futher,
Howbeit, I can nocht steill.
Bot yit, I will borrow, and len,
As be my clething ye may ken,
That I am cum [4] of nobill men,
And als I will debait,
That querrell with my feit, and handis:
And I dwell amang the merchandis,
My name, gif onie man demandis,
Thay call me Dissait.
Bon-jour [5]! brother, with all my hart,
Heir I am cum to tak your part,
Baith into gude, and evill:
I met Gude-Counsall be the way,
Quha pat me in ane felloun fray [6],
I gif him to the devill.

[1] Since I was hatched, or born, of my mother. [2] honest.

[3] *Katie unsell; unsel* is bad, naughty, wicked, from the Saxon *un-sel*, and it is here properly made the name of Deceit's mother. Montgomerie, in his Flyting with Polwart, uses the term for a bad or wicked creature: "There an elf, on an ape, an *unsell* begat."

[4] descended. [5] good day. [6] terrible fright.

FALSET.

How chaipit[1] ye, I pray yow tell?

DISSAIT.

I slipit into ane bordell[2];
And hid me in ane bawburds bed:
Bot, suddenlie hir schankis I sched,
With hoch hurland amang hir howis,
God wat, gif we maid monie mowis:
How came ye heir, pray tell yow me?

FALSET.

Marie, to seik King Humanite.

DISSAIT.

Now, be the gude ladie, that me bare,
That samin hors is my awin mair[3].
Now, with our purpois, let us mell[4],
Quhat is your counsall, I pray yow tell?
Sen we thre seiks yon nobill king,
Let us devyse sum subtill thing:
And als I pray yow, as my brother,
That we ilk ane be trew to uther.
I mak ane vow, with all my hart,
In gude, and evill to tak your part.

[1] escaped. [2] a brothel: So *bordel* in Chaucer.
[3] a Scotish proverb, denoting sameness of object.
[4] meddle.

I pray to God, nor I be hangit[1],
Bot, I sall die, or ye be wrangit.

FALSET.

Quhat is thy counsall that we do?
Marie, sirs, this is my counsall lo,
Till tak our tyme, quhyll we may get it,
For now thare is na man to let it[2]:
Fra tyme, the king begin to steir him,
Marie, Gude-Counsall, I dreid cum neir him,
And be we knawin with Correctioun,
It will be our confusioun:
Tharefor, my deir brother, devyse,
To find sum toy of the new gyse.

FLATTRIE.

Marie, I sall find ane thousand wyles,
We man turne our claithis, and change our styles:
And disagyse us that na man ken us,
Hes na man clarkis clething to len[3] us:
And let us keip grave countenance,
As we war new cum out of France.

DISSAIT.

Now, be my saull, that is weill devysit,
Ye sall se me sone disagysit.

[1] that I may be hanged. [2] to hinder it. [3] lend.

FALSET.

And sa sall I man, be the Rude,
Now sum gude fallow len me ane hude.

DISSAIT.

Now, am I buskit[1], and quha can spy,
The devill stik me, gif this be I:
Gif this be I, or not, I can not weill say;
Or hes the feind, or farie-folk, borne me away.

FALSET.

And gif my hair war up in ane bow,
The feind ane man wald ken me I trow:
Quhat sayis thou of my gay garmoun?

DISSAIT.

I say thou lukis evin like ane loun.
Now, brother Flatterie, quhat do ye,
Quhat kynde of man schaip[2] ye to be?

FLATTRIE.

Now, be my faith, my brother deir,
I will gang counterfit the freir,

DISSAIT.

A freir! quhareto, ye can nocht preiche.

[1] dressed. [2] intend.

FLATTRIE.

Quhat rak[1], man, I can richt weill fleich[2]?
Perchance, I'll cum to that honour,
To be the kingis confessour.
Pure Freiris ar free at ony feist,
And marshellit ay amang the best.
Als God hes lent to them sic graces,
That bischopis puts them in thair places,
Out-throw thair dioceis to preich,
Bot, ferlie nocht[3], howbeit thay fleich:
For, schaw thay[4] all the verite,
Thay'll want the bischopis charite.
And thocht the corne war never sa skant,
The gudewyfis will not let Freiris want:
For quhy, thay ar thair confessours,
Thair hevinlye prudent counsallours:
Tharefor the wyfis plainlye taks thair parts,
And shawis the secrets of thair harts
To Freiris, with better will, I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bed-fallow.

DISSAIT.

And I reft anis ane Freirs coull[5],
Betwix Sanct-Johnestoun[6], and Kinnoull:
I sall gang fetch it, gif ye will tarie.

[1] what matter. [2] flatter. [3] wonder not.
[4] *schaw thay;* if they show.
[5] robbed once a friar's hood. [6] Perth.

To se the wawis[1] it was ane wonder,
And wind, that raif[2] the sails in sunder,
Bot, I lay braikand[3] like ane brok:
And shot sa fast above, and under,
The devill durst not cum neir my dok[4].
Now, am I scapit fra that effray[5],
Quhat say ye, sirs, am I nocht gay?
Se ye not, Flatterie, your awin fule,
That yeid[6], to mak this new array,
Was I not heir with yow at Yule?
Yes, be my faith, I think on weill.
Quhare ar my fallows, that wald nocht feill?
We suld have cum heir for ane cast[7]:
Hoaw! Falset, hoaw!——

FALSET.

——Wa fair the devill[8]!
Quha is that, that cryis for me sa fast?

FLATTRIE.

Quhy Falset, brother knawis thou not me?
Am I nocht thy brother Flatterie?

[1] *wawis*; waves, as in Wiclif. [2] tore.
[3] breaking wind, stinking: a *brok* is a *badger*, as in Wiclif.
[4] backside. [5] escaped from that fright.
[6] *yeid*; geid, went. [7] *cast*; contrivance, for the nonce.
[8] Woe befal the devil!

FALSET.

Now, welcome, be the Trinitie,
This meitting cumis for gude:
Now, let me braisse[1] the in my armis,
Quhen freindis meits hartis warmis[2],
Quod Jok, that frelie fude[3],
How happinit yow into this place?

FLATTRIE.

Now, be my saul, evin on a cace[4],
I come in sleipand[5] at the port,
Or ever I wist, amang this sort.
Quhare is Dissait, that limmer loun[6]?

[1] embrace. [2] a Scots proverb.

[3] *frelie fude*; hearty fellow: *Frelie* is free, liberal, worthy, from A.-Sax. *freolie*: and *fude, fode*, is a person, man, woman, or child. So, in Rhymour's Prophecy, "With him cummis mony *frelie fude*;" Again, "Defouled is mony doughtie *fude*." The romance of the Kyng of Tars, describing the battle, says, the soudan,

"Feolde the Cristene to the grounde,
Mony a *freoly feode*."

Minot calls king Edward a "*frely fode*;" and so Wyntown terms queen Mald:

"Syne Saxon and the Scottis blude,
Togydder is in yhon *frely fude*."

[4] *on a cace*; by chance: So Chaucer, *upon cas*.

[5] I came in sleeping.

[6] Where is *Deceit*, that knavish rogue?

FALSET.

I left him drinkand in the toun,
He will be heir incontinent.

FLATTRIE.

Now, be the haly sacrament,
Thay tydingis conforts all my hart:
I wat Dissait will tak my part.
He is richt craftie, as ye ken,
And counsallour to the merchand-men:
Let us ly doun heir baith, and spy,
Gif we persave him cummand by.

DISSAIT.

Stand by the gait, that I may steir,
Aisay! Coks bons[1]! how cam I heir?
I can nocht mis, to tak sum feir,
Into sa greit ane thrang:
Marie! heir ane cumlie congregatioun,
Quhat ar ye, sirs, all of ane natioun?
Maisters, I speik be protestatioun,
In dreid ye tak me wrang.

[1] *Aisay! Coks bons!* Easy! God's bones! So "*Cockes bones*," in Chaucer. Cocks bones, Cocks wounds, Cocks passion, and others, were common exclamations, and oaths, from the time of Chaucer to that of Lyndsay, and Shakspeare: *God's 'ounds* is now the representative of the whole.

Ken ye nocht, sirs, quhat is my name?
Gude faith, I dar nocht schaw it for schame:
Sen I was clekit of my dame[1],
Yit was I never leill[2]:
For, Katie unsell[3] was my mother,
And Common-Theif my father-brother:
Of sic freindship I had ane futher,
Howbeit, I can nocht steill.
Bot yit, I will borrow, and len,
As be my clething ye may ken,
That I am cum[4] of nobill men,
And als I will debait,
That querrell with my feit, and handis:
And I dwell amang the merchandis,
My name, gif onie man demandis,
Thay call me Dissait.
Bon-jour[5]! brother, with all my hart,
Heir I am cum to tak your part,
Baith into gude, and evill:
I met Gude-Counsall be the way,
Quha pat me in ane felloun fray[6],
I gif him to the devill.

[1] Since I was hatched, or born, of my mother. [2] honest.

[3] *Katie unsell; unsel* is bad, naughty, wicked, from the Saxon *un-sel*, and it is here properly made the name of Deceit's mother. Montgomerie, in his Flyting with Polwart, uses the term for a bad or wicked creature: "There an elf, on an ape, an *unsell* begat."

[4] descended. [5] good day. [6] terrible fright.

FALSET.

How chaipit[1] ye, I pray yow tell?

DISSAIT.

I slipit into ane bordell[2];
And hid me in ane bawburds bed:
Bot, suddenlie hir schankis I sched,
With hoch hurland amang hir howis,
God wat, gif we maid monie mowis:
How came ye heir, pray tell yow me?

FALSET.

Marie, to seik King Humanite.

DISSAIT.

Now, be the gude ladie, that me bare,
That samin hors is my awin mair[3].
Now, with our purpois, let us mell[4],
Quhat is your counsall, I pray yow tell?
Sen we thre seiks yon nobill king,
Let us devyse sum subtill thing:
And als I pray yow, as my brother,
That we ilk ane be trew to uther.
I mak ane vow, with all my hart,
In gude, and evill to tak your part.

[1] escaped. [2] a brothel: So *bordel* in Chaucer.
[3] a Scotish proverb, denoting sameness of object.
[4] meddle.

I pray to God, nor I be hangit[1],
Bot, I sall die, or ye be wrangit.

FALSET.

Quhat is thy counsall that we do?
Marie, sirs, this is my counsall lo,
Till tak our tyme, quhyll we may get it,
For now thare is na man to let it[2]:
Fra tyme, the king begin to steir him,
Marie, Gude-Counsall, I dreid cum neir him,
And be we knawin with Correctioun,
It will be our confusioun:
Tharefor, my deir brother, devyse,
To find sum toy of the new gyse.

FLATTRIE.

Marie, I sall find ane thousand wyles,
We man turne our claithis, and change our styles:
And disagyse us that na man ken us,
Hes na man clarkis clething to len[3] us:
And let us keip grave countenance,
As we war new cum out of France.

DISSAIT.

Now, be my saull, that is weill devysit,
Ye sall se me sone disagysit.

[1] that I may be hanged. [2] to hinder it. [3] lend.

FALSET.

And sa sall I man, be the Rude,
Now sum gude fallow len me ane hude.

DISSAIT.

Now, am I buskit[1], and quha can spy,
The devill stik me, gif this be I:
Gif this be I, or not, I can not weill say;
Or hes the feind, or farie-folk, borne me away.

FALSET.

And gif my hair war up in ane bow,
The feind ane man wald ken me I trow:
Quhat sayis thou of my gay garmoun?

DISSAIT.

I say thou lukis evin like ane loun.
Now, brother Flatterie, quhat do ye,
Quhat kynde of man schaip[2] ye to be?

FLATTRIE.

Now, be my faith, my brother deir,
I will gang counterfit the freir,

DISSAIT.

A freir! quhareto, ye can nocht preiche.

[1] dressed. [2] intend.

FLATTRIE.

Quhat rak [1], man, I can richt weill fleich [2]?
Perchance, I'll cum to that honour,
To be the kingis confessour.
Pure Freiris ar free at ony feist,
And marshellit ay amang the best.
Als God hes lent to them sic graces,
That bischopis puts them in thair places,
Out-throw thair dioceis to preich,
Bot, ferlie nocht [3], howbeit thay fleich:
For, schaw thay [4] all the verite,
Thay'll want the bischopis charite.
And thocht the corne war never sa skant,
The gudewyfis will not let Freiris want:
For quhy, thay ar thair confessours,
Thair hevinlye prudent counsallours:
Tharefor the wyfis plainlye taks thair parts,
And shawis the secrets of thair harts
To Freiris, with better will, I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bed-fallow.

DISSAIT.

And I reft anis ane Freirs coull [5],
Betwix Sanct-Johnestoun [6], and Kinnoull:
I sall gang fetch it, gif ye will tarie.

[1] what matter. [2] flatter. [3] wonder not.
[4] *schaw thay;* if they show.
[5] robbed once a friar's hood. [6] Perth.

FLATTRIE.

Now, play me that of companarie[1]:
Ye saw him nocht, this hundreth yeir,
That better can counterfeit the freir.

DISSAIT.

Heir, is thy gaining all, and sum,
This is ane coull of Tullilum[2].

FLATTRIE.

Quha hes ane portous[3] for to len me?
The feind ane saull, I trow, will ken me.

FALSET.

Now gang thy way quharever thow will,
Thow may be fallow to freir Gill:
Bot, with Correctioun, gif we be kend,
I dreid, we mak ane schamefull end.

FLATTRIE.

For that mater, I dreid nathing,
Freiris ar exemptit fra the king:

[1] good fellowship.—MS. Glos.

[2] A monastery, near Perth, for white friars, which was founded, in 1262, by Richard, the bishop of Dunkeld: So afterwards:

"Thou sal be marryit, within ane yeir,
Upon an Freir of *Tullilum*."

[3] a breviary, a mass book.

And Freiris will reddie entreis get,
Quhen lordis are haldin at the yet[1].

FALSET.

We man do mair yit, be Sanct James,
For, we mon all thre change our names;
Hayif[2] me, and I sall baptize thee.

DISSAIT.

Be God, and thare-about may it be.
How will thou call me, I pray the tell?

FALSET.

I wat nocht how to call my sell.

DISSAIT.

Bot, yit anis[3] name, the bairnis name.

FALSET.

Discretioun, Discretioun, in Gods name.

DISSAIT.

I neid nocht now to cair for thrift,
Bot, quhat sal be my God bairne gift[4]?

[1] gate.

[2] *Hayif;* name: probably a corruption of *hayit, hate,* to name, to call, as in the O. Eng. R. of Brunne.

[3] once. [4] the gift of godfathers on the baptism of a child.

FALSET.

I gif yow all the devilis of hell.

DISSAIT.

Na brother, hald that to thysell:
Now, sit doun, let me baptize the,
I wat not quhat thy name suld be.

FALSET.

Bot, yit anis name the bairnis name.

DISSAIT.

Sapience, in ane warlds-schame.

FLATTRIE.

Brother Dissait, cum baptize me.

DISSAIT.

Then sit doun lawlie[1] on thy kne.

FLATTRIE.

Now, brother, name the bairnis name.

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, the devillis name.

[1] lowly.

FLATTRIE.

The devill resave the lurdan loun [1],
Thow hes wet all my new schavin croun [2].

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun,
We thre may rewll this regioun.
We sall find monie craftie thingis,
For till begyll ane hundreth kingis.
For thow can richt weil crak, and clatter [3],
And I sall feinze [4], and thow sall flatter.

FLATTRIE.

Bot, I wald haif, or we depairtit,
Ane drink till mak us better hartit.
[*Now the King sall cum fra his chamber.*

DISSAIT.

Weill said, be him that herryit hell,
I was evin thinkand that mysell.
Now, till we get the kingis presence,
We will sit doun, and keip silence:
I se ane yeoman quhat ever he be,
I'll wad [5] my lyfe, yon same is he.

[1] *lurdan loun*; worthless knave.
[2] his new shaven crown: A sarcasm on his feigned tonsure.
[3] *crak and clatter*; talk boastingly, and flippantly.
[4] feign. [5] *I'll wad*; I will pledge.

Feir nocht brother, bot hald yow still,
Till we haif hard quhat is his will.

REX HUMANITAS.

Now quhare is Placebo, and Solace?
Quhare is my minzeoun Wantonnes?
Wantonnes, hoaw! cum to me sone.

WANTONNES.

Quhy cryit ye, schir, till I had done?

REX HUMANITAS.

Quhat was ye doand, tell me that?

WANTONNES.

Mary, leirand[1] how my father me gat:
I wat nocht how it stands but doubt.
Me think the warld rinnis round about.

REX HUMANITAS.

And sa think I, man, be my thrift,
I se fyftene mones, in the lift[2].

HAMELINES.

Gat ye nocht that, quhilk ye desyrit?
Schir, I beleif, that ye ar tyrit.

[1] learning. [2] firmament.

DANGER.

Bot, as for Placebo, and Solace,
I held them baith in mirryness.

SOLACE.

Now, schaw me, schir, I yow exhort,
How ar ye of your lufe content;
Think ye nocht this ane mirrie sport?

REX HUMANITAS.

Yea, that I do, in verament[1].
Quhat bairnis ar yon upon the bent[2]?
I did nocht se thame all this day.

WANTONNES.

Thay will be heir, incontinent,
Stand still, and heir quhat thay will say.

[*Now the vycis cumis*[3]*; and makis salutatioun, saying,*

[1] in truth, verily.

[2] what folks are those yonder, upon the field?

[3] *Now the vycis cumis:* These are "the *old vice,*" mentioned in the *What you will* of Shakspeare. *The vice* was *the fool* of the old *Moralities*, saith Johnson, who holds, that *Punch* is the legitimate successor of *the old vice*. But, the *vycis* of Lyndsay's *Satyre* were more *knaves* than *fools*. This character was always acted in a *mask;* and probably had its name, saith Steevens, from the old French word *vis*, for which they now use *visage*,

And als he maks yow supplicatioun,
This nicht, to mak with him collatioun [1].

SENSUALITE.

I thank his grace, of his benevolence,
Gude schirs, I sall be reddie evin fra hand:
In me, thare sall be fund na negligence,
Baith nicht, and day, quhen his grace will demand.
Pas ye befoir, and say, I am cummand,
And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane sicht:
And I to Venus do mak ane faithfull band,
That in his armis I think to ly all nicht.

WANTONNES.

That sal be done, bot yit, or I hame pas,
Heir I protest, for Hamelynes, your las.

SENSUALITE.

Scho sal be at command, schir, quhen ye will,
I traist [2], scho sall find yow flinging your fill.

WANTONNES.

Now hay for joy, and mirth, I dance,
Tak thare ane gay gamond [3] of France:
Am I nocht worthie till avance?

[1] to have dalliance with him. [2] trust.

[3] *gamond*; gambol, dance: It was then the rage in Scotland to copy France, in their dancing, music, and dress.

That am sa gude a page;
And that sa spedelie can rin,
To tyst[1] my maister unto sin,
The feind a penny he will win
Of this his mariage.
I rew richt sair, be Sanct Michell,
Nor I had perst hir my awin sell:
For quhy, yon king, be Brydis bell,
Kennis na mair of ane cunt,
Nor dois the noveis of ane freir:
It war bot almis to pull my eir,
That wald not preif yon gallant geir:
Fy! that I am sa blunt.
I think, this day, to win greit thank,
Hay! as ane brydlit cat I brank[2]:
Alace! I haif wrestit my schank[3],
Yit, gangis, be Sanct Michaell.
Quhilk of my leggis, schirs, as ye trow,
Was it that I did hurt evin now?
Bot, quhareto suld I speir at yow,
I think thay baith ar haill[4].
Gude morrow, maister, be the Mes:

[1] *tyst*; entice.

[2] Hey! as a bridled cat I prance: To "*brank* like a bridled cat," is still a common expression.

[3] dislocated my leg. [4] whole, sound.

REX HUMANITAS.

Welcum, my minzeon, Wantonnes,
How hes thow sped, in thy travell?

WANTONNES.

Richt weill, be him that herryit hell[1]:
Your erand is weill done.

REX HUMANITAS.

Then, Wantonnes, how weill is mee,
Thow hes deservit baith meit, and fee,
Be him that maid the Mone:
Thare is ane thing that I wald speir,
Quhat sall I do quhen scho cums heir?
For I knaw nocht the craft, perqueir[2]!
Of lufferis gyn[3]:
Tharefor, at lenth, ye mon me leir[4],
How to begin.

WANTONNES.

To kis hir, and clap hir, schir, be not affeard,

[1] *Be him that herryit hell:* This was a common oath, among the old poets; as in Chaucer:

"Say what thou wolt, I shal it never telle
To child, ne word, *by him that harwed helle.*"

[2] I know not the craft perfectly.
[3] of lovers' art. [4] must me learn.

Sho will not schrink, thocht ye kis hir, ane span within the beard:
Gif ye think, that scho thinks shame, then hyd the bairns eine[1],
With hir taill, and tent hir weil, ye wat quhat I meine:
Will ye leif me, schir, first for to go to,
And I sall lerne yow all kewis[2] how to do.

REX HUMANITAS.

God forbid, Wantonnes, that I gif the leife;
Thou art over perillous ane page, sic practiks to preife.

WANTONNES.

Now, schir, preife as ye pleis, I se hir cumand,
Use yourself gravelie, we sall by yow stand.

SENSUALITE.

O quene Venus! unto thy celsitude[3],
I gif glore, honour, laud, and reverence:
Quha grantit me sic perfyte pulchritude[4],
That princis of my persone haif plesance.
I mak ane vow, with hummill observance,
Richt reverentlie thy tempill to visie[5],
With sacrifyce unto thy dyosie[6],

[1] the girl's eyes: *with hir taill;* with her *skirt,* or *train: and tent hir weil*; and be attentive to her.
[2] teach you how to play your part. [3] highness.
[4] beauty. [5] visit. [6] circuit, or power.

Till everilk stait I am so greabill,
That few or nane refusis me at all;
Paipis, patriarkis, or prelatis venerabill,
Common pepill, and princis temporall,
Ar subject all to me dame Sensuall:
Sa sall it be ay quhyll the warld indures,
And speciallie quhare youthage hes the cures[1].
Quha knawis the contrair?
I traist few in this companie,
Wald thay declair the veritie,
How thay use Sensualitie:
Bot, with me maks repair.
And now my way I man avance,
Unto ane prince of gret puissance,
Quhom young men hes in governance,
Rolland into his rage:
I am richt glaid I yow assure,
That potent prince to get in cure;
Quhilk is of lustines the lure[2],
And greitest of curage.
O potent prince, of pulchritude preclair[3],
God Cupido, preserve your celsitude:
And dame Venus mot[4] keip your court from cair;
As I wald scho suld keip my awin hart-blude.

[1] where youthhood have the care, or management.

[2] of pleasantness the attraction.

[3] of famous beauty. [4] *mot*; might.

REX HUMANITAS.

Welcum to me peirles in pulchritude;
Welcum to me thow sweiter nor the lamber[1],
Quhilk hes maid me of all dolour denude[2],
Solace, convoy this ladie to my chamber.

SENSUALITE.

I gang this gait with richt gude will,
Schir Wantonnes, tarie ye stil:
And Hamelines the cap yeis fill[3]
And beir him cumpanie.
That sall I do, withoutin dout,
And he, and I sall play cap out.

WANTONNES.

Now, ladie, len me that batye tout[4];
Fill in for I am dry.
Your dame, be this trewly,
Hes gotten upon the gumis;

[1] sweeter than the amber. Before the days of Shakspeare, *amber* was highly prized as a *perfume*. Milton alludes to the *fragrance* of *amber*: "An *amber scent* of *odorous perfume*."

[2] free from all sorrow.

[3] the bowl ye shall fill: the *cap* is a wooden bowl: play *cap out*, means cup it heartily, or push about the bowl.

[4] *batye tout*; play drink.

Quhat rak[1] thocht ye, and I,
Go junne our justing lumis[2].

HAMELINES.

Content I am, with gude will,
Quhenever ye ar reddie,
Your plesure to fulfill.

WANTONNES.

Now, weill said, be our Ladie,
I'le beir my maister cumpanie,
Till that I may indure[3]:
Gif ye be quhisland[4] wantounlie,
We sall fling on the flure[5].

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Immortall God! maist of magnificence,
Quhais majeste na clark can comprehend:
Must saif yow all that givis sic audience,
And grant yow grace him never till offend,
Quhilk, on the croce, did willinglie ascend,
And sched his precious blude, on everilk side:

[1] what matter, care.

[2] go shake our playful limbs: *lumis* is a perversion of *limmis*, for the rhyme.

[3] while I can hold out. [4] If ye be whistling.

[5] We shall dance on the floor.

Quhais piteous passioun from danger yow defend,
And be your gracious governour, and gyde.
Now, my gude freindis considder, I yow beseik,
The caus maist principall of my cumming,
Princis, or potestatis, ar nocht worth anē leik,
Be thay not gydit, be my gude governing:
Thare was never empriour, conquerour, nor king,
Without my wisdome, that micht thair wil avance,
My name is Gude-Counsall, without feinzeing[1],
Lordis, for lack of my lair[2], ar brocht to mischance.

Finallie, for conclusioun,
Quha haldis me at delusioun
Sall be brocht to confusion:
And this I understand,
For I haif maid my residence,
With hie princis of greit puissance,
In Ingland, Italie, and France,
And monie uther land.
Bot, out of Scotland wa[3], alace!
I haif bene fleimit[4] lang tyme space,
That garris our gyders all want grace[5],
And die, befoir thair day[6];

[1] feigning, dissembling. [2] learning, counsel.
[3] woe. [4] banished.
[5] That makes our guiders, or rulers, all want *grace*, the effect of God's influence.
[6] *die befoir thair day*: The allusion is to the Scotish kings, who mostly all died prematurely.

Becaus thay lichtlyit[1] gude counsall,
Fortune turnit on thame hir saill,
Quhilk brocht this realme to mekill baill[2],
Quha can the contrair say?
My lordis, I came nocht heir to lie:
Wais me! for King Humanitie,
Ovirset with Sensualitie,
In th' entrie of his ring[3].
Throw vicious counsall insolent,
Sa thay may get riches, or rent,
To his weilfair thay tak na tent[4],
Nor quhat sal be th' ending.
Yit, in this realme, I wald mak sum repair,
Gif I beleifit my name suld nocht forfair[5],
For wald this king be gydit yit with resoun,
And on misdoars mak punitioun:
Howbeit, I haif lang tyme bene exylit,
I traist in God my name suld yit be stylit:
Sa till I se, God send mair of his grace,
I purpois til repois me in this place.

FLATTRIE.

Mak roume, schirs, hoaw[6]! that I may rin,
Lo se quhare I am new cum,

[1] slighted. [2] much sorrow.
[3] at the commencement of his reign.
[4] pay no attention. [5] should not perish, or fail.
[6] *hoaw*; a common interjection, as *ho! hoa!* in Shakspeare.

Begaryit all with sindrie hewis[1]:
Lat be your din[2], till I begin,
And I sall schaw you of my newis.
Throuchout all Christindome I haif past,
And am cum heir now at the last,
Tossit on sey, ay sen Yule day[3]:
That we war faine to hew our mast,
Nocht half ane myle beyond the May[4].
Bot, now amang yow, I will remane,
I purpois never to sail agane;
To put my lyfe, in chance of watter:
Was never sene sic wind, and rane,
Nor of schipmen sic clitter clatter.
Sum bade haill, and sum bade stand by,
On steirburd, hoaw! aluiff! fy! fy[5]!
Quhyll all the raipis begouth[6] to rattil:
Was never roy sa fleyd as I[7],
Quhen all the sails playd brittill brattill.

[1] streaked with various colours.

[2] Stop your noise, be silent.

[3] tossed on sea, ever since Christmas day.

[4] The isle of *May*, in the entrance of the Forth.

[5] On the *Tempest* of Shakspeare, Johnson remarks that, it furnishes the *first* example of *seamen's language*, on the English stage: But, we thus see, that Lyndsay gave specimens of *schipmen's* speech, and described a tempest, long before Shakspeare was born.

[6] While all the ropes began to rattle.

[7] Was never person so frightened as I.

To se the wawis[1] it was ane wonder,
And wind, that raif[2] the sails in sunder,
Bot, I lay braikand[3] like ane brok:
And shot sa fast above, and under,
The devill durst not cum neir my dok[4].
Now, am I scapit fra that effray[5],
Quhat say ye, sirs, am I nocht gay?
Se ye not, Flatterie, your awin fule,
That yeid[6], to mak this new array,
Was I not heir with yow at Yule?
Yes, be my faith, I think on weill.
Quhare ar my fallows, that wald nocht feill?
We suld have cum heir for ane cast[7]:
Hoaw! Falset, hoaw!——

FALSET.

——Wa fair the devill[8]!
Quha is that, that cryis for me sa fast?

FLATTRIE.

Quhy Falset, brother knawis thou not me?
Am I nocht thy brother Flatterie?

[1] *wawis;* waves, as in Wiclif. [2] tore.
[3] breaking wind, stinking: a *brok* is a *badger*, as in Wiclif.
[4] backside. [5] escaped from that fright.
[6] *yeid;* geid, went. [7] *cast*; contrivance, for the nonce.
[8] Woe befal the devil!

FALSET.

Now, welcome, be the Trinitie,
This meitting cumis for gude:
Now, let me braisse[1] the in my armis,
Quhen freindis meits hartis warmis[2],
Quod Jok, that frelie fude[3],
How happinit yow into this place?

FLATTRIE.

Now, be my saul, evin on a cace[4],
I come in sleipand[5] at the port,
Or ever I wist, amang this sort.
Quhare is Dissait, that limmer loun[6]?

[1] embrace. [2] a Scots proverb.

[3] *frelie fude;* hearty fellow: *Frelie* is free, liberal, worthy, from A.-Sax. *freolie:* and *fude, fode,* is a person, man, woman, or child. So, in Rhymour's Prophecy, "With him cummis mony *frelie fude;*" Again, "Defouled is mony doughtie *fude.*" The romance of the Kyng of Tars, describing the battle, says, the soudan,

"Feolde the Cristene to the grounde,
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Minot calls king Edward a "*frely fode;*" and so Wyntown terms queen Mald:

"Syne Saxon and the Scottis blude,
Togydder is in yhon *frely fude.*"

[4] *on a cace;* by chance: So Chaucer, *upon cas.*

[5] I came in sleeping.

[6] Where is *Deceit,* that knavish rogue?

FALSET.

I left him drinkand in the toun,
He will be heir incontinent.

FLATTRIE.

Now, be the haly sacrament,
Thay tydingis conforts all my hart:
I wat Dissait will tak my part.
He is richt craftie, as ye ken,
And counsallour to the merchand-men:
Let us ly doun heir baith, and spy,
Gif we persave him cummand by.

DISSAIT.

Stand by the gait, that I may steir,
Aisay! Coks bons[1]! how cam I heir?
I can nocht mis, to tak sum feir,
Into sa greit ane thrang:
Marie! heir ane cumlie congregatioun,
Quhat ar ye, sirs, all of ane natioun?
Maisters, I speik be protestatioun,
In dreid ye tak me wrang.

[1] *Aisay! Coks bons!* Easy! God's bones! So "*Cockes bones*," in Chaucer. Cocks bones, Cocks wounds, Cocks passion, and others, were common exclamations, and oaths, from the time of Chaucer to that of Lyndsay, and Shakspeare: *God's 'ounds* is now the representative of the whole.

Ken ye nocht, sirs, quhat is my name?
Gude faith, I dar nocht schaw it for schame:
Sen I was clekit of my dame[1],
Yit was I never leill[2]:
For, Katie unsell[3] was my mother,
And Common-Theif my father-brother:
Of sic freindship I had ane futher,
Howbeit, I can nocht steill.
Bot yit, I will borrow, and len,
As be my clething ye may ken,
That I am cum[4] of nobill men,
And als I will debait,
That querrell with my feit, and handis:
And I dwell amang the merchandis,
My name, gif onie man demandis,
Thay call me Dissait.
Bon-jour[5]! brother, with all my hart,
Heir I am cum to tak your part,
Baith into gude, and evill:
I met Gude-Counsall be the way,
Quha pat me in ane felloun fray[6],
I gif him to the devill.

[1] Since I was hatched, or born, of my mother. [2] honest.

[3] *Katie unsell; unsel* is bad, naughty, wicked, from the Saxon *un-sel*, and it is here properly made the name of Deceit's mother. Montgomerie, in his Flyting with Polwart, uses the term for a bad or wicked creature: "There an elf, on an ape, an *unsell* begat."

[4] descended. [5] good day. [6] terrible fright.

FALSET.

How chaipit[1] ye, I pray yow tell?

DISSAIT.

I slipit into ane bordell[2];
And hid me in ane bawburds bed:
Bot, suddenlie hir schankis I sched,
With hoch hurland amang hir howis,
God wat, gif we maid monie mowis:
How came ye heir, pray tell yow me?

FALSET.

Marie, to seik King Humanite.

DISSAIT.

Now, be the gude ladie, that me bare,
That samin hors is my awin mair[3].
Now, with our purpois, let us mell[4],
Quhat is your counsall, I pray yow tell?
Sen we thre seiks yon nobill king,
Let us devyse sum subtill thing:
And als I pray yow, as my brother,
That we ilk ane be trew to uther.
I mak ane vow, with all my hart,
In gude, and evill to tak your part.

[1] escaped. [2] a brothel: So *bordel* in Chaucer.
[3] a Scotish proverb, denoting sameness of object.
[4] meddle.

I pray to God, nor I be hangit[1],
Bot, I sall die, or ye be wrangit.

FALSET.

Quhat is thy counsall that we do?
Marie, sirs, this is my counsall lo,
Till tak our tyme, quhyll we may get it,
For now thare is na man to let it[2]:
Fra tyme, the king begin to steir him,
Marie, Gude-Counsall, I dreid cum neir him,
And be we knawin with Correctioun,
It will be our confusioun:
Tharefor, my deir brother, devyse,
To find sum toy of the new gyse.

FLATTRIE.

Marie, I sall find ane thousand wyles,
We man turne our claithis, and change our styles:
And disagyse us that na man ken us,
Hes na man clarkis clething to len[3] us:
And let us keip grave countenance,
As we war new cum out of France.

DISSAIT.

Now, be my saull, that is weill devysit,
Ye sall se me sone disagysit.

[1] that I may be hanged. [2] to hinder it. [3] lend.

Becaus thay lichtlyit [1] gude counsall,
Fortune turnit on thame hir saill,
Quhilk brocht this realme to mekill baill [2],
Quha can the contrair say?
My lordis, I came nocht heir to lie:
Wais me! for King Humanitie,
Ovirset with Sensualitie,
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Throw vicious counsall insolent,
Sa thay may get riches, or rent,
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Nor quhat sal be th' ending.
Yit, in this realme, I wald mak sum repair,
Gif I beleifit my name suld nocht forfair [5],
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Howbeit, I haif lang tyme bene exylit,
I traist in God my name suld yit be stylit:
Sa till I se, God send mair of his grace,
I purpois til repois me in this place.

FLATTRIE.

Mak roume, schirs, hoaw [6]! that I may rin,
Lo se quhare I am new cum,

[1] slighted. [2] much sorrow.
[3] at the commencement of his reign.
[4] pay no attention. [5] should not perish, or fail.
[6] *hoaw*; a common interjection, as *ho! hoa!* in Shakspeare.

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I purpois never to sail agane;
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Was never sene sic wind, and rane,
Nor of schipmen sic clitter clatter.
Sum bade haill, and sum bade stand by,
On steirburd, hoaw! aluiff! fy! fy[5]!
Quhyll all the raipis begouth[6] to rattil:
Was never roy sa fleyd as I[7],
Quhen all the sails playd brittill brattill.

[1] streaked with various colours.

[2] Stop your noise, be silent.

[3] tossed on sea, ever since Christmas day.

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[7] Was never person so frightened as I.

To se the wawis[1] it was ane wonder,
And wind, that raif[2] the sails in sunder,
Bot, I lay braikand[3] like ane brok:
And shot sa fast above, and under,
The devill durst not cum neir my dok[4].
Now, am I scapit fra that effray[5],
Quhat say ye, sirs, am I nocht gay?
Se ye not, Flatterie, your awin fule,
That yeid[6], to mak this new array,
Was I not heir with yow at Yule?
Yes, be my faith, I think on weill.
Quhare ar my fallows, that wald nocht feill?
We suld have cum heir for ane cast[7]:
Hoaw! Falset, hoaw!——

FALSET.

——Wa fair the devill[8]!
Quha is that, that cryis for me sa fast?

FLATTRIE.

Quhy Falset, brother knawis thou not me?
Am I nocht thy brother Flatterie?

[1] *wawis;* waves, as in Wiclif. [2] tore.
[3] breaking wind, stinking: a *brok* is a *badger*, as in Wiclif.
[4] backside. [5] escaped from that fright.
[6] *yeid;* geid, went. [7] *cast;* contrivance, for the nonce.
[8] Woe befal the devil!

FALSET.

Now, welcome, be the Trinitie,
This meitting cumis for gude:
Now, let me braisse[1] the in my armis,
Quhen freindis meits hartis warmis[2],
Quod Jok, that frelie fude[3],
How happinit yow into this place?

FLATTRIE.

Now, be my saul, evin on a cace[4],
I come in sleipand[5] at the port,
Or ever I wist, amang this sort.
Quhare is Dissait, that limmer loun[6]?

[1] embrace. [2] a Scots proverb.

[3] *frelie fude;* hearty fellow: *Frelie* is free, liberal, worthy, from A.-Sax. *freolic:* and *fude, fode,* is a person, man, woman, or child. So, in Rhymour's Prophecy, "With him cummis mony *frelie fude;*" Again, "Defouled is mony doughtie *fude.*" The romance of the Kyng of Tars, describing the battle, says, the soudan,

"Feolde the Cristene to the grounde,
Mony a *freoly feode.*"

Minot calls king Edward a "*frely fode;*" and so Wyntown terms queen Mald:

"Syne Saxon and the Scottis blude,
Togydder is in yhon *frely fude.*"

[4] *on a cace;* by chance: So Chaucer, *upon cas.*

[5] I came in sleeping.

[6] Where is *Deceit,* that knavish rogue?

To se the wawis[1] it was ane wonder,
And wind, that raif[2] the sails in sunder,
Bot, I lay braikand[3] like ane brok:
And shot sa fast above, and under,
The devill durst not cum neir my dok[4].
Now, am I scapit fra that effray[5],
Quhat say ye, sirs, am I nocht gay?
Se ye not, Flatterie, your awin fule,
That yeid[6], to mak this new array,
Was I not heir with yow at Yule?
Yes, be my faith, I think on weill.
Quhare ar my fallows, that wald nocht feill?
We suld have cum heir for ane cast[7]:
Hoaw! Falset, hoaw!——

FALSET.

——Wa fair the devill[8]!
Quha is that, that cryis for me sa fast?

FLATTRIE.

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[1] *wawis;* waves, as in Wiclif. [2] tore.
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[8] Woe befal the devil!

FALSET.

Now, welcome, be the Trinitie,
This meitting cumis for gude:
Now, let me braisse[1] the in my armis,
Quhen freindis meits hartis warmis[2],
Quod Jok, that frelie fude[3],
How happinit yow into this place?

FLATTRIE.

Now, be my saul, evin on a cace[4],
I come in sleipand[5] at the port,
Or ever I wist, amang this sort.
Quhare is Dissait, that limmer loun[6]?

[1] embrace.

[2] a Scots proverb.

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[6] Where is *Deceit*, that knavish rogue?

FALSET.

I left him drinkand in the toun,
He will be heir incontinent.

FLATTRIE.

Now, be the haly sacrament,
Thay tydingis conforts all my hart:
I wat Dissait will tak my part.
He is richt craftie, as ye ken,
And counsallour to the merchand-men:
Let us ly doun heir baith, and spy,
Gif we persave him cummand by.

DISSAIT.

Stand by the gait, that I may steir,
Aisay! Coks bons[1]! how cam I heir?
I can nocht mis, to tak sum feir,
Into sa greit ane thrang:
Marie! heir ane cumlie congregatioun,
Quhat ar ye, sirs, all of ane natioun?
Maisters, I speik be protestatioun,
In dreid ye tak me wrang.

[1] *Aisay! Coks bons!* Easy! God's bones! So "*Cockes bones*," in Chaucer. Cocks bones, Cocks wounds, Cocks passion, and others, were common exclamations, and oaths, from the time of Chaucer to that of Lyndsay, and Shakspeare: *God's 'ounds* is now the representative of the whole.

Ken ye nocht, sirs, quhat is my name?
Gude faith, I dar nocht schaw it for schame:
Sen I was clekit of my dame[1],
Yit was I never leill[2]:
For, Katie unsell[3] was my mother,
And Common-Theif my father-brother:
Of sic freindship I had ane futher,
Howbeit, I can nocht steill.
Bot yit, I will borrow, and len,
As be my clething ye may ken,
That I am cum[4] of nobill men,
And als I will debait,
That querrell with my feit, and handis:
And I dwell amang the merchandis,
My name, gif onie man demandis,
Thay call me Dissait.
Bon-jour[5]! brother, with all my hart,
Heir I am cum to tak your part,
Baith into gude, and evill:
I met Gude-Counsall be the way,
Quha pat me in ane felloun fray[6],
I gif him to the devill.

[1] Since I was hatched, or born, of my mother. [2] honest.

[3] *Katie unsell; unsel* is bad, naughty, wicked, from the Saxon *un-sel*, and it is here properly made the name of Deceit's mother. Montgomerie, in his Flyting with Polwart, uses the term for a bad or wicked creature: "There an elf, on an ape, an *unsell* begat."

[4] descended. [5] good day. [6] terrible fright.

FALSET.

How chaipit[1] ye, I pray yow tell?

DISSAIT.

I slipit into ane bordell[2];
And hid me in ane bawburds bed:
Bot, suddenlie hir schankis I sched,
With hoch hurland amang hir howis,
God wat, gif we maid monie mowis:
How came ye heir, pray tell yow me?

FALSET.

Marie, to seik King Humanite.

DISSAIT.

Now, be the gude ladie, that me bare,
That samin hors is my awin mair[3].
Now, with our purpois, let us mell[4],
Quhat is your counsall, I pray yow tell?
Sen we thre seiks yon nobill king,
Let us devyse sum subtill thing:
And als I pray yow, as my brother,
That we ilk ane be trew to uther.
I mak ane vow, with all my hart,
In gude, and evill to tak your part.

[1] escaped. [2] a brothel: So *bordel* in Chaucer.
[3] a Scotish proverb, denoting sameness of object.
[4] meddle.

I pray to God, nor I be hangit[1],
Bot, I sall die, or ye be wrangit.

FALSET.

Quhat is thy counsall that we do?
Marie, sirs, this is my counsall lo,
Till tak our tyme, quhyll we may get it,
For now thare is na man to let it[2]:
Fra tyme, the king begin to steir him,
Marie, Gude-Counsall, I dreid cum neir him,
And be we knawin with Correctioun,
It will be our confusioun:
Tharefor, my deir brother, devyse,
To find sum toy of the new gyse.

FLATTRIE.

Marie, I sall find ane thousand wyles,
We man turne our claithis, and change our styles:
And disagyse us that na man ken us,
Hes na man clarkis clething to len[3] us:
And let us keip grave countenance,
As we war new cum out of France.

DISSAIT.

Now, be my saull, that is weill devysit,
Ye sall se me sone disagysit.

[1] that I may be hanged. [2] to hinder it. [3] lend.

FALSET.

And sa sall I man, be the Rude,
Now sum gude fallow len me ane hude.

DISSAIT.

Now, am I buskit[1], and quha can spy,
The devill stik me, gif this be I:
Gif this be I, or not, I can not weill say;
Or hes the feind, or farie-folk, borne me away.

FALSET.

And gif my hair war up in ane bow,
The feind ane man wald ken me I trow:
Quhat sayis thou of my gay garmoun?

DISSAIT.

I say thou lukis evin like ane loun.
Now, brother Flatterie, quhat do ye,
Quhat kynde of man schaip[2] ye to be?

FLATTRIE.

Now, be my faith, my brother deir,
I will gang counterfit the freir,

DISSAIT.

A freir! quhareto, ye can nocht preiche.

[1] dressed. [2] intend.

FLATTRIE.

Quhat rak[1], man, I can richt weill fleich[2]?
Perchance, I'll cum to that honour,
To be the kingis confessour.
Pure Freiris ar free at ony feist,
And marshellit ay amang the best.
Als God hes lent to them sic graces,
That bischopis puts them in thair places,
Out-throw thair dioceis to preich,
Bot, ferlie nocht[3], howbeit thay fleich:
For, schaw thay[4] all the verite,
Thay'll want the bischopis charite.
And thocht the corne war never sa skant,
The gudewyfis will not let Freiris want:
For quhy, thay ar thair confessours,
Thair hevinlye prudent counsallours:
Tharefor the wyfis plainlye taks thair parts,
And shawis the secrets of thair harts
To Freiris, with better will, I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bed-fallow.

DISSAIT.

And I reft anis ane Freirs coull[5],
Betwix Sanct-Johnestoun[6], and Kinnoull:
I sall gang fetch it, gif ye will tarie.

[1] what matter. [2] flatter. [3] wonder not.
[4] *schaw thay;* if they show.
[5] robbed once a friar's hood. [6] Perth.

FLATTRIE.

Now, play me that of companarie[1]:
Ye saw him nocht, this hundreth yeir,
That better can counterfeit the freir.

DISSAIT.

Heir, is thy gaining all, and sum,
This is ane coull of Tullilum[2].

FLATTRIE.

Quha hes ane portous[3] for to len me?
The feind ane saull, I trow, will ken me.

FALSET.

Now gang thy way quharever thow will,
Thow may be fallow to freir Gill:
Bot, with Correctioun, gif we be kend,
I dreid, we mak ane schamefull end.

FLATTRIE.

For that mater, I dreid nathing,
Freiris ar exemptit fra the king:

[1] good fellowship.—MS. Glos.

[2] A monastery, near Perth, for white friars, which was founded, in 1262, by Richard, the bishop of Dunkeld: So afterwards:

"Thou sal be marryit, within ane yeir,
Upon an Freir of *Tullilum*."

[3] a breviary, a mass book.

And Freiris will reddie entreis get,
Quhen lordis are haldin at the yet[1].

FALSET.

We man do mair yit, be Sanct James,
For, we mon all thre change our names;
Hayif[2] me, and I sall baptize thee.

DISSAIT.

Be God, and thare-about may it be.
How will thou call me, I pray the tell?

FALSET.

I wat nocht how to call my sell.

DISSAIT.

Bot, yit anis[3] name, the bairnis name.

FALSET.

Discretioun, Discretioun, in Gods name.

DISSAIT.

I neid nocht now to cair for thrift,
Bot, quhat sal be my God bairne gift[4]?

[1] gate.

[2] *Hayif;* name: probably a corruption of *hayit, hate,* to name, to call, as in the O. Eng. R. of Brunne.

[3] once. [4] the gift of godfathers on the baptism of a child.

FALSET.

I gif yow all the devilis of hell.

DISSAIT.

Na brother, hald that to thysell:
Now, sit doun, let me baptize the,
I wat not quhat thy name suld be.

FALSET.

Bot, yit anis name the bairnis name.

DISSAIT.

Sapience, in ane warlds-schame.

FLATTRIE.

Brother Dissait, cum baptize me.

DISSAIT.

Then sit doun lawlie[1] on thy kne.

FLATTRIE.

Now, brother, name the bairnis name.

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, the devillis name.

[1] lowly.

FLATTRIE.

The devill resave the lurdan loun [1],
Thow hes wet all my new schavin croun [2].

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun,
We thre may rewll this regioun.
We sall find monie craftie thingis,
For till begyll ane hundreth kingis.
For thow can richt weil crak, and clatter [3],
And I sall feinze [4], and thow sall flatter.

FLATTRIE.

Bot, I wald haif, or we depairtit,
Ane drink till mak us better hartit.
[*Now the King sall cum fra his chamber.*

DISSAIT.

Weill said, be him that herryit hell,
I was evin thinkand that mysell.
Now, till we get the kingis presence,
We will sit doun, and keip silence:
I se ane yeoman quhat ever he be,
I'll wad [5] my lyfe, yon same is he.

[1] *lurdan loun*; worthless knave.
[2] his new shaven crown: A sarcasm on his feigned tonsure.
[3] *crak and clatter*; talk boastingly, and flippantly.
[4] feign. [5] *I'll wad*; I will pledge.

FALSET.

How chaipit[1] ye, I pray yow tell?

DISSAIT.

I slipit into ane bordell[2];
And hid me in ane bawburds bed:
Bot, suddenlie hir schankis I sched,
With hoch hurland amang hir howis,
God wat, gif we maid monie mowis:
How came ye heir, pray tell yow me?

FALSET.

Marie, to seik King Humanite.

DISSAIT.

Now, be the gude ladie, that me bare,
That samin hors is my awin mair[3].
Now, with our purpois, let us mell[4],
Quhat is your counsall, I pray yow tell?
Sen we thre seiks yon nobill king,
Let us devyse sum subtill thing:
And als I pray yow, as my brother,
That we ilk ane be trew to uther.
I mak ane vow, with all my hart,
In gude, and evill to tak your part.

[1] escaped. [2] a brothel: So *bordel* in Chaucer.
[3] a Scotish proverb, denoting sameness of object.
[4] meddle.

I pray to God, nor I be hangit[1],
Bot, I sall die, or ye be wrangit.

FALSET.

Quhat is thy counsall that we do?
Marie, sirs, this is my counsall lo,
Till tak our tyme, quhyll we may get it,
For now thare is na man to let it[2]:
Fra tyme, the king begin to steir him,
Marie, Gude-Counsall, I dreid cum neir him,
And be we knawin with Correctioun,
It will be our confusioun:
Tharefor, my deir brother, devyse,
To find sum toy of the new gyse.

FLATTRIE.

Marie, I sall find ane thousand wyles,
We man turne our claithis, and change our styles:
And disagyse us that na man ken us,
Hes na man clarkis clething to len[3] us:
And let us keip grave countenance,
As we war new cum out of France.

DISSAIT.

Now, be my saull, that is weill devysit,
Ye sall se me sone disagysit.

[1] that I may be hanged. [2] to hinder it. [3] lend.

FALSET.

And sa sall I man, be the Rude,
Now sum gude fallow len me ane hude.

DISSAIT.

Now, am I buskit[1], and quha can spy,
The devill stik me, gif this be I:
Gif this be I, or not, I can not weill say;
Or hes the feind, or farie-folk, borne me away.

FALSET.

And gif my hair war up in ane bow,
The feind ane man wald ken me I trow:
Quhat sayis thou of my gay garmoun?

DISSAIT.

I say thou lukis evin like ane loun.
Now, brother Flatterie, quhat do ye,
Quhat kynde of man schaip[2] ye to be?

FLATTRIE.

Now, be my faith, my brother deir,
I will gang counterfit the freir,

DISSAIT.

A freir! quhareto, ye can nocht preiche.

[1] dressed. [2] intend.

FLATTRIE.

Quhat rak[1], man, I can richt weill fleich[2]?
Perchance, I'll cum to that honour,
To be the kingis confessour,
Pure Freiris ar free at ony feist,
And marshellit ay amang the best.
Als God hes lent to them sic graces,
That bischopis puts them in thair places,
Out-throw thair dioceis to preich,
Bot, ferlie nocht[3], howbeit thay fleich:
For, schaw thay[4] all the verite,
Thay'll want the bischopis charite.
And thocht the corne war never sa skant,
The gudewyfis will not let Freiris want:
For quhy, thay ar thair confessours,
Thair hevinlye prudent counsallours:
Tharefor the wyfis plainlye taks thair parts,
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[5] robbed once a friar's hood. [6] Perth.

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Ye saw him nocht, this hundreth yeir,
That better can counterfeit the freir.

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Heir, is thy gaining all, and sum,
This is ane coull of Tullilum[2].

FLATTRIE.

Quha hes ane portous[3] for to len me?
The feind ane saull, I trow, will ken me.

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Thow may be fallow to freir Gill:
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Upon an Freir of *Tullilum*."

[3] a breviary, a mass book.

And Freiris will reddie entreis get,
Quhen lordis are haldin at the yet[1].

FALSET.

We man do mair yit, be Sanct James,
For, we mon all thre change our names;
Hayif[2] me, and I sall baptize thee.

DISSAIT.

Be God, and thare-about may it be.
How will thou call me, I pray the tell?

FALSET.

I wat nocht how to call my sell.

DISSAIT.

Bot, yit anis[3] name, the bairnis name.

FALSET.

Discretioun, Discretioun, in Gods name.

DISSAIT.

I neid nocht now to cair for thrift,
Bot, quhat sal be my God bairne gift[4]?

[1] gate.

[2] *Hayif;* name: probably a corruption of *hayit, hate,* to name, to call, as in the O. Eng. R. of Brunne.

[3] once. [4] the gift of godfathers on the baptism of a child.

FALSET.

I gif yow all the devilis of hell.

DISSAIT.

Na brother, hald that to thysell:
Now, sit doun, let me baptize the,
I wat not quhat thy name suld be.

FALSET.

Bot, yit anis name the bairnis name.

DISSAIT.

Sapience, in ane warlds-schame.

FLATTRIE.

Brother Dissait, cum baptize me.

DISSAIT.

Then sit doun lawlie[1] on thy kne.

FLATTRIE.

Now, brother, name the bairnis name.

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, the devillis name.

[1] lowly.

FLATTRIE.

The devill resave the lurdan loun [1],
Thow hes wet all my new schavin croun [2].

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun,
We thre may rewll this regioun.
We sall find monie craftie thingis,
For till begyll ane hundreth kingis.
For thow can richt weil crak, and clatter [3],
And I sall feinze [4], and thow sall flatter.

FLATTRIE.

Bot, I wald haif, or we depairtit,
Ane drink till mak us better hartit.
[*Now the King sall cum fra his chamber.*

DISSAIT.

Weill said, be him that herryit hell,
I was evin thinkand that mysell.
Now, till we get the kingis presence,
We will sit doun, and keip silence:
I se ane yeoman quhat ever he be,
I'll wad [5] my lyfe, yon same is he.

[1] *lurdan loun*; worthless knave.
[2] his new shaven crown: A sarcasm on his feigned tonsure.
[3] *crak and clatter*; talk boastingly, and flippantly.
[4] feign. [5] *I'll wad*; I will pledge.

Feir nocht brother, bot hald yow still,
Till we haif hard quhat is his will.

REX HUMANITAS.

Now quhare is Placebo, and Solace?
Quhare is my minzeoun Wantonnes?
Wantonnes, hoaw! cum to me sone.

WANTONNES.

Quhy cryit ye, schir, till I had done?

REX HUMANITAS.

Quhat was ye doand, tell me that?

WANTONNES.

Mary, leirand[1] how my father me gat:
I wat nocht how it stands but doubt.
Me think the warld rinnis round about.

REX HUMANITAS.

And sa think I, man, be my thrift,
I se fyftene mones, in the lift[2].

HAMELINES.

Gat ye nocht that, quhilk ye desyrit?
Schir, I beleif, that ye ar tyrit.

[1] learning. [2] firmament.

DANGER.

Bot, as for Placebo, and Solace,
I held them baith in mirryness.

SOLACE.

Now, schaw me, schir, I yow exhort,
How ar ye of your lufe content;
Think ye nocht this ane mirrie sport?

REX HUMANITAS.

Yea, that I do, in verament[1].
Quhat bairnis ar yon upon the bent[2]?
I did nocht se thame all this day.

WANTONNES.

Thay will be heir, incontinent,
Stand still, and heir quhat thay will say.

[*Now the vycis cumis*[3]; *and makis salutatioun, saying,*

[1] in truth, verily.

[2] what folks are those yonder, upon the field?

[3] *Now the vycis cumis:* These are "the *old vice*," mentioned in the *What you will* of Shakspeare. *The vice* was *the fool* of the old *Moralities*, saith Johnson, who holds, that *Punch* is the legitimate successor of *the old vice*. But, the *vycis* of Lyndsay's *Satyre* were more *knaves* than *fools*. This character was always acted in a *mask;* and probably had its name, saith Steevens, from the old French word *vis*, for which they now use *visage*,

DISSAIT.

Laud, honor, glore, triumph, and victorie
Be to your maist excellent majestie.

REX HUMANITAS.

Ye ar welcum gude freindis, be the rude[1],
Apperandlye ye seme sum men of gude[2];
Quhat ar your names, tell me without delay?

DISSAIT.

Discretioun, schir, is my name, perfay.

REX HUMANITAS.

Quhat is your name, schir, with the clipit croun?

FLATTRIE.

But dout[3], my name is callit Devotioun.

REX HUMANITAS.

Welcum Devotioun, be Sanct Jame:
Now, sirray, tell quhat is your name?

FALSET.

Marie, schir, thay call me, quhat call thay me?

[1] *be the rude;* by the cross, a very common oath.
[2] *men of gude*; godly men, worthy men.
[3] without doubt.

REX HUMANITAS.

Can ye nocht tell, quhat is your name?

FALSET.

I kend it, quhen I cam fra hame.

REX HUMANITAS.

Quhat gars ye can nocht schaw it now?

FALSET.

Marie, thay call me thin drink, I trow?

REX HUMANITAS.

Thin drink, quhat kynde of name is that?

DISSAIT.

Sapiens, thou servis[1] to beir ane plat[2]:
Me think, thow schawis the nocht weill wittit.

FALSET.

Sypeins, schir, Sypeins, marie, now ye hit it.

FLATTRIE.

Schir, gif ye pleis to let him say,
His name is SAPIENTIA.

[1] deserves. [2] a plate, a mark of folly.

FALSET.

That same is it, be Sanct Michell.

REX HUMANITAS.

Quhy could thou nocht tell it thysell?

FALSET.

I pray your grace appardoun me,
And I sall schaw the verite:
I am sa full of sapience,
That sumtyme, I will tak ane trance.
My spreit wes reft[1] fra my bodie,
Now heich abone the Trinitie.

REX HUMANITAS.

Sapiens, suld be ane man of gude.

FALSET.

Schir, ye may ken that, be my hude.

REX HUMANITAS.

Now haif I Sapiens, and Discretioun;
How can I faill, to rewll this regioun?
And Devotioun, to be my confessour,
Thir thre came, in ane happie hour.

[1] torn.

Heir, I mak the my secretar;
And thow sal be my thesaurar;
And thow sal be my counsallour,
In sprituall thingis, and confessour.

FLATTRIE.

I sweir to yow, schir, be Sanct Ann,
Ye met never with ane wyser man,
For monie a craft, schir, do I can[1],
War thay weill knawin:
Schir, I haif na feill[2] of flattrie,
Bot, fosterit with philosophie,
Ane strange man in astronomie,
Quhilk sal be schawin.

FALSET.

And I haif greit intelligence,
In quelling of the quintessence:
Bot, to preif[3] my experience,
Schir, len me fourtye crownis;
To mak multiplicatioun,
And tak my obligatioun,
Gif we mak fals narratioun,
Hald us for verie lownis.

[1] know; *can*, for *ken*, to suit the rhyme.
[2] knowledge. [3] prove.

DISSAIT.

Schir, I ken, be your physnomie [1],
Ye sall conqueis, or els I lie,
Danskin, Denmark, and Almane,
Spittelfeild, and the realme of Spane,
Ye sall haif, at your governance,
Renfrow, and all the realme of France,
Yea, Ruglan, and the toun of Rome,
Corstorphine, and all Christindome [2].
Quhareto, schir, be the Trinite,
Ye ar ane verie A-per-se [3].

FLATTRIE.

Schir, quhen I dwelt, in Italie,
I leirit the craft of palmistrie,
Schaw me the lufe [4], schir, of your hand,
And I sall gar yow understand,

[1] physiognomy, the face, the cast of the look.

[2] We have here a sequence of witticisms, consisting of alliterations, and comparisons of small things with great: Danskin with Denmark; Spittelfeild with Spane; Renfrew, a small shire, with the realm of France; Ruglan, a little town in Lanarkshire, with Rome; Corstorphine, a small parish, with Christendome.

[3] *A-per-se*; a nonpareil.

[4] *lufe*; palm of the hand: This popular custom of reading the destiny of persons in the palm of the hand, still prevails in Scotland.

Gif your grace be infortunat,
Or gif ye be predestinat.
I se ye will haif fyftene quenis
And fyftene scoir of concubenis:
The Virgin Marie saife your grace,
Saw ever man sa quhyte ane face,
Sa greit ane arme, sa fair ane hand,
Thair's nocht sic ane leg in all this land.
War ye in armis, I think na wonder,
Howbeit, ye dang doun[1] fyftene hunder.

DISSAIT.

Now, be my saull, that's trew thow sayis,
Wes never man set sa weill his clais[2].
Thare is na man in Christinte,
Sa meit to be ane king as ye.

FALSET.

Schir, thank the haly Trinitie,
That send us till your cumpanie:
For, God, nor I gaip[3] in ane gallows,
Gif ever ye fand thre better fallows.

REX HUMANITAS.

Ye ar richt welcum, be the rude,

[1] *dang doun*; knocked down, overthrew.
[2] *set sa weill his clais*; became so well his clothes.
[3] *nor I gaip*; may I gape.

Ye seme to be thre men of gude.

[*Heir sall* GUDE-COUNSALL *schaw himself in the feild.*]

Bot, quha is yon, that standis sa still?
Ga spy, and speir quhat is his will:
And, gif he yearnis[1] my presence,
Bring him to me, with diligence.

DISSAIT.

That sall we do, be Godis breid[2],
We's bring him outher quick, or deid.

REX HUMANITAS.

I will sit still heir, and repois,
Speid yow agane to me, my jois[3].

FALSET.

Yea, hartlie, schir, keip yow in clois[4];
And quyet, till we cum agane:
Brother, I trow, be Coks tois,
Yon bairdit bogill[5] cums fra ane trane[6].

[1] *yearnis*; desires, wishes for.

[2] *be Godis breid*; by the altar.

[3] *jois*; joys, jo, sweetheart, friend: So afterwards; Jennie, my *joy*.

[4] *in clois*; close. [5] *bogill*; an apparition, a bug-abo.

[6] *trane*; company, perhaps association.

DISSAIT.

Gif he dois sa, he sal be slaine,
I doubt him nocht, nor yit ane uther:
Trowit I[1] that he come for ane trane,
Of my freindis, I suld rais ane futher[2].

FLATTRIE.

I doubt full sair, be God himsell,
That yon auld churle be Gude-counsell:
Get he anis[3] to the kingis presence,
We thre will get na audience.

DISSAIT.

That matter, I sall tak on hand,
And say, it is the kingis command,
That he anone devoyd[4] this place,
And cum nocht neir the kingis grace;
And that under the pane of tresoun.

FLATTRIE.

Brother, I hald your counsall resoun:
Now, let us heir quhat he will say,
Auld lyart beird[5], gude day, gude day!

[1] *trowit I*; if I believed.

[2] a great number. [3] once.

[4] quit. [5] old gray beard.

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Gude day agane, schirs, be the rude!
The Lord mot[1] mak yow men of gude.

DISSAIT.

Pray nocht for us till lord, nor ladie,
For we ar men of gude alreadie:
Schir, schaw to us, quhat is your name?

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Gude-counsall, thay call me at hame.

FALSET.

Quhat sayis thow, carle, ar thow Gude-counsell?
Swyith[2]! pack the sone unhappie unsell[3].
Gif ever thou cum this gate agane[4],
I vow to God thou sall be slane.

GUDE-COUNSALL.

I pray yow, schirs, gif me licence,
To cum anis to the kings presence:
To speik bot twa wordis till his grace.

[1] *mot*; may: may the Lord make you godly men.

[2] *swyith*; away! a common interjection.

[3] *unsell*; knave.

[4] If ever you come this way again.

FLATTRIE.

Swyith! huresone carle, devoyd this place.

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Brother, I ken yow weill aneuch,
Howbeit ye mak it never sa teuch[1]:
Flattrie, Dissait, and Fals-report,
That will nocht suffer till resort
Gude-counsall to the kingis presence.

DISSAIT.

Swyith! hureson carle, gang pack the hence;
Gif ever thou cum this gate agane,
I vow to God thou sall be slane.

Heir sall thay hurle away GUDE-COUNSALL [*who cries out*[2]];

Sen, at this tyme, I can get na presence,
Is na remeid bot tak in patience:
Howbeit Gude-counsall haistelie be nocht hard,
With young princis, yit suld thay nocht be skar'd:
Bot, quhen youthheid hes blawin his wanton blast,
Then sall Gude-counsall rewll him at the last.

[*Now the vycis gangs to ane counsall.*

[1] *teuch*; difficult, strange, as in Chaucer: "And made it neither *tough* ne queint:" And in the Murning Maiden: "Albeit ye mak it never sa *teuch*."—Maitland Poems, 209.

[2] The context required what is added within the brackets.

FLATTRIE.

Now quhyll Gude-counsall is absent,
Brother, we mon be diligent:
And mak betwix us sikker bandis,
Quhen vacandis fallis in onie landis;
That everilk man help weill his fallow.

DISSAIT.

I hald, deir brother, be Alhallow:
Sa, ye fische nocht, within our boundis.

FLATTRIE.

That sall I nocht, be Godis woundis,
Bot, I sall plainlie tak your partis.

FALSET.

Sa, sall we thyne, with all our hartis:
Bot, haist us, quhyll the king is young,
Lat everilk man keip weill ane toung;
And, in ilk quarter haif ane spy,
Us till advertis haistely,
Quhen ony casualiteis
Sall happin intill our countreis,
And lat us mak provisioun,
Or he cum to discretioun:
Na mair he wats now, nor ane sant,
Quhat thing it is to haif, or want.

Or he cum till his perfyte age,
We sall be sikker of our wage:
And then, lat everie carle craif uther.

DISSAIT.

That mouth speik mair, my awin deir brother;
For God, nor I rax in ane rape[1],
Thow might gif counsall to the Pape[2].
[*Now thay returne to the* KING.

REX HUMANITAS.

Quhat gart you byde sa lang fra my presence?
I think it lang, since ye departit thence.
Quhat man was yon, with an greit boustous[3] beird;
Me thocht, he maid yow all thre very feird.

DISSAIT.

It was ane laidlie lurdan loun[4],
Cum to brek buthis[5] into this toun:
We haif gart bind him, with ane poill[6],
And send him to the theifis hoill[7].

[1] may I stretch in a rope; may I be hanged.

[2] It is curious to remark, that almost the whole of this *counsel* of the *vyces*, with a slight variation, or two, is copied from Lyndsay's *Complaynt*.

[3] rough, terrible beard.

[4] *laidlie lurdan loun*; an ugly worthless rogue. [5] shops.

[6] a pole: The word is inappropriately used to make out the rhyme. [7] The dungeon where thieves were confined.

REX HUMANITAS.

Let him sit thare with ane mischance,
And let us go till our pastance [1].

WANTONNES.

Better go revell at the racket [2],
Or ellis, go to the hurlie hacket [3],
Or then, to schaw our courtlie corses [4],
Ga se, quha best can rin thair horses [5].

SOLACE.

Na, soverane, or we farther gang,
Gar Sensualite sing ane sang.

[*Heir sall the ladies sing ane sang, the* KING *sall ly doun amang the ladies, and then* VERITIE *sall enter.*]

[1] pastime. [2] *revell at the racket*; play at tennis.

[3] *hurlie hacket*; the name of a sport, which consisted in sliding down a precipice.

[4] courtly courses.

[5] These four verses are almost literally copied from our poet's *Complaynt*, where he describes the courtiers managing the young king:

"Sum gart him *revel at the racket*,
Sum harlit him to the *hurlie hacket*;
And sum to *schaw thair courtlie corses*,
Wald ryde to Leith and *ryn thair horses*."

VERITIE.

Diligite justitiam qui judicatis terram.

Lufe justice ye quha hes ane juges cure,
In erth, and dreid the awfull jugement,
Of him, that sall cum juge baith rich, and pure,
Richt terribilly, with bludy woundis rent.
That dreidfull day into your hartis imprent:
Belevand weill how, and quhat maner, ye
Use justice heir, til utheris, thare at lenth
That day, but dout, sa sall ye jugeit be.
Wo than, and dule, be to yow princis all;
Sufferand the pure anes [1], for till be opprest:
In everlasting burnand fyre, ye sall,
With Lucifer, richt dulfullie be drest;
Tharefor, in tyme, for till eschaip that nest,
Feir God, do law, and justice, equally,
Till everilk man, se that na puir opprest
Up to the hevin, on yow ane vengence cry.
Be just juges, without favour, or feid [2],
And hald the ballance evin till everie wicht:
Let not the fault be left into the heid,
Then sall the memberis reulit be at richt [3]:
For quhy, subjects do follow day, and nicht,
Thair governours in vertew, and in vyce.
Ye ar the lamps that suld schaw them the licht,
To leid thame on this sliddrie rone of yce [4].

[1] the poor ones, the poor people. [2] enmity.
[3] *at richt;* rightly. [4] a slippery sheet of ice.

Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus.
And gif ye wald your subjectis war weill gevin[1],
Then, verteouslie begin the dance your sell:
Going befoir, then thay anone, I wein[2],
Sall follow yow, outher till hevin, or hell:
Kingis suld of gude exempils be the well[3];
Bot, gif that your strandis be intoxicate,
Insteid of wyne, thay drink the poyson fell[4]:
Thus pepill followis ay thair principate[5]:
Sic luceat lux vestra coram hominibus, ut videant opera vestra bona.
And, specially, ye princis of the preistis,
That of pepill hes spiritual cure,
Dayly ye suld revolve intill your breistis,
How that thir haly wordis ar still maist sure,
In verteous lyfe, gif that ye do indure,
The pepill wil tak mair tent[6] to your deidis,
Than to your wordis, and als baith rich, and pure,
Will follow yow baith in your warkis, and wordis.

[*Heir sal* FLATTRIE *spy* VERITIE *with ane dum countenance.*]

Gif men of me wald haif intelligence,
Or knaw my name, thay call me VERITIE.

[1] If you would that your subjects were given to well-doing, then virtuously set them a good example.
[2] *wein*; think, guess. [3] fountain. [4] deadly.
[5] principal; *principate*, for the rhyme.
[6] *tak mair tent*; pay more attention.

Of Christis law I haif experience,
And haith over saillit many stormie sey.
Now, am I seikand King Humanitie;
For, of his grace, I haif gude esperance,
Fra tyme that he acquaintit be with me,
His honour, and heich glore, I sall avance.

[*Heir sall* VERITIE *pas to hir sait.*

DISSAIT.

Gude day, father, quhare haif ye bene?
Declair till us of your novels.

FLATTRIE.

Thare is now lichtit on the grene,
Dame Veritie, be bukis, and bells.
Bot, cum scho[1] to the kingis presence,
Thare is na bute[2], for us to byde;
Tharefor, I red[3] us all go hence.

FALSET.

That will we nocht yit be Sanct Bryde,
Bot, we sall ather gang, or ryde,
To lordis of Spritualitie;
And gar them trow[4], yon bag of pryde
Hes spokin manifest heresie.

[*Heir thay cum to the* SPRITUALITIE.

[1] *cum scho*; if she come. [2] help, remedy.
[3] *red*; advise. [4] *gar them trow*; make them believe.

FLATTRIE.

O reverent fatheris of the Sprituall state,
We counsall yow, be wyse, and vigilant:
Dame Veritie hes lychtit now of late,
And, in hir hand, beirand the Newtestament:
Be scho ressavit, but dout, we ar bot schent[1],
Let hir nocht ludge, tharefor, into this land,
And this we rede yow do incontinent,
Now, quhyll the king is with his lufe sleipand.

SPIRITUALITIE.

We thank yow, freindis, of your benevolence:
It sall be done evin as ye haif devysit;
We think ye serve[2] ane gudlie recompence,
Defendand us, that we be nocht supprysit.
In this mater, we man[3] be weill avysit,
Now, quhyll the king misknawis[4] the veritie:
Be scho ressavit, then we be deprysit[5];
Quhat is your counsall, brother, now let se?

ABBOT.

I hald it best, that we incontinent,
Gar hald hir fast into captivitie:
Untill the thrid day of the parlament;
And then, accuse hir of hir herisie:

[1] If she be received, without doubt, we are ruined.
[2] deserve. [3] must. [4] misknows, knows not,
[5] disprized, disgraced.

Or then banische hir out of this cuntrie;
For, with the king, gif Veritie be knawin:
Of our gret glore we will degradit be,
And all our secreits to the commouns schawin.

PARSON.

Ye se the king is yit effeminate,
And gydit be dame Sensualitie,
Richt sa with young counsall intoxicate;
Swa[1] at this tyme ye haif your libertie.
To tak your tyme, I hald it best for me,
And go distroy all thir Lutherians[2];
In speciall, yon ladie Veritie,

SPIRITUALITIE.

Schir Parsone, ye sall be my commissair,
To put this mater till executioun;
And ye, schir Freir, becaus ye can declair
The haill processe, pas with him in commissioun;
Pas all togidder, with my braid bennisoun[3],

[1] so.

[2] *Lutherians:* As early as 1530, the one half of Germany had revolted from the papal see; and the doctrines of Luther had made a great progress: A constant controversy of twelve years had kept men's minds in a continual ferment; and a zeal for religion took firm hold of the disputants, who thus gained different appellations: But, we may infer, that the *Calvinists* were not yet known, as a sect.

[3] my large or hearty blessing.

And gif scho speikis aganis our libertie,
Then, put hir in perpetuall presoun,
That scho cum nocht to King Humanitie.

[*Heir sall thay pas to* VERITIE.

PARSON.

Lustie lady, we wald faine[1] understand
Quhat errand ye haif in this regioun?
To preich, or teich, quha gaif to yow command;
To counsall kingis, how gat ye commissioun?
I dreid, without ye get ane remissioun,
And syne renunce your new opinionis,
The spirituall stait sall put yow to perditioun;
And in the fyre will burne yow flesche, and bonis.

VERITIE.

I will recant nathing that I haif schawin,
I haif said nathing bot the veritie:
Bot, with the king, fra tyme that I be knawin,
I dreid, ye spaiks[2] of Spritualitie
Sall rew, that ever I came, in this cuntrie:
For, gif the veritie planelie war proclamit,
And speciallie to the kingis majestie,
For your traditionis ye wil be all defamit.

FLATTRIE.

Quhat buik is that, harlot, into thy hand?

[1] gladly. [2] spokes, members.

Out! walloway[1]! this is the New Test'ment,
In Englisch toung, and printit in England[2]:
Herisie! herisie! fire! fire! incontinent.

VERITIE.

Forsuith, my freind, ye haif ane wrang jugement,
For, in this buik, thare is na heresie:

[1] *Out! walloway!* Two interjections, which are often used by Lyndsay: So afterwards: "*Walloway!* will na man red the men?"

[2] ——— *This is the New Test'ment,*
In Englisch toung, and printit in England.

In 1526, Tyndal translated the New Testament into the *Englisch toung*, at Antwerp, and sent it, in the same year, to England, where Warham, and Tonstal, attempted to suppress it. In 1527, there was a Dutch edition of Tyndal's translation, which was also distributed, in England, perhaps in Scotland. In 1528, and 1529, there were Dutch editions of the same translation, which were all sold off, before the end of the year 1530. In 1534, appeared Tyndal's second edition. In 1536, came out the third edition of Tyndal. In this year, there was printed, in England, and ordered, by Henry VIII., to be put into churches, for every one to read, a folio edition of the Old, and New, Testament, in English. And, in 1538, there was printed in Southwark, a New Testament, in Latin, and English, quarto. From this enumeration, as given by Lewis, I suspect, that Lyndsay alluded to some of the Dutch editions of Tyndal's translation: For neither of the two last editions, which were, indeed, printed, in England, agree exactly with the poet's description.

Bot, our Christis word, baith dulce, and redolent[1],
Ane springing well of sinceir veritie.

DISSAIT.

Cum on your way, for all your yellow lockis,
Your wantoun wordis, but dout ye sall repent:
This nicht ye sall forfair ane pair of stockis[2],
And syne the morne be brocht to thole jugement.

VERITIE.

For our Christis saik, I am richt weill content,
To suffer all thing that sall pleis his grace,
Howbeit, ye put ane thousand till torment,
Ten hundreth thowsand sall ryse intill thair place.

[VERITIE *sits down on hir knies, and sayis*;

Get up, thow! thow sleipis all too lang, O Lord,
And mak sum ressonabill reformatioun,
On thame that dois tramp doun thy gracious word,
And hes ane deidlie indignatioun,
At them, quha makis maist trew narratioun:
Suffér me not, Lord, mair till be molest,
Gude Lord, I mak the supplicatioun,
With thy unfreindis let me nocht be supprest;

[1] *redolent*; sweet of smell.
[2] shall wear a pair of stocks.

Now, lordis, do as ye list [1],
I haif na mair to say.

FLATTRIE.

Sit doun, and tak yow rest,
All nicht till it be day.

[*Thay put* VERITIE *in the stockis and returne to* SPRITUALITIE.]

DISSAIT.

My lord, we haif, with diligence,
Bucklit up weill yon bledrand baird [2].

SPIRITUALITIE.

I think ye serve gude recompence:
Tak thir ten crowns, for your rewaird.

VERITIE.

The prophesie of the propheit Esay
Is practickit, alace! on me this day;
Quha said the veritie suld be trampit doun,
Amid the streit, and put in strang presoun.
His fyve and fyftie chapter, quha list luke,
Sall find thir wordis, writtin in his buke.
Richt sa, Sanct Paull wrytis to Timothie,
That men sall turne thair eiris from veritie.

[1] please, will: So *list* in Chaucer.

[2] *bledrand baird*; babbling bard, in contempt of the order.

Bot, in my Lord God, I haif esperance[1],
He will provide, for my deliverance.
Bot, ye princis of Spiritualitie,
Quha suld defend the sincere veritie,
I dreid the plagues of Johne's Revelatioun
Sall fal upon your generatioun.
I counsall yow this miss[2] t'amend,
Sa, that ye may eschaip that fatall end.

CHASTITIE.

How lang sall this inconstant warld indure,
That I suld baneist be, sa lang, alace!
Few creaturis, or nane, takis on me cure,
Quhilk gars me monie nicht ly herbrieles[3].
Thocht I haif past all yeir, fra place to place,
Amang the temporal, and spirituall, staitis:
Nor, amang princis, I can get na grace:
Bot, bousteouslie am[4] halden, at the yatis.

DILIGENCE.

Ladie, I pray yow schaw me your name;

[1] *esperance*; hope: So in Shakspeare:
"Yet, there is a credence, in my heart;
An *esperance*, so obstinately strong."

[2] fault.

[3] harbourless, without shelter.

[4] "*and*," in the ed. 1602; "*am*," in the ed. 1604, which makes out the sense: But, rudely am held at the gates.

It dois me noy[1], your lamentatioun.

CHASTITIE.

My freind, thareof, I neid not to think shame,
Dame Chastitie baneist, from town, to town.

DILIGENCE.

Then, pas to ladeis of religioun,
Quhilk makis thair vow, to observe chastitie:
Lo! quhare thare sits ane Priores of renown,
Amangis the rest of Spritualitie.

CHASTITIE.

I grant, yon ladie hes vowit chastitie;
For hir professioun thareto suld accord:
Scho maid that vow, for ane Abesie,
Bot, nocht, for Christ Jesus, our Lord.
Fra tyme, that thay get thair vowis, I stand for'd[2],
Thay banische hir out of thair cumpanie,
With Chastitie, thay can mak na concord,
Bot, leidis thair lyfis, in sensualitie,
I sall observe your counsall, gif I may,
Cum on, and heir quhat yon ladie will say?

[CHASTITIE *passis to the* LADIE PRIORES *and sayis;*

[1] *It dois me noy;* it grieves me.

[2] *for'd*; for it: This barbarism is adopted, to rhyme with *lord.*

My prudent, lustie, ladie Priores,
Remember how ye did vow chastitie:
Madame, I pray yow of your gentilnes,
That ye wald pleis to haif of me pitie:
And, this ane nicht, to gif me herberie;
For this, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Do ye nocht sa, madame, I dreid perdie[1],
It will be caus of deprivatioun.

PRIORES.

Pas hyne[2], madame, be Christ, ye cum nocht heir,
Ye ar contrair to my complexioun:
Gang seik lugeing at sum auld monk, or freir,
Perchance, thay will be your protectioun.
Or to prelatis, mak your progressioun,
Quhilkis ar obleist to yow, als weill as I:
Dame Sensuall hes gevin directioun,
Yow till exclude, out of my cumpany.

CHASTITIE.

Gif ye wald wit[3] mair of the veritie,
I sall schaw yow, be sure experience,
How that the lordis of Spritualitie
Hes baneist me, alace! fra thair presence.

[CHASTITIE *passis to the lordis of* SPRITUALITIE.

[1] verily. [2] *pas hyne;* go hence.
[3] If ye would *know* more of the truth,

My lordis, laud, glore, triumph, and reverence,
Mot[1] be unto your halie spirituall state:
I yow beseik, of your benevolence,
To herbrie me, that am sa desolate.
Lordis, I haif past throw mony uncouth[2] schyre,
Bot, in this land, I can get na lugeing:
Of my name, gif ye wald haif knawlegeing[3],
Forsuith, my lordis, thay call me Chastitie:
I yow beseik, of your graces bening,
Gif me lugeing, this nicht, for charitie?

SPIRITUALITIE.

Pas on, madame, we knaw yow nocht,
Or, be him, that the warld wrocht[4],
Your cumming sall be richt deir coft[5],
Gif ye mak langer tarie.

ABBOT.

But dout, we will baith leif, and die,
With our lufe Sensualitie,
We will haif na mair deall with the,
Than, with the quene of Farie.

PARSON.

Pas hame, amang the nunnis, and dwell,

[1] may. [2] unknown, strange.
[3] *knawlegeing*; for knowledge, to suit the rhyme.
[4] by him that made the world. [5] bought.

Quhilkis ar, of chastitie, the well:
I traist, thay will, with buik, and bell[1],
Ressave yow, in thair closter.

CHASTITIE.

Schir, quhen I was the nunnis amang,
Out of thair dortour[2], thay me dang[3],
And wald nocht let me bide sa lang,
To saye, my Pater noster.
I se na grace, tharefor, to get,
I hald it best, or it be lait,
For till go prove the temporall stait,
Gif thay will me ressave:
Gude-day, my lord Temporalitie,
And yow merchant of gravitie,
Ful faine wald I haif herberie,
To luge amang the lave.

TEMPORALITIE.

Forsuith[4], we wald be weil content,
To herbrie yow with gude intent,
War nocht, we haif impediment:
For quhy, we twa ar maryit:

[1] *book and bell*, were used of old, as the drum in late times, to mark public ceremonies: To curse with bell, book, and candle, became proverbial.

[2] dormitory. [3] they turned me.

[4] forsooth, indeed.

Bot, wist our wyfis, that ye war heir,
Thay wald mak all this town on steir [1],
Tharefor, we reid yow rin areir [2],
In dreid ye be miscaryit.

CHASTITIE.

Ye men of craft of greit ingyne,
Gif me herbrie, for Christis pyne [3];
And win Godis bennison, and myne,
And help my hungrie hart.

SOWTAR [4].

Welcum, be him that maid the mone,
Till dwell with us, till it be June:
We sall mend baith your hois, and schone,
And plainlie tak your part.

TAYLOUR.

Is this fair ladie Chastitie?
Now, welcum, be the Trinitie:
I think it war ane greit pitie,
That thou sould ly thare out [5]:
Your gret displesour, I forthink [6],

[1] stir, bustle. [2] we advise you to retire.
[3] pain, suffering; give me shelter for Christ's sake.
[4] a shoemaker, a cobler; as in Chaucer.
[5] should lye out of doors.
[6] *I forthink*; I am grieved at.

Sit doun, madame, and tak ane drink;
And let na sorrow, in yow sink,
Bot, let us play cap'out[1].

SOWTAR.

Fill in, and play cap'out,
For, I am wonder[2] dry:
The Devill snyp aff thair snout,
That hatis this company.

JENNIE.

Hoaw! minnie, minnie, minnie[3]!

TAYLOURS WYFE.

Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter, Jennie?
Jennie, my joy, quhare is thy dadie?

JENNIE.

Mary, drinkand with ane lustie ladie,
Ane fair young mayden, cled in quhyte,
Of quhom my dadie takis delyte,
Scho hes the fairest forme of face,
Furnischit with all kynd of grace:
I traist[4] gif I can reckon richt,
Scho schaips[5] to luge with him all nicht.

[1] *play cap'out*; drink freely. [2] wondrous.
[3] *minnie*; mother. [4] trust. [5] intends.

SOWTARS WYFE.

Quhat dois the Sowtar my gudeman!

JENNIE.

Mary, fillis the cap, and turnis the can:
Or he cum hame, be God, I trow,
He will be drunkin, lyke ane sow.

TAYLOURS WYFE.

This is ane greit dispyte, I think,
For to resave sic ane kow-clink[1]:
Quhat is your counsall, that we do?

SOWTARS WYFE.

Cummer, this is my counsall, lo!
Ding ye the tane[2], and I the other.

TAYLOURS WYFE.

I am content, be Godis mother,
I think for me thae huresone smaiks[3];
Thay serve richt weill, to get thair paiks[4].

[1] a harlot.

[2] *ding ye the tane*; beat ye the one.

[3] whoreson knaves: So afterwards, "Swyith! *hureson smaik.*" And he calls Deceit, Falsehood, and Flattery, "thrie very *smaiks*:" So in Christ Kirk on the Green, "Quhare are yon hangit *smaiks.*"

[4] *paiks*; chastisement, a beating: So, in Christ Kirk on the Green, "He turn'd and gaif thame baith thair *paiks.*"

Quhat maister feind neids all this haist?
For, it is half ane yeir almaist,
Sen ever, that loun laborde my ledder.

SOWTARS WYFE.

God, nor my trukour[1] mense ane ledder[2],
For, it is mair nor fourtie dayis,
Sen ever he cleikit up my clayis:
And last quhen I gat chalmer glew,
That foull Sowter began till spew.
And now thay will sit doun, and drink,
In cumpany, with ane kow-clink.
Gif thay haif done us this dispyte,
Let us go ding thame till thay dryte.

[*Heir the wyfis shall chase away* CHASTITIE.

TAYLOURS WYFE.

Go hence, harlot, how durst thow be sa bauld,
To luge with our gudemen, but our licence:
I mak ane vow to him, that Judas sauld,
This rock[3] of myne sall be thy recompence.
Schaw me thy name, dudron[4], with diligence?

[1] trucker; sorry fellow.

[2] *mense ane ledder*; grace a gallows: Ledder is put for the rhyme: So afterwards: "Come heir, Falset, and *mence the gallows.*"

[3] *rock*; distaff; as in the mystery of *Candlemas-day*: "For, they fight, like devells, with ther *rokke*, when thei spynne."

[4] drab.

CHASTITIE.

Marie, Chastitie is my name, be Sanct Blais.

TAYLOURS WYFE.

I pray God, nor he work on the vengence;
For I luffit never Chastitie all my dayis.

SOWTARS WYFE.

Bot, my gudeman, the treuth I sall the tell,
Gars me keip Chastitie sair aganis my will:
Becaus that monstour hes maid sic ane mint[1],
With my bedstaf, that dastard beirs ane dint.
And als I vow, cum thow this gait againe,
Thy buttoks sal be beltit[2], be Sanct Blaine.

[*Heir sall thay speik to thair gudemen and ding them.*

TAYLOURS WYFE.

Fals hureson carle, but dout thou sall forthink,
That evir thow eit or drink with yon kow-clink.

SOWTARS WYFE.

I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispine,
I'se[3] be revengit on that graceles grume[4]:

[1] aim, attempt. [2] beaten. [3] *I'se*; I shall.

[4] *grume*; fellow: *Grume*, and *grome*, are frequently used in old romances for *a man*, a young man.—Ritson's Romances. So in Gawan and Golagros, "The gayest *grumys* on grund:" "that *grome* answerit agane."

And to begin the play, tak thare ane flap.

SOWTAR.

The feind ressave the hands that gaif me that.

SOWTARS WYFE.

Quhat now, huresun, begins thow for til ban[1] ?
Tak thare ane uther upon thy peil'd harn pan[2].
Quhat now, cummer[3], will thow nocht tak my part ?

TAYLOURS WYFE.

That sal I do, cummer, with all my hart.

[*Heir sall thay ding thair gudemen, with silence.*

TAYLOUR.

Alace ! gossop, alace ! how standis with yow ?
Yon cankart carling[4], alace ! hes brokin my brow.
Now, weil's yow preistis, now weil's yow all your lyfes,
That ar nocht weddit with sic wickit wyfes.

SOWTAR.

Bischopis ar blist, howbeit, that thay be waryit[6],
For, thay may fuck thair fill, and be unmaryit.

[1] curse. [2] brain-pan. [3] gossip.
[4] *cankart carling*; crabbed old woman.
[5] *weil's yow*; well is you, happy are you.
[6] reviled.

Gossop, alace, that blak band we may wary,
That ordanit sic pure men as us to mary.
Quhat may be done bot tak in patience?
And on all wyfis we'ill cry ane loud vengence.

[*Heir sall the wyfis stand be the water syde and say*;

SOWTARS WYFE.

Sen, of our carles, we haif the victorie,
Quhat is your counsall, cummer, that be done?

TAYLOURS WYFE.

Send for gude wine, and hald our selfis merie,
I hald this ay best, cummer, be Sanct Clone.

SOWTARS WYFE.

Cummer, will ye draw aff my hose, and schone,
To fill the quart, I sall rin to the toun.

TAYLOURS WYFE.

That sal I do, be him that maid the mone,
With all my hart, tharefor, cummer sit doun;
Kilt up your claithis [1], abone your waist,
And speid yow hame agane, in haist,
And I sall provyde for ane paist [2],
Our corses [3] to confort.

[1] tuck up your clothes.
[2] repast. [3] bodies.

SOWTARS WYFE.

Then help me, for to kilt my clais,
Quhat gif the padokis nip my tais[1].
I dreid to droun, heir, be Sanct Blais,
Without I get support.

[*Sho lifts up hir clais above hir waist and enters in the water.*]

Cummer, I will nocht droun mysell;
Go eist about the nether mill[2]. !

TAYLOURS WYFE.

I am content, be Brydis bell,
To gang with yow, quhare ever ye will.

[*Heir sall thay depairt: and pas to the palzeoun*[3].

DILIGENCE *to* CHASTITIE.

Madame, quhat gars yow gang sa lait?
Tell me, how ye haif done debait,

[1] what if the frogs pinch my toes.

[2] Go east about the nether mill. The elision, here, is very harsh. The Sowtar's wife means to say, that she will not run the risque of drowning herself; *but*, will go east about, by the nether mill. In the mutilated abstract of Lyndsay's drama, which is published by Mr. Pinkerton, the scene is laid at Edinburgh, and not at Coupar, or Linlithgow, where there are considerable streams, the Sowtar's wife says, "I will go, by *the Castle-hill.*

[3] a pavilion, or tent.

With the Temporall, and Spirituall stait;
Quha did yow maist kyndnes?

CHASTITIE.

In faith, I fand bot ill, and war[1];
Thay gart me stand fra thame askar[2],
Evin lyk ane beggar, at the bar,
And flemit[3] mair, and lesse.

DILIGENCE.

I counsall yow, but tarying,
Gang[4], tell Humanitie, the King:
Perchance, he of his grace bening,
Will mak to yow support.

CHASTITIE.

Of your counsall, I am content,
To pas to him, incontinent,
And my service till him present,
In hope of sum confort.

[*Heir sall thay pas to the* KING.

DILIGENCE.

Hoaw! Solace, gentil Solace declair unto the king,
How thare is heir ane ladie fair of face;

[1] worse. [2] *askar*; at a distance.
[3] banished. [4] go.

That, in this cuntrie, can get na ludging,
Bot, pitifullie flemit, from place to place,
Without the king, of his speciall grace,
As ane servand, hir in his court ressave.
Brother Solace, tell the king all the cace,
That scho may be resavit amang the lave[1].

SOLACE.

Soverane, get up, and se ane hevinlye sicht;
Ane fair ladie, in quhyt abuilzement[2]:
Scho may be peir, unto ane king, or knicht,
Most lyk ane angell, be my jugement.

REX HUMANITAS.

I sall gang se that sicht, incontinent:
Madame, behald, gif ye haif knawledging
Of yon ladie, or quhat is hir intent;
Thairefter, we sall turne, but tarying.

SENSUALITIE.

Schir, let me se quhat yon mater may meine;
Perchance, that I may knaw hir, be hir face:
But dout, this is dame Chastitie, I weine;
Schir, I and scho cannot byde[3], in ane place;
But, gif it be the plesour of your grace,
That I remane, into your cumpany,

[1] the rest, the other people.
[2] dress, habit. [3] abide, remain.

This woman richt haistelye gar chace;
That scho na mair be sene in this cuntry.

REX HUMANITAS.

As ever ye pleis, sweit hart, sa sall it be;
Dispone hir[1] as ye think expedient:
Evin as ye list, to let hir live, or dye,
I will refer that thing to your jugement.

SENSUALITIE.

I will that scho be flemit incontinent,
And never to cum agane in this cuntrie:
And gif scho dois, but dout, scho sall repent,
As als, perchance, a dulefull deid sall die[2].
Pas on, schir, Sapience, and Discretioun,
And banische hir out of the kingis presence.

DISSAIT.

That sall we do, madame, be Godis passioun,
Wee sall do your command with diligence;
And at your hand, serve gudely recompence:
Dame Chastitie, cum on, be not agast;
We sall rycht sone upon your awin expence,
Into the stokis your bony[3] fute mak fast.

[*Heir sall thay harle*[4] CHASTITIE *to the stokis and scho sall say;*]

[1] dispose of her. [2] a doleful *death* shall die.
[3] handsome foot. [4] drag.

I pray yow schirs be patient,
For I sall be obedient,
Till do quhat ye command;
Sen I se thare is na remeid,
Howbeit, it war to suffer deid,
Or flemit furth of the land.
I wyte[1] the Empreour Constantine,
That I am put to sic ruine,
And baneist from the kirk:
For, sen he maid the Paip ane King,
In Rome, I could get na ludging;
Bot, heidlangs[2], in the mirk.
Bot ladie Sensualitie,
Sensyne, hes gydit this cuntrie,
And monie of the rest:
And now, scho reulis all this land,
And hes decryit, at hir command,
That I suld be supprest.
Bot, all comis for the best,
Til him that lovis the Lord:
Thocht I be now molest,
I traiste to be restorde.

[*Heir sall thay put hir in the stokis.*

Sister, alace! this is ane cairful cace,
That we, with princis, sould be sa abhorde.

[1] I blame. [2] headlong, in the dark.

VERITIE.

Be blyth; sister, I trust, within schort space,
That we sall be richt honorablie restorde,
And with the king we sall be at concorde;
For, I heir tell, divyne Correctioun,
Is new landit, thankit be Christ our Lord!
I wat, he will be our protectioun.

[*Heir sall enter* CORRECTION'S VARLET.

VARLET.

Schirs, stand abak, and hald yow coy,
I am the King Correctiouns boy;
Cum heir to dress his place:
Se that ye mak obedience,
Untill his nobill excellence,
Fra tyme ye se his face.
For, he maks reformationis,
Out-throw all Christin nationis,
Quhare he finds gret debatis:
And sa far as I understand,
He sall reforme into this land,
Evin all the thre estatis.
God, furth of hevin, hes him send,
To punische all that dois offend
Against his majestie;
As lykis him best, to tak vengence,
Sumtyme, with swerd, and pestilence,
With derth, and povertie.

Bot, quhen the pepill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Then will he gif thame grace:
Bot, thay that will nocht be correctit,
Richt sudanlie will be dejectit,
And flemit from his face.
Schirs, thocht we speik, in generall,
Let na man, into speciall,
Tak our wordis at the warst[1]:
Quhat ever we do, quhat ever we say,
I pray yow tak it all in play,
And juge ay[2] to the best:
For silence, I protest,
Baith of lord, laird, and lady:
Now, I will rin, but rest,
And tell that all is reddy.

DISSAIT.

Brother, heir ye yon proclamatioun;
I dreid full sair of reformatioun,
Yon message makis me mangit[3]:
Quhat is your counsall, to me tell,
Remane we heir, be God himsell,
Wee will be all thre hangit.

FLATTRIE.

I'll gang to Spiritualitie,

[1] worst. [2] always. [3] confounded.

And preich out-throw his dyosie [1],
Quhare I will be unknawin:
Or keip me closse into sum closter,
With mony piteous Pater noster,
Till all thir blastis be blawin.

DISSAIT.

I'll be weill treitit, as ye ken,
With my masteris, the merchand men,
Quhilk can mak small debait:
Ye ken richt few of thame that thryfis,
Or can begyle the landwart wyfis,
But be thair man, Dissait:
Now, Falset, quhat sall be thy schift?

FALSET.

Na cure, thow nocht man, for my thrift,
Trows thou, that I be daft [2]?
Na, I will leve ane lustie lyfe,
Withoutin ony sturt [3], and stryfe,
Amang the men of craft [4].

FLATTRIE.

I na mair will remane besyd yow,
Bot counsall yow, richt weill to gyde yow,

[1] diocese. [2] Believe you, that I am foolish?
[3] trouble, disturbance. [4] the tradesmen.

Byd nocht on Correctioun[1]:
Fair-weil, I will na langer tarie,
I pray the alriche[2] quene of Farie,
To be your protectioun.

DISSAIT.

Falset, I wald[3] we maid ane band,
Now, quhyll the king is yet sleipand,
Quhat rak[4] to steill his box?

FALSET.

Now, weill said, be the sacrament,
I sall it steill, incontinent,
Thocht it had twentie lox.

[*Heir sall* FALSET *steill the* KINGIS *box, with silence.*

Lo! heir the box, now let us ga,
This may suffice, for our rewairdis.

DISSAIT.

Yea, that it may, man, be this day,
It may weill mak of landwart lairdis[5]:
Now, let us cast away our clais[6],
In dreid, sum follow on the chase[7].

[1] stay not for Correctioun. [2] elfish. [3] would.
[4] what matter. [5] country landholders.
[6] clothes. [7] some pursue.

FALSET.

Richt weill devysit, man, be Sanct Blais,
Wald God[1]! we war out of this place.

DISSAIT.

Now, sen thare is na man to wrang us,
I pray yow, brother, with my hart,
Let us ga part this pelf amang us;
Syne, haistely, we sall depart.

FALSET.

Trows, thou, to get als mekill as I?
That sall thow nocht, I staw[2] the box:
Thou did nathing bot luikit by;
Ay lurkand, lyke ane wylie[3] fox.

DISSAIT.

Thy heid sall beir ane cuppill[4] of knox,
Pellour[5], without I get my part:
Swyith, hureson smaik, ryfe up the lox[6],
Or, I sall stick the throuch the hart.

[*Heir sall thay fecht*[7] *with silence.*

[1] Would to God! [2] stole. [3] cunning.
[4] couple. [5] thief.
[6] Quickly, whoreson knave, tear up the locks.
[7] fight.

FALSET.

Alace! for ever, my eye is out,
Walloway! will na man red the men[1]?

DISSAIT.

Upon thy craig, tak thare ane clout[2],
To be courtesse[3], I sall the ken.
Fare-weill! for I am at the flicht,
I will nocht byde on ma[4] demandis;
And[5] we twa meit agane this nicht,
Thy feit sal be with fourtie handis[6].

[*Heir sal* DISSAIT *rin away with the box throuch the water.*]

DIVYNE CORRECTIOUN.

"Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt justitiam."
Thir ar the wordis of the redoutit Roy,
The Prince of pece, above all kingis, King:

[1] will no man separate the men, part the fighters.

[2] Upon thy neck, take there a blow.

[3] civil, well bred.

[4] *ma*; more, as in Minot. [5] *and*; if.

[6] *Thy feit sal be* with *fourtie handis*: This seems not to be sense: If we might suppose, that Lyndsay wrote *worth*, for *with*, this would make some sense; by making Deceit say,—If you run fast enough to catch me, thy feet shall be *worth* to thee forty hands.

Quhilk hes me sent all cuntreis to convoy,
And all misdoers dourlie to doun thring[1].
I will do nocht, without the convening
Ane Parleament of the estaitis all;
In thair presence, I sall, but fenzeing[2],
Iniquitie, under my swerd, doun thrall[3].
Thare may no prince do actis honorabill,
Bot gif, his counsall thareto will assist:
How may he knaw the thing maist profitabill,
To follow vertew, and vycis till resist;
Without he be instructit, and solist[4]?
And quhen the king standis at his counsall sound,
Then welth sall wax, and plentie, as he list,
And policie sall in his realme abound.
Gif ony list my name for till inquyre,
I am callit Divyne CORRECTIOUN.
I fled throch mony uncouth land, and schyre,
To the greit profit of ilk natioun:
Now am I cum into this regioun,
To teill the ground, that hes bene lang unsawin,
To punische tyrants, for thair transgressioun,
And to caus leill men live upon thair awin.
Na realme, nor land, but my support, may stand;

[1] severely to put down.

[2] without feigning, or dissimulation.

[3] *thrall*, is inappropriately used, for the rhyme: He means, *shall be down thrown.*

[4] solicited.

For I gar kingis live into royaltie:
To rich, and pure, I beir ane equall band [1],
That thay may live into thair awin degrie;
Quhare I am nocht is no tranquillitie.
Be me, tratouris, and tyrants, ar put doun;
Quha thinks na schame of thair iniquitie,
Till thay be punischit be me Correctioun.
Quhat is ane king? nocht bot ane officiar,
To caus his leiges live in equitie;
And under God, to be ane punischer
Of trespassouris aganis his majestie.
Bot, quhen the king dois live in tyrannie;
Brekand justice, for feare, or affectioun;
Then, is his realme in weir, and povertie,
With schamefull slauchter, but correctioun.
I am ane juge richt potent, and seveir,
Cum, to do justice, monie thowsand myle:
I am sa constant baith in pece, and weir [2],
Na bud [3], nor favour, may my sicht oversyle [4],
Thare is tharefor richt monie in this ile,
Of my repair, but dout, that dois repent:
Bot, verteous men, I traist, sall on me smyle,
And of my cumming sall be richt weill content.

[1] bond; to bear an equal *bond* of connection is some sense: But, to bear an equal *hand* of correctioun would be better sense.

[2] war. [3] bribe. [4] cover, blind.

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Welcum, my lord, welcum ten thousand tymis
Till all faithfull men of this regioun;
Welcum, for till correct all faltis, and crymis,
Amang this cankerd congregatioun.
Louse [1] Chastitie, I mak supplicatioun;
Put till fredome fair ladie Veritie,
Quha, be unfaithfull folk of this natioun,
Lyis bund full fast into captivitie.

CORRECTIOUN.

I mervel, Gude-counsell, how that may be,
Ar ye nocht with the king familiar?

GUDE-COUNSALL.

That I am nocht, my lord, full wa is me,
Bot, lyke ane beggar, am halden at the bar:
Thay play bo-keik [2], evin as I war ane skar [3]:
Thare came thrie knaves, in cleithing counterfeit,
And, fra the king, thay gart me stand affar;
Quhais names war Flattrie, Falset, and Dissait:

[1] loose, unbind; set Chastity free: So, Queen Elizabeth:

" Thou causedest the guiltie to be *losed*
From bands——————."

Percy's Rel. vol. ii. p. 125.

[2] bo-peep: To play at bo-peep is to look out, and draw back, as if frighted.

[3] a fright.

Bot, quhen thae knavis hard tell of your cumming,
Thay staw away, ilk ane ane syndrie gait[1];
And keist fra thame thair counterfit cleithing,
For thair leving full weill thay can debait:
The merchandmen, thay haif resavit Dissait.
As for Falset, my lord, full weill I ken,
He will be richt weill treitit air, and lait[2],
Amang the maist part of the craftis men.
Flattrie has tane the habite of ane freir,
Thinkand to begyll Spiritualitie.

CORRECTIOUN.

But dout, my freind, and I live half ane yeir,
I sall serch out that gret iniquitie.
Quhare lyis yon ladyis in captivitie?
How now, sisters, quha hes yow sa disgysit?

VERITIE.

Unfaithfull members of iniquitie,
Dispytfullie, my lord, hes us supprysit[3].

CORRECTIOUN.

Gang, put yon ladyis to thair libertie,
Incontinent, and brek doun all the stockis:
But dout, thay ar full deir welcum to mee;
Mak diligence, me think, ye do bot mockis;

[1] each one a different way.
[2] early and late. [3] oppressed.

Speid hand, and spair nocht, for to brek the lockis:
And tenderlie, tak thame up, be the hand;
Had I thame heir thae knaves suld ken my knockis,
That thame opprest, and baneist aff the land.

[*Thay tak the ladyis furth of the stockis*; *and* VERITIE *shall say:*

Wee thank you, schir, of your benignitie,
Bot, I beseik your majestie royall,
That ye wald pas to King Humanitie;
And fleme, from him, yon ladie Sensuall;
And enter, in his service, Gude-counsell;
For ye will find him verie counsalabill.

CORRECTIOUN.

Cum on, sisters, as ye haif said, I sall,
And gar him stand with yow thre, firme, and stabill.

[CORRECTIOUN *passis towards the* KING *with* VERITIE, CHASTITIE, *and* GUDE-COUNSALL.]

WANTONNES.

Solace, knawis thou not quhat I se?
Ane knicht, or ellis ane king, thinkis me,
With wantoun wingis, as he wald fle;
Brother, quhat may this mene?
I understand nocht, be this day,

Quhidder, that he be freind, or fay,
Stand still, and heare, quhat he will say,
Sic ane I haif nocht sene.

SOLACE.

Yon is ane stranger, I stand for'd[1],
He semes to be ane lustie lord,
Be his heir-cumming, for concorde,
And be kinde till our king:
He sall be welcome to this place,
And treitit with the kingis grace;
Be it nocht sa, we sall him chace,
And to the divell him ding[2].

PLACEBO.

I reid us put upon the king[3],
And walkin him of his sleiping:
Schir, rise, and se ane uncouth thing;
Get up, ye ly too lang.

SENSUALITIE.

Put on your hude, Johne-Fule, ye rave,
How dar ye be so pert, schir knave,
To tuche the king? sa Christ me save,
Fals huresone, thow sall hang.

[1] I stand for it, I engage for it. [2] drive.
[3] I advise that we jog the king.

CORRECTIOUN.

Get up, schir King, ye haif sleipit aneuch
Into the armis of ladie Sensual;
Be suir, that mair belangis to the pleuch;
As efterward, perchance, rehers I sall:
Remember how the king, Sardanapall[1],
Amang fair ladyis tuke his lust sa lang;
Sa that, the maist pairt of his leigis all
Rebell'd, and syne him dulefully doun thrang[2]:
Remember how into the tyme of Noy,
For the foull stink, and sin, of lechery,
God, be my wande, did al the warld destroy,
Sodome, and Gomore, richt sa full rigorously,
For that vyle sin, war brynt maist cruelly:
Tharefor, I the command, incontinent,
Banische from the that hure Sensualitie,
Or els, but dout, rudlie thow sall repent.

REX HUMANITAS.

Be quhom, haif ye sa gret authoritie?
Quha dois presume, for till correct ane king?
Knaw ye nocht me, gret King Humanitie?
That in my regioun royally dois ring.

[1] Sardanapalus, the Assyrian king, who was famous for his effeminacy, and died about 767 years before the birth of Christ.

[2] threw down.

CORRECTIOUN.

I have power gret princis to doun thring,
That lives, contrair the majestie divyne,
Aganis the treuth, quhilk planelie dois maling[1],
Repent thay nocht, I put thame to ruyne.
I will begin at thee, quhilk is the heid, .
And mak on the first reformatioun,
Thy leiges, than, will follow the, but pleid[2],
Swyith! harlot, hence, without dilatioun[3].

SENSUALITIE.

My lord, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Gif me licence, to pas agane to Rome;
Amang the princis of that natioun,
I lat yow wit, my fresche bewtie will blome:
Adew, schir King, I may na langer tary,
I cair nocht that, als gude lufe cumis, as gais[4];
I recommend yow to the quene of Farie.
I se ye will be gydit, with my fais,
As for this king, I cure him nocht twa strais:
War I amang bischopis, and cardinalis,
I wald get gould, silver, and precious clais,
Na erthlie joy, but[5] my presence, availis.

[*Heir sall scho pas to* SPIRITUALITIE.

[1] malign. [2] *but pleid*; without plea, controversy.
[3] delay. [4] as good love comes as goes.
[5] without.

My lords of the sprituall stait;
Venus preserve yow air, and lait;
For, I can mak na mair debait,
I am partit with your king;
And am baneist this regioun,
Be counsall of Correctioun,
Be ye nocht my protectioun,
I may seik my lugeing.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Welcum, our dayis darling,
Welcum, with all our hart:
Wee all, but fenzeing[1],
Sall planely tak your part.

[*Heir sal the Bischopis, Abbotis, and Parsonis, kis the Ladeis.*]

CORRECTIOUN.

Sen ye ar quyte of Sensualitie,
Resave into your service Gude-counsall:
And richt sa[2] this fair ladie Chastitie,
Till ye mary sum quene of blude-royall;
Observe then Chastitie matrimoniall:
Richt sa, resave Veritie, be the hand,
Use thair counsell, your fame sall never fall:
With thame, tharefor, mak ane perpetuall band.

[1] without feigning. [2] *richt sa*; even so.

For I gar kingis live into royaltie:
To rich, and pure, I beir ane equall band[1],
That thay may live into thair awin degrie;
Quhare I am nocht is no tranquillitie.
Be me, tratouris, and tyrants, ar put doun;
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With schamefull slauchter, but correctioun.
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Of my repair, but dout, that dois repent:
Bot, verteous men, I traist, sall on me smyle,
And of my cumming sall be richt weill content.

[1] bond; to bear an equal *lond* of connection is some sense: But, to bear an equal *hand* of correctioun would be better sense.

[2] war. [3] bribe. [4] cover, blind.

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[2] bo-peep: To play at bo-peep is to look out, and draw back, as if frighted.

[3] a fright.

Bot, quhen thae knavis hard tell of your cumming,
Thay staw away, ilk ane ane syndrie gait[1];
And keist fra thame thair counterfit cleithing,
For thair leving full weill thay can debait:
The merchandmen, thay haif resavit Dissait.
As for Falset, my lord, full weill I ken,
He will be richt weill treitit air, and lait[2],
Amang the maist part of the craftis men.
Flattrie has tane the habite of ane freir,
Thinkand to begyll Spiritualitie.

CORRECTIOUN.

But dout, my freind, and I live half ane yeir,
I sall serch out that gret iniquitie.
Quhare lyis yon ladyis in captivitie?
How now, sisters, quha hes yow sa disgysit?

VERITIE.

Unfaithfull members of iniquitie,
Dispytfullie, my lord, hes us supprysit[3].

CORRECTIOUN.

Gang, put yon ladyis to thair libertie,
Incontinent, and brek doun all the stockis:
But dout, thay ar full deir welcum to mee;
Mak diligence, me think, ye do bot mockis;

[1] each one a different way.
[2] early and late. [3] oppressed.

Speid hand, and spair nocht, for to brek the lockis:
And tenderlie, tak thame up, be the hand;
Had I thame heir thae knaves suld ken my knockis,
That thame opprest, and baneist aff the land.

[*Thay tak the ladyis furth of the stockis; and* VERITIE *shall say:*

Wee thank you, schir, of your benignitie,
Bot, I beseik your majestie royall,
That ye wald pas to King Humanitie;
And fleme, from him, yon ladie Sensuall;
And enter, in his service, Gude-counsell;
For ye will find him verie counsalabill.

CORRECTIOUN.

Cum on, sisters, as ye haif said, I sall,
And gar him stand with yow thre, firme, and stabill.

[CORRECTIOUN *passis towards the* KING *with* VERITIE, CHASTITIE, *and* GUDE-COUNSALL.]

WANTONNES.

Solace, knawis thou not quhat I se?
Ane knicht, or ellis ane king, thinkis me,
With wantoun wingis, as he wald fle;
Brother, quhat may this mene?
I understand nocht, be this day,

Quhidder, that he be freind, or fay,
Stand still, and heare, quhat he will say,
Sic ane I haif nocht sene.

SOLACE.

Yon is ane stranger, I stand for'd[1],
He semes to be ane lustie lord,
Be his heir-cumming, for concorde,
And be kinde till our king:
He sall be welcome to this place,
And treitit with the kingis grace;
Be it nocht sa, we sall him chace,
And to the divell him ding[2].

PLACEBO.

I reid us put upon the king[3],
And walkin him of his sleiping:
Schir, rise, and se ane uncouth thing;
Get up, ye ly too lang.

SENSUALITIE.

Put on your hude, Johne-Fule, ye rave,
How dar ye be so pert, schir knave,
To tuche the king? sa Christ me save,
Fals huresone, thow sall hang.

[1] I stand for it, I engage for it. [2] drive.
[3] I advise that we jog the king.

CORRECTIOUN.

Get up, schir King, ye haif sleipit aneuch
Into the armis of ladie Sensual;
Be suir, that mair belangis to the pleuch;
As efterward, perchance, rehers I sall:
Remember how the king, Sardanapall[1],
Amang fair ladyis tuke his lust sa lang;
Sa that, the maist pairt of his leigis all
Rebell'd, and syne him dulefully doun thrang[2]:
Remember how into the tyme of Noy,
For the foull stink, and sin, of lechery,
God, be my wande, did al the warld destroy,
Sodome, and Gomore, richt sa full rigorously,
For that vyle sin, war brynt maist cruelly:
Tharefor, I the command, incontinent,
Banische from the that hure Sensualitie,
Or els, but dout, rudlie thow sall repent.

REX HUMANITAS.

Be quhom, haif ye sa gret authoritie?
Quha dois presume, for till correct ane king?
Knaw ye nocht me, gret King Humanitie?
That in my regioun royally dois ring.

[1] Sardanapalus, the Assyrian king, who was famous for his effeminacy, and died about 767 years before the birth of Christ.

[2] threw down.

CORRECTIOUN.

I have power gret princis to doun thring,
That lives, contrair the majestie divyne,
Aganis the treuth, quhilk planelie dois maling[1],
Repent thay nocht, I put thame to ruyne.
I will begin at thee, quhilk is the heid,
And mak on the first reformatioun,
Thy leiges, than, will follow the, but pleid[2],
Swyith! harlot, hence, without dilatioun[3].

SENSUALITIE.

My lord, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Gif me licence, to pas agane to Rome;
Amang the princis of that natioun,
I lat yow wit, my fresche bewtie will blome:
Adew, schir King, I may na langer tary,
I cair nocht that, als gude lufe cumis, as gais[4];
I recommend yow to the quene of Farie.
I se ye will be gydit, with my fais,
As for this king, I cure him nocht twa strais:
War I amang bischopis, and cardinalis,
I wald get gould, silver, and precious clais,
Na erthlie joy, but[5] my presence, availis.

[*Heir sall scho pas to* SPIRITUALITIE.

[1] malign. [2] *but pleid*; without plea, controversy.
[3] delay. [4] as good love comes as goes.
[5] without.

My lords of the spirituall stait;
Venus preserve yow air, and lait;
For, I can mak na mair debait,
I am partit with your king;
And am baneist this regioun,
Be counsall of Correctioun,
Be ye nocht my protectioun,
I may seik my lugeing.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Welcum, our dayis darling,
Welcum, with all our hart:
Wee all, but fenzeing[1],
Sall planely tak your part.

[*Heir sal the Bischopis, Abbotis, and Parsonis, kis the Ladeis.*]

CORRECTIOUN.

Sen ye ar quyte of Sensualitie,
Resave into your service Gude-counsall:
And richt sa[2] this fair ladie Chastitie,
Till ye mary sum quene of blude-royall;
Observe then Chastitie matrimoniall:
Richt sa, resave Veritie, be the hand,
Use thair counsell, your fame sall never fall:
With thame, tharefor, mak ane perpetuall band.

[1] without feigning. [2] *richt sa*; even so.

[*Heir sall the* KING *resave* GUDE-COUNSALL, VERITIE, *and* CHASTITIE.]

Now, schir, tak tent, quhat I will say,
Observe thir same baith nicht, and day,
And let thame never part yow fray[1],
Or els, withoutin dout,
Turne ye to Sensualitie,
To vicious lyfe, and ribaldrie,
Out of your realme richt schamefullie,
Ye sall be rutit out:
As was Tarquine, the Romane king,
Quha was, for his vicious living,
And for the schamefull ravisching
Of the fair chaist Lucres:
He was degraidit of his croun,
And baneist aff his regioun;
I maid on him correctioun,
As storyis dois expres.

REX HUMANITAS.

I am content to your counsall t'inclyne,
Ye beand of gude conditioun.
At your command sall be all that is myne,
And heir, I gif yow full commissioun,
To punische faults, and gif remissioun,
To all vertew, I sal be consociabill,

[1] frae, from.

With yow, I sall confirme ane unioun,
And, at your counsall, stand ay firme, and stabill.

[*The* KING *imbraces* CORRECTIOUN *with a humil countenance.*]

CORRECTIOUN.

I counsall yow, incontinent,
To gar proclame ane parliament,
Of all the thre estaitis:
That thay be heir, with diligence,
To mak to yow obedience,
And syne, dres all debaitis.

REX HUMANITAS.

That sal be done, but mair demand,
Hoaw! Diligence, cum heir fra hand,
And tak your informatioun:
Gang warne the Spiritualitie,
Richt sa the Temporalitie,
Be oppin proclamatioun,
In gudlie haist, for to compeir,
In thair maist honorabill maneir,
To gif us thair counsails:
Quha that beis absent to them schaw,
That thay sall underly the law,
And punischit be, that fails.

DILIGENCE.

Schir, I sall baith in brugh, and land[1],
With diligence, dó your command,
Upon my awin expense:
Schir, I haif servit yow all this yeir,
Bot, I gat never ane deneir
Yit, for my recompence.

REX HUMANITAS.

Pas on, and thou sal be regairdit,
And, for thy service, weill rewairdit;
For quhy, with my consent,
Thou sall haif yeirly, for thy hyre,
The teind mussellis of the ferrie myre[2],
Confirmit in parliament.

DILIGENCE.

I will get riches throw that rent,
Efter the day of dome:
Quhen, in the colpots of Tranent[3],
Butter will grow on brome[4].

[1] I shall both in town and country.

[2] This is ironically offered, as a thing of no value; and alluded probably to the shoals near the Queen's-ferry.

[3] The coal-pits of Tranent, in Hadingtonshire, which are very ancient.

[4] broom.

All nicht, I had sa mekill drouth,
I micht nocht sleip ane wink;
Or I proclame ocht, with my mouth,
But dout, I man haif drink[1].

CORRECTIOUN.

Cum heir Placebo, and Solace,
With your companzeoun, Wantonnes,
I knaw weill your conditioun:
For tysting[2] King Humanitie,
To resave Sensualitie,
Ye man suffer punitioun.

WANTONNES.

We grant, my lord, we haif done ill;
Tharefor, we put us in your will,
Bot, we haif bene abusit:
For, in gude faith, schir, we beleifit,
That lecherie had na man greifit;
Becaus it is sa usit.

PLACEBO.

Ye se how Sensualitie,
With principalis of ilk cuntrie,
Bene glaidlie lettin in:

[1] without doubt I must have drink
[2] enticing.

And, with our prelatis, mair, and les,
Speir at my Ladie Priores,
Gif lechery be sin?

SOLACE.

Schir, we sall mend our conditioun,
Sa ye give us remissioun,
Bot, give us leve to sing;
To dance, to play at chesse, and tabils,
To reid storyis, and mirrie fabils,
For plesure of our king[1].

CORRECTIOUN.

Sa that ye do na uther cryme,
Ye sall be pardonit, at this tyme,
For quhy? as I suppois,
Princis may sumtyme seik solace,
With mirth, and lawful mirrynes,
Thair spirits to rejoyis.
And richt sa, halking, and hunting,
Ar honest pastymes, for ane king,
Intill the tyme of peace:
And lerne to rin ane heavie speir[2],

[1] We here see the allowable, and, indeed, the common amusements of that age.

[2] learn to run a heavy spear; a common warlike exercise in those times.

That he, intill the tyme of weir,
May follow at the cheace.

REX HUMANITAS.

Quhare is Sapience, and Discretioun?
And quhy cumis nocht Devotioun nar?

VERITIE.

Sapience, schir, was ane verie loun[1],
And Discretioun was nathing war:
The suith, schir, gif I wald report,
Thay did begyle your excellence;
And wald nocht suffer to resort
Ane of us thre to your presence.

CHASTITIE.

Thay thre war Flattrie, and Dissait,
And Falset, that unhappie loun,
Against us thre quhilk maid debait,
And baneist us from town to town,
Thay gart us twa fall into sowne,
Quhen thay us lockit in the stockis:
That dastart knave, Discretioun,
Full thifteouslie did steill your box.

REX HUMANITAS.

The devill tak thame, sen thay ar gane,

[1] a very knave.

Me thocht thame ay thrie verie smaiks,
I mak ane vow to Sanct Mavane,
Quhen I thame finde thay's beir thair paiks [1].
I se thay haif playit me the glaiks,
Gude-counsall, now schaw me the best;
Quhen I fix on yow thre my staiks,
How I sall keip my realme in rest.
Initium sapientiæ est timor Domini.

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Schir, gif your hienes yearnis lang to ring [2],
First dreid your God abufe all uther thing:
For ye ar bot ane mortall instrument,
To that gret God, and King Omnipotent:
Preordinat be his divyne majestie,
To reuill his pepill intill unitie.
The principall point, schir, of ane kingis office,
Is for till do to everilk man justice.
And for till mix his justice with mercie,
But rigour, favour, or partialitie.
Forsuith, it is na littill observance,
Gret regionis, to haif in governance:
Quha ever takis on him that kinglie cure,
To get ane of thir twa, he suld be sure:
Gret paine, and labour, and that continuall,
Or ellis till haif defame perpetuall.

[1] *Thay's beir thair paiks*; they shall get their chastisement.
[2] desires long to reign.

Quha guydis weill thay win immortall fame,
Quha the contrair, thay get perpetuall schame.
Efter quhais deith, but dout, ane thousand yeir,
Thair life, at lenth, reherst sall be, perqueir.
The Chroniklis to knaw, I yow exhort,
Thare sall ye finde baith gude, and evill, report:
For everilk prince, efter his qualitie,
Thocht he be dede, his deidis sall never die.
Schir, gif ye pleise, for till use my counsall,
Your fame, and name, sall be perpetuall.

[*Heir sall the messinger* DILIGENCE *returne; and cry a hoyzes, a hoyzes, a hoyzes* [1], *and say*;

At the command of King Humanitie,
I warne, and charge, all members of parliament;
Baith sprituall stait, and temporalitie,
That till his grace, thay be obedient,
And speid thame to the court, incontinent,
In gude ordour arrayit royally,
Quha beis absent, or inobedient,
The kingis displesure thay sall underly.
And als I mak yow exhortatioun;
Sen ye haif heird the first pairt of our play:
Go tak ane drink, and mak collatioun,
Ilk man drink till his marrow [2], I yow pray.

[1] *hoyzes*; oyis; the forensic outcry at making a proclamation.

[2] fellow, companion.

Tarie nocht lang, it is lait in the day,
Let sum drink ale, and sum drink claret wine:
Be gret doctoris of physick, I heire say,
That michtie drink confortis the dull ingine.
And ye ladyis, that list to pisch,
Lift up your taill, plat in ane disch;
And gif that your mawkin cryis quhisch,
Stop in ane wisp of stray.
Let nocht your bladder burst, I pray yow,
For that war evin aneuch to slay yow:
For yit thare is to cum, I say yow,
The best pairt of our play.

The END of the FIRST PART of the SATYRE

Now sall the pepill mak collatioun: then beginnis the Interlude; the kingis, bischopis, and principall players, being out of their seats.

R. Taylor and Co. Shoe-Lane.

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